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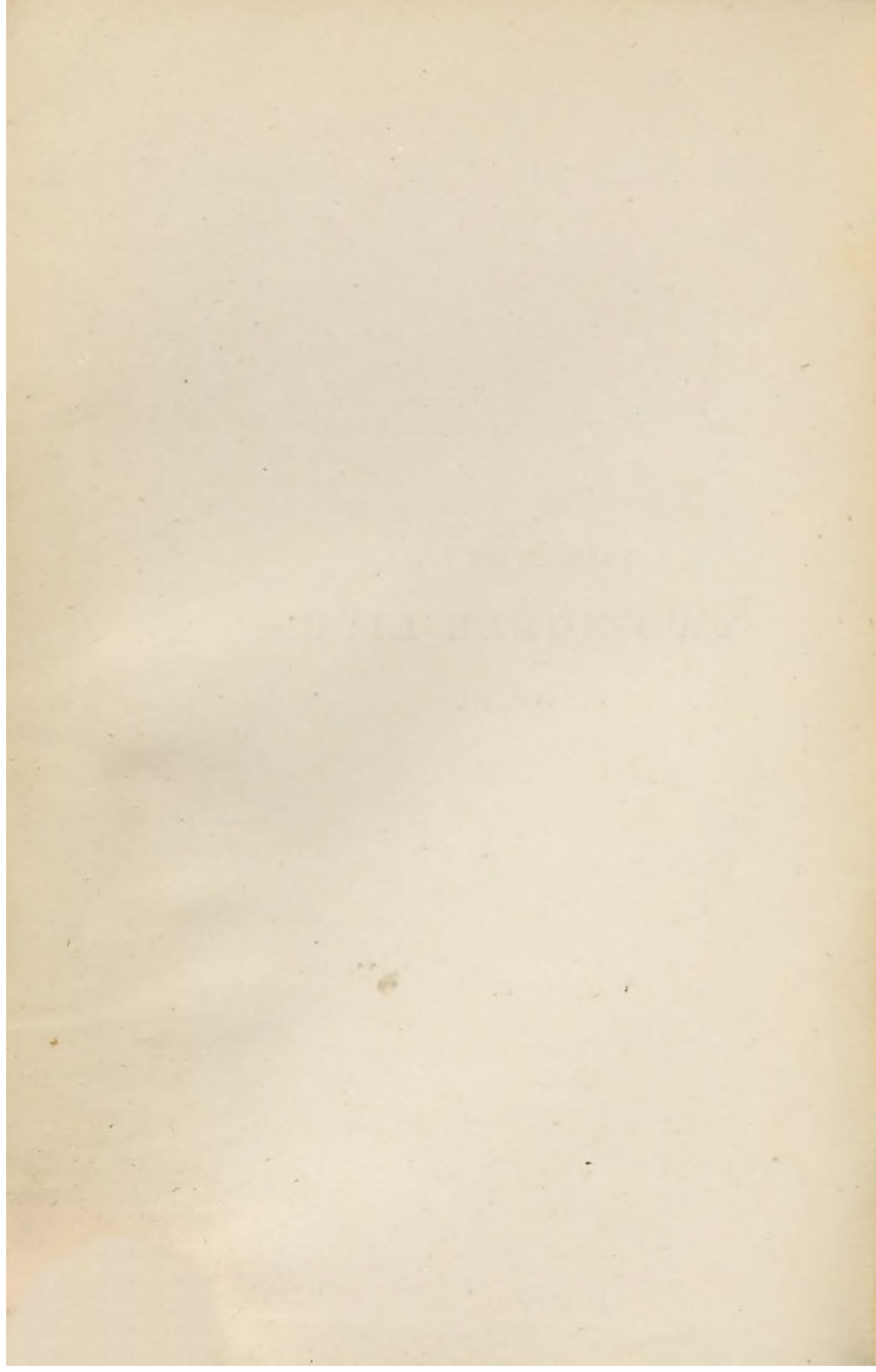
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(Canning)

THE STORY OF
TWO NOBLE LIVES

VOL. III.





Swan Electric Engraving Co.

*Henry, Marquis of Waterford in his study.
From a drawing by Louisa Marchioness of Waterford.*

THE STORY OF TWO NOBLE LIVES

BEING
MEMORIALS OF CHARLOTTE, COUNTESS LANFIER
AND LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD

BY
AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE

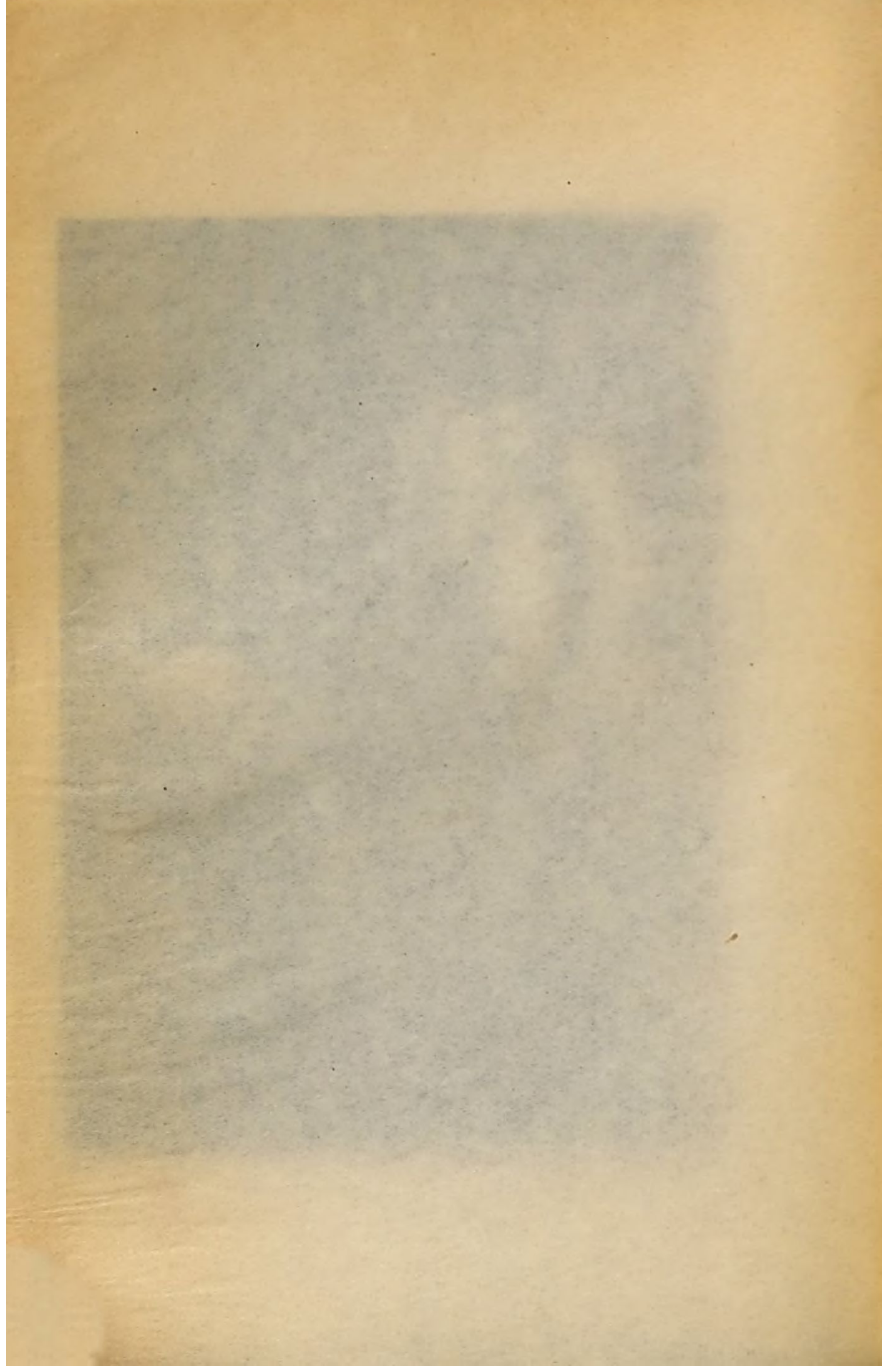
AUTHOR OF "MARGARET AND HER SISTER," "THE LIFE OF LORD BACON," &c.

"Nil nisi Cæsar," &c.

VOLUME III.

LONDON
GEORGE ALLEN, 136, CHARING CROSS ROAD
AND SUNNYSIDE, ORPINGTON

1893



THE STORY OF TWO NOBLE LIVES

BEING

MEMORIALS OF CHARLOTTE, COUNTESS CANNING,
AND LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD

BY

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE

AUTHOR OF "MEMORIALS OF A QUIET LIFE," ETC. ETC.

"Nil nisi Cruce."—*Waterford Motto*

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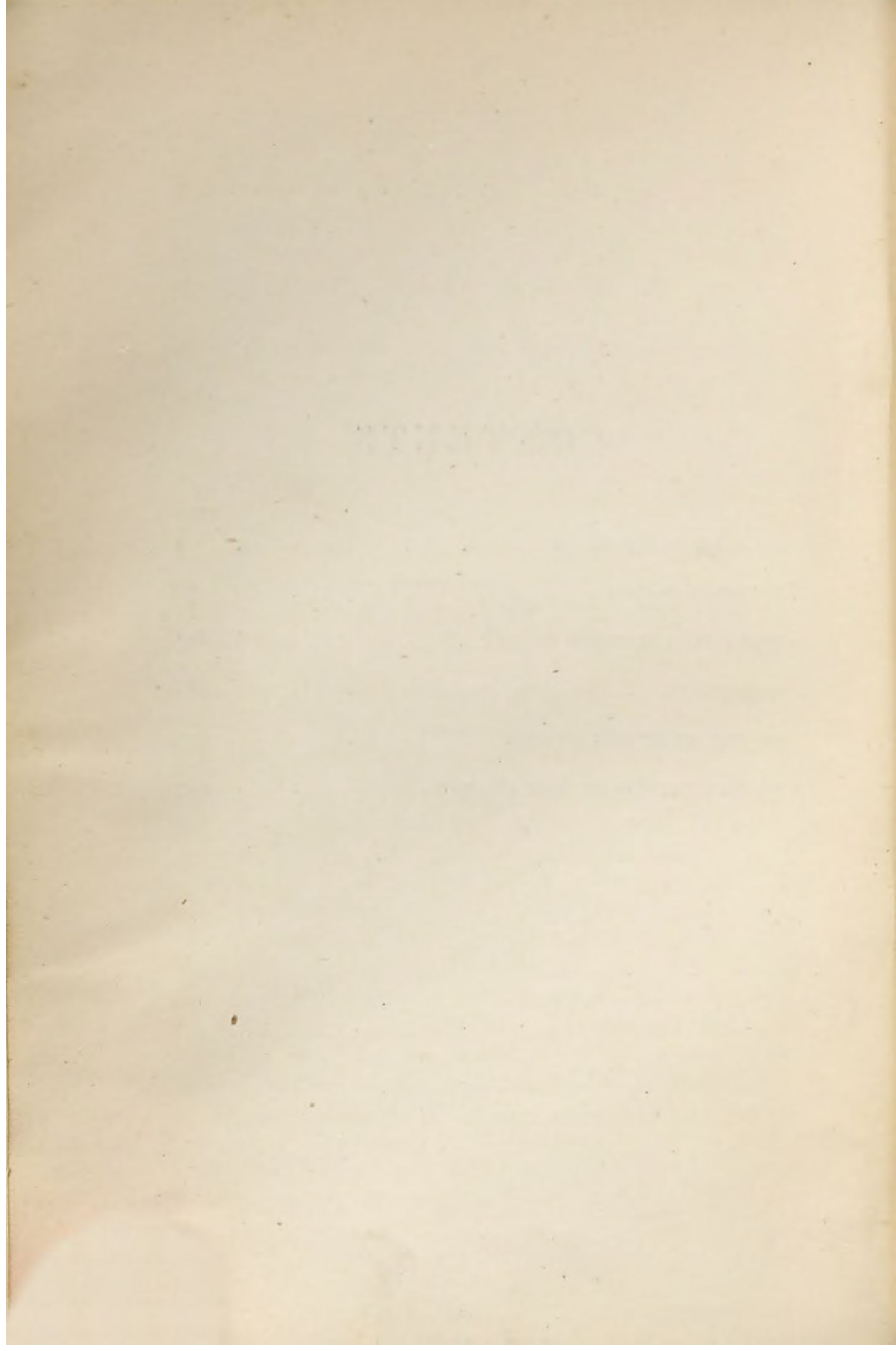
1893



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VIII.

IN A DESOLATE HOME.

“St. Elizabeth said in her day, ‘Whence is it to me that the Mother of my Lord should come to me?’ Should we not then be grateful because the Lord Himself comes to us, and not only comes to us once, but has promised to *abide* with every one of His disciples?”
—LA MÈRE ANGÉLIQUE.

“A Christian spirit will Christianise everything it touches.”—
CAIRD’S *Sermons*.

“So lived I in spirit,
Lonely, my hidden life, by none to be known of;
Never a sound, nor cloud-picture, but brought to my fancy
Matter for thought without end, and a keen-edged emotion.”

—PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF WIED.

Trans. by SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

LORD WATERFORD’S most intimate friend, Captain John Leslie, had been married in 1856 to Miss Constance Dawson-Damer, ever afterwards very dear to Lady Waterford. In 1858 they spent a month—the Christmas month—at Curraghmore. “Oh, how I did enjoy that Christmas, when once the ice was broken,” writes Lady Constance Leslie thirty-five years

afterwards. After she had left Curraghmore, Lady Waterford wrote to her :—

“*Curraghmore, Jan. 18, 1859.*—Since you went away, we have only had a family party here. Our days are exactly the same as usual, only that I get no time to draw at all, and only after driving, to read. I am continuing M'Cheyne. . . . When you get the large-print Bible, I hope you will get it with references; one is referred to so many texts upon which meanings are thrown so vividly, that it seems like a candle put close to the eyes to decipher a small print.”

“*Curraghmore, March 25, 1859.*—I hear on all sides of the Child's fancy ball. Why will mothers dress children like little *men*. Let them only look at Vandyke's picture of King Charles's children and form a group of the same date; and on Titian's portraits of children, Velasquez's little *Infantas* of Spain, &c. What can be more fitting and more beautiful?

“Waterford is still hunting and enjoying it much. They have had excellent runs.”

During this spring of 1858–59 the day and hour had been fixed for Lady Waterford's departure to the south, but her kindness to a sick housekeeper, and unwillingness to leave her, had made her linger on, and eventually postpone leaving home indefinitely.

THE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD to
MRS. BERNAL OSBORNE.

"*Curraghmore, Feb. 23, 1859.*—I am struck with Adolphe Monod's *Adieux*—he was a French Protestant pasteur and preached to his life's end—from his bed to a little congregation of thirty souls. Think of the effect his words must have had, wrung out with pain and suffering. But he was content to bless his cross for Christ's sake, and spoke of pain and sorrow becoming dear to him, not in the ideal way in which one hears of and receives it, but in the living example of it. Do you know, I read Robertson's 'Sermons' last year, and they frightened me. I saw in them the extreme love of one doctrine, of *one* attribute of our Lord, taking immeasurable proportions over the rest. His love to man and the extreme tenderness in His human nature are held forth, while His Divinity and Godhead and redemption of sinners are scarcely mentioned."

"*Curraghmore, 1859.* . . . How often one sends perhaps six different letters, which, if opened, would seem to be all from a different person, because one adopts the colour and tone suited to the person to whom one writes; yet how much better it is for people to be exactly the same. Waterford is, and that is what gives him the influence of openness and honesty. I like so much the simplicity with which Miss D. talks of her brother's seed-shop: it seems to me a real noble nature that can value things as they are, without putting the judgment of others into the balance.

"The poor housekeeper is better. Death is retreating, but slowly. The approaching footsteps were very

awful, and now I fear his grasp may not be entirely loosed. I feared to see death, but intended to be with her, had it pleased God to call her hence: I thank Him she is spared."

"*Curraghmore, March 17, 1859.*—I have delayed my journey, waiting to see the poor sick woman better, and have seldom seen a more enjoyable spring. . . . I am trying to make an accurate study in chalk of a lovely little child of the sexton's; I think I will try to make a cupid of her, with a leaf background."

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY to
VISCOUNTESS CANNING.

"*Grosvenor Place, March 10, 1859.*—Louisa's plans of travel begin to fade away, and really we have had Italian weather for home consumption, without going for it: and now that March is itself again, I don't want her to meet its most biting wind, or even the chance of a gale. She is in sad trouble about her sick house-keeper, lingering on with but a faint hope of recovery. Waterford is insisting on her parting with (her maid) Rebecca, and I hope will keep her up to it; but Queen Anne was not more afraid of her Duchess than Loo is of her.

" . . . I have not put myself in the way of officials, though I saw a group of the chiefs of the Cabinet when I went and sat half an hour *dans mon petit coin* at the Hardwicks' on Saturday. Lady H. begged I would come in to an *après diner*, and as I had accepted a dinner at kind old Lady Mansfield's, I took advantage of a new cap and gown to complete my evening.

I only took, however, a distant view of a row of sofas, which each held a lady! and was not near enough to be presented to the Duchesse de Malakoff, so had but an indistinct idea of her, though I could observe her flounces, of a very complicated description. It was very select, but rather too few people for a party, and I wondered if all the members of the Cabinet wore masks."

"*Grosvenor Place, March 18, 1859.*—I have yours of the 8th February, and find you once more entering on a winter campaign like the old style before the troubles, and so far it is a pleasant picture, but to you it must be fagging work in its way. . . . You must be watching for news from Europe, as we were from India; rumours of wars, but no war yet; Reform superseding foreign interests, and yet no one really caring for Reform, but as it relates to *Party*; and Party so divided and mixed up, that no conjectures can forestall results, and people wait to see what next Monday will produce, whether Dissolutions, or Combinations, or Resignations. The great object is to tide over the short interval which will secure pensions to such members of the Cabinet as would think £2000 per annum a consolation for loss of office.

"Yesterday I heard that a box of plants may be expected at Southampton in a few days. I hoped I might have been at Highcliffe to welcome them, with Loo to take possession of her own share, but she lingers on at home, and says she cannot have better weather anywhere; but at all events she could not leave a poor dying housekeeper, who, to their surprise,

is going to recover! and that equally makes her wish to stay till she can be moved.

"Your Aunts Caledon and Mexborough have arrived in London, so we are all four assembled, but have not yet met *au complet*."

"*Grosvenor Place, March 26, 1859.*—I left off last week just when Canning's name was occupying *both Houses*. . . . No one knows how this week will end. I believe in what Lord Palmerston said last night, that Ministers will be beat, but will not, need not, resign or dissolve. The debate is tiresome enough. The opening was dull, and Lord Stanley's speech heavy, and the enlivenment of a baby's squeal spoiled the effect. People said Lady John had taken it to *pinch* at the critical moment, but it is now believed to have been a young Jones of Pantglas, and how admitted I don't know, as, after the new regulations of drawing lots for places, I should have thought dogs and children were excluded. I heard this *hot and hot*, for I had gone to dine with the Jerseys. We had a quiet evening, but she was very anxious for House of Commons news, and several peers, Redesdale and others, came in, after listening to several speeches.

"I dined with Lady Clanricarde to meet the Aumales, and it was very agreeable, Lady Waldegrave, the Melbournes, Panizzi, Van der Weyer, Sir Hamilton Seymour, and a few men: and I stayed after they dispersed, to have a quiet talk with the family on our Indian affairs. . . . I had been out so little that the ladies' toilettes would give me a chapter of the *Journal des Modes*, if I had time and space. Lady Waldegrave

was in a white *gros de Naples*, such as you would like, looped up over a petticoat with at least eleven little pinked out flounces. The loopings were bands of black velvet, with a pattern of wheat-ears embroidered in small white beads, and real wheat-ears and straw in velvet bows at the back of her head. The Duchesse d'Aumale was in a short blue gown, looped up with small wreaths of pink roses, to hold the gown to the petticoat. The dining-room looked so handsome that I could not help thinking, if they sell the house, Canning ought to be the purchaser.

"I am wishing for all sorts of reasons to be at Highcliffe, but Loo still puts off her journey."

THE HON. MRS. STUART (at Calcutta) to
THE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD.

"*April* 16, 1859.—Your last letter but one deserved a long answer. I read it with deep interest, but this time shall begin on quite a different topic, namely, your little song. You have no idea what an effect it has made—people come and ask me to 'sit by the window,' after some grand Italian singing by very good performers, as if it was a repose to their ears and feelings. I think it is by far the best of Mrs. Popham's.

"Since I last wrote, your pleasant little scheme of tour and travel is, I fear, over, and from what a sad cause. Yet how right you were to remain, and how thankful we all are that your health has not suffered. I cannot fancy a more sad scene than your poor house-keeper's dying bed! . . . You are right; do not regret London, nor wish for it again."

To LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Calcutta, April 23, 1859.*—I am truly glad the star and ribbon have come, which will realise to all eyes, especially natives, that the feeling of England has shamed Government into doing honour to the man it endeavoured to underrate. Let England find such another, if she can, when the next mutiny comes! I think Char. is pleased for him, but you can imagine the studious *sang-froid* with which they both receive the event. We have just lost Lord Harris, and a great loss he is, so easy and comfortable in his manner, so amiable and agreeable in all he says, so full of appreciation of fun in a quiet way, and it has quite done Lord Canning good to have some one to whom to talk *à cœur ouvert*—a real friend, capable of understanding and appreciating matters. He made conversation go pleasantly at dinner and in the evening, for unfortunately we are usually a silent set, easily daunted, except the dauntless boy Stanley, of whom we get far more than is good for himself, though Char., who spoils him at one time, scolds him at another, and thinks she keeps him in order."

Lady Waterford little imagined at the time that the postponement of her projected journey had enabled her to be with her husband during the last months of his life.

On the afternoon of the 28th of March 1859 Lord and Lady Waterford went together to the village of Kilmacthomas to visit their little

woollen manufactory, and they then determined to erect machinery, in order that *all* the work might be done on the place,¹ and said, as they were leaving, "We will have it going this day three months."

That evening Lord Waterford had a conversation with Mr. Roberts, his agent, in which he told him that he had made up his mind to give up the racecourse. "I feel it is a bad business, not in the way of making or losing money, but the being brought into contact with persons one had better not meet, and seeing and hearing things one had better not see and hear."²

For the last twelve months Lord and Lady Waterford had read a chapter in the Bible together every morning, and if he had to go out earlier than usual, they had never failed to meet so much the earlier. On the morning of the 30th the chapter they read was 2 Samuel xviii., with the reference in the 18th verse to the raising of Absalom's pillar, because "he had no son to keep his name in remembrance."

"Lord Waterford's fine figure never appeared

¹ The present Lord and Lady Waterford have carried out this idea of a factory, and have added to it again and again.

² Recollections of Canon Parker of Kilmacthomas.

more attractive," says a local paper of the day, "than when he went forth on that Tuesday morning—his bright eyes never more brilliant, his determination for sport never appearing more keen. . . . On he went, full of gaiety, to Castlemorris, in County Kilkenny, where his hounds were appointed to meet that day, and to which two of his best and favourite hunters had preceded him early in the morning." At Castlemorris a numerous field, numbering many of the well-known resident sportsmen, awaited his arrival. Two foxes had been killed, and, on a third run, about fifteen gentlemen, who remained to the close, started from Corbally towards Dowlan Hill, including Lord Waterford, seated on his favourite hunter Mayboy, which he had purchased a year before from the Master of the Meath Hounds.

On coming to a narrow bye-road near the mountain grove, and after passing through a grass field, Johnny Ryan, the huntsman, in advance, and a great favourite of Lord Waterford's, pointed out a low fence they were approaching with "There's a bit of a gripe at the other side, my lord." "Oh, never mind," said Lord Waterford, and rode forward. The horse got his forefeet over easily, but at the outer side of the gripe some loose stones caused the

animal to fall forward on his knees, throwing Lord Waterford over on the side of its neck: and the horse not recovering itself, a moment after he fell from the saddle, and came down upon his head upon the road. It was supposed at first to be a slight fall, but he fell upon the most tender part of his head, that part which comes in contact with the spine.¹ "No one could believe at first that he was hurt," said his groom to the writer, "for he lay in his hunting dress quite unbruised and beautiful." Johnny Ryan, leaping from his horse, supported Lord Waterford's head on his breast, whilst his groom, George Thompson, chafed his hands, but he only gave one sigh, and then ceased to breathe. "Oh, then there was an awful wail," said the groom, "though we would none of us believe it."

Captain Jephson, of Waterford, and Dr. O'Ryan, of Carrick on Suir, who were the next to come up, tried in vain to render assistance, and the remainder of the field returned in twenty minutes, after the death of the third fox, to learn the terrible truth. The body was carried on a bier to the road (for no car could be got up the lane), touchingly covered with

¹ From the *Waterford News and General Advertiser*, April 8, 1859.

the drugget quilt of a poor woman's bed, and followed by a crowd of poor country men and women, sobbing, with bitter tears, for the affectionate and charitable friend whose kindness had never failed them.¹ On reaching the road, the bier was laid upon a brake carriage belonging to Lord Bessborough, and slowly the mournful group proceeded to Curraghmore, arriving there at nine at night.

"Dr. O'Ryan rode on to break the terrible news to my lady," said the groom, George Thompson, "and he met her driving her two white ponies up to the door, all gay and happy, and told her at first that my Lord had broken his thigh-bone and was very much hurt; but she saw by his face that it was worse than that, and said so, and he could not speak to her. Then she went away to her own room and locked herself in. When she knew by the cries and sobs in the courtyard that my Lord had been brought home, and when night was coming on, she ordered every one away from her, and she looked on his face once more: but what my Lady did that night we none of us knew."

During the week which followed his death, Lord Waterford lay in state in one of the state bedrooms of the castle, and all the tenantry and

¹ See *Waterford News*.

workpeople were permitted to look once more upon his so-beloved features.

He had just entered his forty-eighth year. At his feet his widow had placed with her own hands a large silver-mounted Bible (the gift of Lady Clanricarde), open at the chapter they had read in the morning, thus giving prominence to the Blessed Book, before all the retainers who came in to look at him as he lay dead.¹

Lady Stuart had come at once to Lady Waterford, but throughout that terrible week she remained locked in her room by day: only when the silence of night came, she stole down the silent passages to the room where he lay, and she painted her dead husband in his calm sleep, painted him till he was closed away from her for ever.

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY to
VISCOUNTESS CANNING.

*"Grosvenor Place, Wednesday, March 30, 1859.—*I had begun the day with the happiness of your letter and dear Minny's, and was quite unprepared for an alarming telegram to request me to go to Curraghmore with as little delay as possible, as Lord Waterford had had a very serious fall out hunting the evening before (Tuesday), and to recommend my going by Milford

¹ Lady Jane Ellice's Reminiscences.

Haven, when the carriage would meet me on landing. The telegraph was dated ten o'clock *to-day*, and it was not half-past eleven when I received it: but all trains that could catch the packet were gone, so it was agreed that I could only go by the express at half-past nine A.M. to-morrow, and this was telegraphed back, begging the agent, Mr. Roberts, to send a further account this evening. Alas! the evening paper tells the stroke that has so suddenly bereaved dearest Loo of a husband she tenderly and devotedly loved.

"I can only bless God that she was *there*, and pray for the support which is always vouchsafed in the form that seems best. No one knows the efficacy of prayer more than she does, and happily *she was well*. I dare not hope the intelligence is untrue, for I feel that the message was sent to me to prepare me for worse tidings, though I am so prone to hope, that at first I felt it might be, as *twice before*, when I went in trembling and found comfort. This will be a dreadful shock to you, after so many you have had in succession, but none coming so near in its affliction. I had hoped to have written to you to-morrow on your birthday, and to have sent unmixed congratulations on the better days that have followed evil ones, but who knows what a day may bring forth!

"I have had many kind offers to go with me—James Lindsay, Pollington, and Miss Hyriott, but I am better by myself. How Minny and Charles will feel with you in this unexpected affliction. I cannot bring my mind to think it *real*, but fear it must be too certain. God bless you and Canning, prays your most affectionate mother,"

"*March 31.*—This post brings a letter from dear Loo, without an idea of what was coming upon her within an hour."

To THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF CALEDON.

"*Curraghmore, April 1, 1859.*—Loo saw nothing till they had placed Waterford on a bed, apparently in the calmest sleep, not a feature changed. I have looked on that placid noble countenance, and feel what a comfort it must be to her to see and *retain* that recollection! . . . She has many instances of his thoughtful care of her to dwell on. Before he went out on Tuesday, even, he was watching her breathing, and bidding her be careful. . . . The poor Primate feels as if he had lost his favourite son. . . . It seems such a long time since I left you all, and it is but little more than twenty-four hours."

*THE ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH to
THE MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD.*

"*Armagh, April 1859.*—How can I express to you, my dear Louisa, what no words can give expression to—the feelings of my heart in this most sad bereavement? Yet you have ever shown such firmness of mind, that I take courage to write to you to say I am sure you are summoning all your powers to bear this stroke, and that you are looking to our Father in Heaven for grace to enable you to bear it as becomes a Christian. Your prayers, I am persuaded, have been ceaseless, and they have met mine in the presence of God, that you may be strengthened to submit

with humble resignation to the will of Him who in His inscrutable providence has cut short a life so dear to both of us, remembering that the Almighty never requires a duty to be performed which He is not ready to enable us to fulfil.

"Doubly dear to me, for all that I know you were to Waterford, for all the love you bore him, all the good you did to him, and all the help you were to him in acting a right part in life, I can add no more than my fervent blessing on you in this hour of sorrow, and request you to believe me to be always your affectionate uncle, John G. Armagh."

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY to
VISCOUNTESS CANNING.

"Curraghmore, April 1, 1859.—The best comfort I can give you from this house of mourning is to tell you that I have found my darling Loo *well*, and—oh, so touchingly and beautifully resigned to every part of this grievous dispensation, that one feels help is sent to bear the shock. She says she never saw Waterford go from the door to hunt but that his word and look remained with the feeling—'Perhaps the last!' and the pang would have been infinitely greater had she been absent, or even if she had not read to him, what he always heard reverently, the portions of Scripture which she selected, which come as words of consolation to her to dwell upon. She takes comfort too from his having been spared all suffering, and that from the pains taken to prepare her, she had not seen the appalling sight of his being brought home *lifeless*! There was no sign of injury,

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and the countenance is noble and placid in expression, and its features like the finest marble effigy: and a memorial of this has been secured to her, not only by an admirable cast, but by several photographs, which will be of great value to her; for except one miniature, and her own drawings, nothing exists of him as a likeness.

"She describes him as looking particularly joyous in going out, and her last recollection of him in all the happiness of life, and so soon seeing him in the calm dignity of death, blend in her mind as mortal and immortal. We may hope that, though so suddenly called, his spirit was not unprepared, and that he was bought with a price not dependent on a lingering death-bed. . . . Who has not sent to inquire with peculiar sympathy? Not only through all this land is it felt as a national loss, but yesterday the Queen telegraphed to inquire after her, and to ask if I had arrived.

"I had many offers of escort, but I preferred coming alone, and most easily did my anxious journey pass. I went on board as soon as the train got to Milford Haven, and happily it was a smooth passage, and we were at Waterford by 6 A.M. They had sent the carriage to meet me, so that I arrived by eight o'clock, and as I have been with Loo a great deal, it makes it seem as if I had been long here; indeed, it recalls so forcibly my first visit long ago, as to be startling, and that I expected to see poor Waterford's anxious look for *her*! Kind Bell wished to come to her from Dublin, but she preferred no one else to come, as she expected me. Lord John came at once, and of course

saves her from all that has to be thought of and arranged. He was very fond of his brother, and is deeply afflicted. . . . This is a most blustering day, but all looks beautiful and improved since my last visit here, very many years since, when Lady Morley and I travelled together.

"Whilst I write, another telegram has come from the Queen to ask how I got over, and how I found her: and to desire that, if I had not come, word was to be sent when I arrived. . . . My head swims with the long South Wales Railroad, and the passage, and above all the arrival here, so, if I am incoherent, you will not be surprised. I believe you have a few words from Louisa. Canning, Charles, and Minny will all wish for every particular about her."

LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD, to
LADY JANE ELLICE.

"*Curraghmore, April 5, 1859.*—I must tell you how merciful God has been to me, how tenderly He has dealt at this terrible time. I can say with truth He has let me rest myself on His pitying breast. That is what I feel daily, through all my weakness and my poor broken prayers. I feel how weak and confused they are, but I can throw weakness on Him, and He draws tenderly nearer to me, with all His love and all His sympathy.

"So many have written to me that I have not answered, that I must tell you why I write to you—because you have so fully entered into the where I find hope and comfort.

"I can feel that God has ordered all things rightly,

and that I owe Him only the deepest thankfulness for the many happy years He gave me, and the recollections that I love to dwell on, and, in the fatal moment, how much mercy too. I feel sure there was no suffering; there were no hopeless hours of agony; and—oh! his beautiful dead face! Dear Jenny, you never saw such an expression of peace and happiness, and not a scar—only a calm and lovely sleep, the face in perfect health, not even the hue of death. Mama is here.”

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY to
VISCOUNTESS CANNING.

“*Curraghmore, April 8, 1859.*—A week has passed since I got to my darling Loo, and in all she has gone through she maintains that unruffled holy calm which is indeed the ‘peace of God which passeth all understanding’—with an energy which would seem to say, ‘I can do *anything* through Christ that strengtheneth me;’ and though she would wish to have done that which would have cost so much to others as well as herself, she renounced the idea of attending the funeral, and was the first to say she believed it would be ‘better not.’ Lord John had besought us to dissuade her from it. She had been in the church when poor Lord William’s remains were brought there from England, but how far greater this trial?

“I wish I could remember every word she has told me of the very day which ended in such a grievous manner. Her drive had been to some cottages, thinking that perhaps she might soon be going away, so would go her rounds, and the blind girl said, ‘It is just four years since you first came to me:’ she was a

Roman Catholic, but liked to hear the New Testament read. As Loo returned through the park in the close carriage, she looked at the bright ray on the little church, and felt she ought to go and see that what she had ordered to keep the churchyard from being overgrown had been done, and then thought she would go to poor William's grave, and said to herself—'There are but four more spaces left,' and the text came into her mind, 'She went to his grave and wept there.' She did not go there, but determined not to leave Curraghmore without doing so. This really must have been at the time that he who was to fill the next grave met his end. The going to that long home was the most impressive sight I ever saw. Loo came to the little window of the room I am in, and at first could not bear to see the carriages driving into the courtyard, so like the gatherings that used to be for the *sales*! but the excessive order with which they were ranged, and the grouping of the people who were to be in the procession at once marked the occasion, and when all who were to join were gone down, we went into the centre room. She saw behind the blind and watched all. The silence and reverential demeanour of all reminded me, though quite another scene, of the Duke's funeral. Three hundred tenants, with white scarfs and hat-bands, filled the space, four abreast, from the door to the gate. Behind the hearse followed all in private carriages. Labourers were the bearers on each side. The servants, men and women, followed, and Briggs¹ took the place of the poor sick housekeeper. They marshalled the chief mourners—Lord John and Lord Shrewsbury;

¹ Lady Stuart's faithful maid.

their two sons; Admiral Eden, as husband of Lord George's daughter, and Arthur Packe, eldest son of an aunt: then, as representatives of Loo's family, George Lindsay and Lord Stuart de Decies. All the relations came next, and then the gentry. It made nearly a hundred carriages, but outside were a great many more, and 10,000 or 12,000 people were congregated, and when all was over, dispersed as a cloud would come down in rain. No cloud, however, was in the sky that day, and, in the feelings of the poor Irish they like their first days to be rain, and the last to be sunshine!—and so it was. I saw no one that day but George Lindsay, after all had subsided into quietness, though I believe about twenty of the family slept here. George had been wonderfully struck with the impressive scene, and going from thence to see what had been done here was most affecting. Next morning, Lady Shrewsbury and her husband and son drove up to the beautiful little churchyard, where the mouldering and fresh graves would equally touch her heart, and then she went to embrace and take leave of Loo, and saw her brother's room as it had been left *that morning*, and went away to the poor mourning Primate, with whom she will stay some days before going home. D. Talbot, Loo particularly wished to see. *John-Henry* took him to her room, as they were to take him to his mother, who is at Armagh. I liked the boy's earnest sad face and cold hand as he went to her. Then she saw Walter Talbot, so that it was not too painful a distinction. All went away but Lord John, and I went to dinner, not to leave him in solitude.

“ This morning (on the first assembling of the family by a bell) Mr. Jones read prayers. Lord John said he could not, and he has begged Louisa not to be at church next Sunday: he really thought poor Monck could not get through the service if he saw her there: she had been unwilling to let any feelings of her own keep her away. I am glad when I see any sign of her sparing herself, and she said she would go downstairs this evening, but she found it would be too much to go to dinner, and worse than anything to say ‘ *Don't wait,*’ for that was the signal of their happy *tête-à-tête*, and telling the little anecdotes of their separate morning's work, always something of interest!

“ I heard and saw something more like her usual voice and look when she read your letter of the 3rd of March, which came by the second post yesterday as sunshine amongst the sincere condolences and lamentations which pour in. You had mentioned that Lent would spare your having more *balls*, and she said, ‘ It will be a pleasant feeling for poor Cha., when she compares the times, that with her there was nothing discordant to what was passing here.’ I took my first walk yesterday. She likes to hear one praise the improvements and perfection of everything in its spring beauty. A garden-man, who was working under the terrace, said, ‘ It's a long time since I have seen you here, and I'm sorry for the trouble that brings ye now: it's a trouble *to us all.*’ I cannot tell you all the touching things I hear. The poor stable-man, who had helped to raise him, was galloping afterwards to the station with telegraphic messages. His horse took fright at the train, and he was brought home thence with a broken leg,

but his moans, he said, were not from pain, but that he could not follow his master to the grave!

"I had better to-day, however, tell you of *her*; that she is now, in her widow's garb, in her own little room below, writing; that she passed four dreadful hours that Tuesday *alone*, but that she wishes now to lose the impression of *that*, and returns to the cheerful tones of his voice praising the drawing she was working at!

"His thoughts were noble of her future. He has left her Ford for life, free of all charges: to his sister £1000 per annum: to his brother John and his children in succession all his Irish estates. . . . Lord John thinks only of Loo, and of all that she can wish or desire, and 'Tina' is the same. The Primate's letters are beautiful—as coming from a divine, as well as a relation, almost a father! I must end to-day, though it seems to me as if you would always be looking for more than I can write. My love to Canning, and Charles, and Minny. God ever bless you, my dearest."

Sir John Leslie writes:—

"I was present at the sad termination of the Waterfords' happy life—at his burial! I saw him borne away to the family mausoleum at Clonegam, about half a mile from the house—a chapel perched upon a hill—and, on going downstairs to join the procession, met accidentally, on her way to a window in the library whence she could see the last of her lord, the noble woman all swathed in crape, with her mother. She was pale and calm, but the grief that was written in

her face I shall never forget: and I like to remember it, for I have seen nothing to equal it. I attended the service, and, on my return, thought I would like to see where she had stood to see the sad departure. She had left traces on the window-blind, to which she had clung to look behind it at the departing hearse. This blind told me of her intense suffering, for there was the clutch of her fingers, as they wrinkled the surface in her anguish. There was writing in the folds caused by her squeeze that told more than words could of the heart's despair.

"I have lived for seventy years, and for nobility of character, for Christian goodness on her part, and for high appreciation on his, I have known no others that have so fulfilled my idea of all high qualities as did Henry and Louisa Waterford."

THE HON. MRS. STUART *to* HER SISTERS.

"Lady Stuart is so struck, almost awed, by the meek and patient resignation she witnesses, and the power of faith! In her letter to me she says: 'Loo bore coming down into the library where we all were *well*, and as she sat in widow's dress on the little stool, and above her hung the portrait which was done when she was a bride, I could not but think her more lovely far in the holy calm of sanctified affliction than in the brightness of prosperity.'"

LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD, *to*
MRS. BERNAL OSBORNE.

"*Curraghmore, April 14, 1859.*—You are most kind and sympathising, and all such are a comfort, and I

have *much* comfort, for God is dealing gently with me, showing me *His hand* in all that has befallen me. In all the confused and bewildered time of such a sudden shock, I could still feel this, and follow it, trust in it. Sometimes all seems to be realised as true for the first time, then there is a sort of weary dwelling over and over again on the same terrible event and the same picture—‘In the morning it is green and groweth up, in the evening it is cut down, dried up, and withered.’ And so it was! but God gave my weakness a melancholy pleasure in looking on my Waterford’s face in death; not a mark had injured its calm and monumental beauty, and he looked like a sleeping knight, so grand and so beautiful, a sweet smile on the features.

“Christ allows me to weep and grieve, but not to murmur, and I never feel even a wish to do so. For the love and kindness of all about me I can never adequately return my thanks; it must ever endear to me the warm-hearted Irish character. I could never enjoy Curraghmore again without Waterford; he is in everything there; and I rejoice to think that his dear brother (who has been a perfect brother, as she a sister to me) should inherit this place, and continue all his plans for good.

“All I pray for is to turn my great sorrow to account. I am persuaded it is sent for wise and unseen purpose, and to such I must strive to turn it. I see nothing but a grey and gloomy horizon before me, the beautiful landscape is behind me, past and gone: but if I look up to the sky, there will be my light and guide, and I may see there more beauty than even that which I have left behind me: so I daily strive to say truly, not *as*

words only, 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.' "

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY to
VISCOUNTESS CANNING.

" *Curraghmore, April 16, 1859.*—A letter from you, dearest Cha., must always bring comfort, though it cannot join with us in heart and mind at the unlooked-for affliction, which you cannot even know for another fortnight. And how you will look for our letters! They will give you a better account than you could venture to hope. One fortnight have I been here! We pass our time chiefly in dear Loo's charming little room, and have been out driving several times. It is an interest to her to take me, and we can go in the close carriage for miles in these lovely drives without meeting any one. She likes to hear me praise all that has been done, but it saddens me to see all as a dream of the past! Sometimes Waterford used to say he did not look to living even as long as his father,¹ but it was said in cheerfulness, not as a presentiment; no blight came over his happiness, and so his remembrance is stored by her in unclouded brightness. Briggs has been into those grand stables, and heard all the poor men bewailing their master, and the man who supported him, and heard his last breath without a moan or struggle, told her that in an instant Dr. Ryan was at his side, and with his hand on his wrist. The others thought him fainting till they heard the doctor exclaim,

¹ Henry, second Marquis of Waterford, died July 1826, aged fifty-four.

‘Good God! he’s dead!’ and another voice was heard saying, ‘The Lord have mercy on his soul.’ At the moment few were there. Not long before, many had made a leap which he avoided, and went round, and—so it was to be!

“I am deeply sensible of the mercy of Loo’s composure: may nothing disturb it. She has been much grieved at hearing from Lady John that the manner in which the shock came to poor Mrs. Dunbar,¹ her anxiety about breaking it to the Primate, the number of painful letters she had to read and write, the arrival of the Shrewsburys, and all the touching details of the funeral, worked her into a nervous fever. She had been so long sleepless and in a nervous agitated state, that they became uneasy about her, and total quiet was prescribed. . . . She had been here with her two children in August with the Primate, and so happy. I grieve for anything to make the good Primate uneasy in his home circle, on which he depends so much, next to his sacred duties. He writes to Louisa just as she could wish.”

LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD, to
CAPTAIN JOHN LESLIE.

“*Curraghmore, April 18, 1859.*—Your letter, among many kind and feeling ones, is the one that is most *grateful* to me, because from your heart you enter into my sorrow for the noblest-hearted man I ever knew. Year by year I only learnt more of his great and rare

¹ Harriet, wife of George Dunbar, Esq., of Woburn, Co. Down, and second daughter of Lord George Beresford, lived with and cared for her uncle, Lord John-George Beresford, Archbishop of Armagh.

character, and prized those who saw it too. All is very gloomy before me now : it seems as if the colour had left everything. But I can submit. I know that God's hand has disposed it, and He has done all things well. I know that Christ has promised to take upon Himself the heavy grief and burdens of those who lean upon Him, and that He can give them better comfort than the dearest happiness of earth.

“He will draw the nearer if we give our *undivided* hearts to Him. Perhaps He withdraws our earthly joy for no other purpose, and has taken my own Waterford among the faithful and honest servants of Christ, from the love—almost adoration—of all around him, because we loved him too well. This idea has been also that of the poor man who calls himself ‘the Mountain Poet.’ He has written:—

‘Perhaps we gave too much, the powers above
Grew angry at our superstitious love ;
For, when we more than human homage pay,
The precious cause is justly snatched away.’

“It all seems a dream. Every now and then I seem to learn *all* for the first time, or else the same events in all their terrible distinctness are ground over and over again in my recollection. Both these phases are happening day by day. Recollections of Waterford are in everything about the place. I have a longing wish to go away, because everything here is stamped with ‘Never, never again.’

“Nothing was equal to that beautiful dead face. All that was great, and *knightly*, and lovely in the calm

and happy expression was there ; nothing of the horror of death, not even a mark of the fall.

“ I was thankful for this.”

TO THE COUNTESS OF SHREWSBURY.

“ *Curraghmore, April 23, 1859.*—I know how grieved you would be at the second and tremendous shock to our dearest Uncle, a very very sad one to us too.¹ He bears it with so beautiful and holy a spirit that you would be comforted. His letter to me yesterday was indeed a lesson and an example ; and he said to Tina the day poor Harriet died, ‘After my last visit to Curraghmore, I was so completely happy, I had not a wish unsatisfied. But I was too happy, and so God has smitten me in the two points which touched me most.’

“ I am learning daily the *reality* of our loss. It will be worse as the days move on, but I am striving hard to accept it as God’s chastening hand for good. After poor Harriet’s funeral, Johnny² will come here with Tina, and I shall be glad to have her with me, for no one loved Waterford more than she did : she knew and appreciated him completely.”

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY to
VISCOUNTESS CANNING.

“ *Curraghmore, April 24, 1859 (Easter Day).*—What a happy letter this would have been to write, were it not for the calamity which causes it to be written *here*, for it would have been the first from me, since thanks that have so long been Canning’s due,

¹ Mrs. Dunbar died on the 18th of April.

² John, fourth Marquis of Waterford.

were bestowed upon him by lips that had indeed 'a new song put into their mouths.' Even Lord Ellenborough thought that the Governor-General should have been the subject of a separate vote. The striking part was that it was evidently considered a *popular* measure before dissolving, and that a cry would have been raised against those who omitted it. It made an interest to my poor Loo, the first that has come to her with satisfaction, independent of the great and engrossing subject of her thoughts. She has had one very grievous subject to think of, which in some measure arose out of her own sorrow, for poor Mrs. Dunbar's illness terminated fatally and rather suddenly last Monday morning. Mr. Dunbar went to breakfast, giving rather a cheering account of her tranquil sleep, and sent his children out: when he was called to her room, and she was dead! So the poor old Primate had again to mourn one who was to him as a child of his own. The most melancholy part is that the shock she received, on hearing of the fatal accident to Waterford, brought on the brain fever from which she never rallied. She had written most admirable and touching letters to Louisa, and she was so warm-hearted, that it was like a sister's affection. Lord John was in London, and arrived at Armagh in ignorance of what had happened, so was much overcome by it, and before he comes here, will again have to attend a funeral as mourner.

"I shall stay a few days after Lord and Lady John come, when I think it will be better for me to leave Louisa with them. What there may be for her to settle I am quite ignorant of. . . . Certainly I would

rather she had to *relinquish* than to *accept*, though in either case she might be equally following Waterford's wishes."

"Curraghmore, May 1, 1859.—I think my last letter was closed before we went to church on Easter Day. My dear Loo found strength in the special promises and blessings of that day, and in the afternoon we went to the little church, which was building when I was last here, and which will remain to bear fruit, and we may hope will prosper under those that come after.

"The coming of Lord and Lady John made me anxious, and I go to bed relieved that it is over. It was a long day from their home, and their late train was one which poor Loo had so often watched for when Waterford had been to the Curragh or elsewhere, so that it reminded her of waiting for *the bell* and the arrival. . . . It was sad to hear of the poor Primate's keen feeling, in his second affliction, seeing the funeral of Mrs. Dunbar depart for their own place, and sitting up to see the mourners return, and to be the comforter of the husband, who will remain on with him. He did not wish any of the other nieces to remain permanently with him.

"Our week here has been perfectly tranquil *within*, but very tempestuous *without*, and we have not had much going out in the carriage. The pleasantest circumstance has been your letters. . . . In your last you mention knowing that Louisa is well, and may return to Curraghmore, that I shall probably be spending Easter there with her! Alas! how is that realised; but in such a calamity, it is to me the first of blessings

to have been able to be with her. Your letter to Loo happened to enter into very applicable topics, and said much as I had done about *Les Adieux d'Adolphe Monod*. I liked the plan of the book, but the depressing influence of his Calvinistic principles I think inconsistent with that perfect love which casteth out fear: and our Liturgy always reminds us that 'God willeth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he turn from his wickedness and live,' and I think looking for the moment of conversion misleading. Striving, going forward from strength to strength, 'so to act that each to-morrow finds us farther than to-day,' is more practical, I think, and equally Scriptural. Louisa's own frame of mind is beautifully trustful, and her humility very sincere: I should not wish any one to lower her opinion of herself below others whose judgment I should consider inferior to her own.

"I dread Loo's doing anything the least imprudent in this extreme cold, but to-morrow it is her intention to go to church. She has seen Mr. Monck. He said to me afterwards—'I leave this house of mourning with a lighter heart than I brought to it. I expected much from her, but I find I can learn a lesson of submission which is far beyond my hopes, and shows a special blessing from the Lord.' He had advised her not being in church when the loss was alluded to, and it was well done, I am told, by the curate, who spoke of the *two* members of the congregation they had lost—the poor man and his lord, and the lesson brought home to all.

"The wars and rumours of wars continue, but none yet begun. Earthquakes too in divers places with you,

just as you were writing to us on the 8th March. That God may bless and preserve you all, is my constant prayer."

"*Curraghmore, May 8, 1859.*—I have stayed an extra week, being kindly pressed to do so *by the others*, for Loo's sake, till various things were settled. Many long hours' talk of 'affairs' have resulted in Loo's doing what was right and noble, and which will place her brother-in-law in an independent position. He had no sums of ready money, and as 'by will' she was to have whatever was in Coutts's Bank, she was entitled to £11,000 which was there as a balance, and she has simply given up the whole, without even reserving what she takes upon herself to give to the servants, which will exceed £1000. This has been entirely her own liberal decision, but it has pleased the Primate extremely. He said he could not offer advice, but he felt that entering upon the responsibility and liabilities of this estate did require assistance, and he hoped this would prove ample. It is impossible for any one to show more deference and affection to Loo than is given by both Lord and Lady John. . . . Adieu, dearest Contessa."

LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD, to
MRS JOHN LESLIE.

"*Curraghmore, May 7, 1859.*—I know how you and Mr. J. Leslie have felt for me, and how thoroughly you appreciated my own Waterford's rare and single-hearted character. In this great grief I have to endure the very heaviest trial that can be sent to me. I pray God

to turn it to the very greatest occasion of mercy, and to resign without rebellion or repining the noble gift which God gave me in Waterford—to fill up the blank of his loss with a nearer love to Christ. All this becomes real now, not mere words. The only thing to live and learn is to love Christ more and more, and to realise that any one among us may become ‘the disciple whom Jesus loved,’ if we set our hearts on Him. I am so *sure* that everything is done with a purpose, that I feel more and more convinced that the purposes of my great sorrow are gradually developing, not for me only, but for all who have felt the loss of dearest Waterford—showing the thread on which our life hangs to some, the necessity of preparedness to others; and the all-powerful working of God in cutting off the most useful to prove that it is not *man's* power, but God's, that makes each necessary to others.

“But human nature must suffer, and already years of grey and cheerless life seem to have passed since that terrible day, and I can scarcely think I am the same happy person you saw in December. How thankful I am we cannot foretell, for I was just *as* happy to that very Tuesday morning.

“Every one is very, very kind: none more so than Johnny and Tina. I rejoice to think that Curraghmore will be their home, entering so heartily as they do into all the little plans W. and I wanted to carry out.”

To LADY JANE ELLICE.

“*Curraghmore, May 4, 1859.*—Dear Johnny and Tina are here, and I am so tenderly treated by them, as by the kindest brother and sister. I am sincerely

glad they will be here, and that the four nice boys will have this beautiful home for their young days: it is quite a pleasure to me to imagine them home for their holidays, scampering about on ponies, fishing, or in any of the delights of boys in the country. I am to have Ford Castle for my home, and shall like it very much.

"I am well, and God is giving me strength. I am praying to love Christ more and more, to love *really* as one loves a human being, with heart and soul and mind and strength. 'The disciple whom Jesus loved' is a title we might all have if we loved Him as John did."

"*Curraghmore, May 28.*—I am to leave Curraghmore on the 14th of next month. Parting from a place would always be very sad: even if one had not liked it so much, there are always regrets at the last, but where one's happiest days have been spent—all those of brightest remembrance—it is a trial. In saying this, dearest Jenny, do not think it is a murmur. It is only the feeling that the final breaking with my old life is to be gone through. I do not think of it with repining, but it is a trial.

"And then all the 'good-byes.' I cannot help dreading them. But God is very, very merciful, and has always helped me through all, and I trust in Christ to help me now. I often wish the day was over, I am so afraid of being weak, and perhaps the going away from here more than anything will realise to me that the time spent with W. is at an end—that he is really gone."

THE HON. MRS. STUART (at Calcutta) to
LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD.

"*May* 15, 1859.—I must tell you how thankful I feel to learn from your dear mother's letters, and from yours, that the God whom you have always obeyed and loved in your prosperity, has so mercifully supported you hitherto in your deep affliction. . . . It must be a gratification to you, though mixed with pain, to know how much the noble and generous qualities of him you have lost are appreciated. This comes to us in every letter and from every quarter. And you have the unspeakable consolation of having helped into the true and appointed course the energies of that honest and straightforward mind."

"*May* 15, *later*.—Your dear letter is a treasure beyond price; that and dear Lady Stuart's few speaking lines take us amongst you, and prove, oh how mercifully! that, even as I hoped and believed, your God and Saviour would be with you, and give you His peace. How one should bless God, if at such moments one is enabled (as you have been) to see the softening dewdrop of mercy, to accept the gentle alleviations, to feel no *irritation*, but to acknowledge God's helping hand even in the sympathy of other hearts.

"Thank you, above all, for all you tell me about *him*, and of that last precious reading of your Bible together. . . . I am so thankful that you are to live at Ford. The thoughtful kindness that ensured to you that refuge and home will endear it to you more than ever, and whatever you do there, will always feel to you like still helping him and his, and, till you feel

equal to going there, how glad I am you are going to be at Highcliffe. . . . We have gone over again and again all that most touching scene—that proof of the depth, and strength, and reality of the feeling of attachment to you both, when 12,000 Irishmen were hushed into such beautiful and respectful grief.”

“*June 3.*—All you say and feel comforts and soothes all our thoughts about you. It must be such a wonderful mercy to be able to look back upon the being you loved with such a bright feeling. . . . We shall long for the next letters to tell us how you arranged your leaving Ireland. . . . I can so well understand what you say about ‘wishing, yet dreading it.’”

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY to
COUNTESS CANNING.

“*May 17, 1859.*—My last days at Curraghmore went, not merely with Loo, but—by her desire—in seeing many things in detail, of which I had only seen the outsides before. She wished me to see all poor Waterford’s admirable contrivances. The lodgings for labourers at the farm are only just occupied, and the new schoolroom over the stables was only used for the first time when the school reassembled after his death. One of my last visits of my last day was to see your plants and ferns, some of which showed good life. Dear Loo herself had begun to separate her own little property for removal, but *every* gap she contrived to have filled up, so as to leave the appearance of the rooms intact: even her own little room will not look dismantled. From this time she will devote a good

deal of time to showing all her books of clothing-club and other rules to Lady John, that all may go on in the same routine, though, alas! the mainspring will be missed. She is very anxious indeed that her successors should have fair play, for indeed they do seem to be heart and soul in following the steps in which they are destined to travel.

“Altogether Curraghmore remains a strange dream of life to me! My *first* and my *last* visit there—so like and so different. I am now *en route* to Tittenhanger, and shall be glad to have a quiet time there with your Aunt Caledon, more in unison than London with the time I have been spending with dear Loo. It must still be a long time before we know of your having heard of our sorrow, but every succeeding letter will have been of comfort to you. The news of the earlier return of the Charles Stuarts is good for me, as giving the prospect of their help and stay, to beguile the time till we may look for yourselves.

“Your Earldom is now in the Gazette.”

LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD, to
THE COUNTESS OF CALEDON.

“*Curraghmore, May 27, 1859.*—Dearest Jane, I thank you for writing to me. I did not even doubt how much you felt for me, more peculiarly than many who know not what it is to lose the one they love the best in the world.

“In one moment!—from complete happiness to the dreary grey life of remembrance only. God forbid that I should murmur: I *know* that all is appointed by Him, and needful to teach us the only dependence

we ought to have, which is Christ's, and to put Him in the *place* of those dear earthly idols, which we might only love too well, and so forget our debt to Him. So it is mercy to try us, however hard the blow, and this I am learning, and trying too to lean more surely and securely on Christ alone.

"I can only now realise the truth. And even now I often think how natural it would seem to see Waterford come home, as he used to do at this time of year, so delighted with the look of the place, and in the most joyous spirits:—just as he looked that very last morning I saw him alive! and then, the next time, he was no less happy-looking, yet gone for ever in spirit, and, I confidently hope, for ever happy.

"The Primate is well and calm. He has borne both his great shocks with beautiful resignation.

"I am always happy with Christina and Johnny, and quite understand the clinging to Waterford's family and those who knew and loved him for his own dear sake. I always wished my people had known him better: his character was one to love the more you knew it, and I know that every year I lived with him only added to my love and respect. I often think of Caledon, and how fond Waterford was of him too, how he used to remember their days together, and say, 'I always liked him! he was such a plucky little fellow, and always stuck by one.'"

To MRS. BERNAL OSBORNE.

"*Curraghmore, June 4, 1859.*—I go now very soon, and truly it is with a *serrement de cœur* that I look at my old home, where I have passed so many

happy days, and feel that the last link to them is broken.

“Still I am thankful to have been *tried*. I often feared my life had been too happy, and that I could not speak of sorrow to those who had suffered, that I might even be deceiving myself on my very faith.

“But I can thank God and say I *have* found the comfort I hoped for.”

Only just before his death, Lord Waterford had said to his wife, “We have done what is *necessary* now for Curraghmore; from this time I intend to devote myself to making it beautiful for you.” Up to that time, nothing had been thought of which was not in the way of utility, except a beautiful garden: that was already made. On June 14 she left it all for ever.

THE HON. MRS. STUART *to*
LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD.

“*June 24, 1859.*—Your great struggle of leaving Curraghmore is past! Your last dear little note expressed just all I know you must feel. That sensation of the enormous length of time after sorrow—how wonderful it is!

“I was glad you meant to come away so quietly, and not to strain your powers by sad and sorrowing good-byes.”

“*August 15 (from Paris).*—It was a sore disappoint-

ment to find you had left Highcliffe ; but I do hope it will not be very long before we shall see you in your own house at Ford."

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY to
COUNTESS CANNING.

" *Grosvenor Place, June 10, 1859.*—It is like having you amongst us to read your sympathising letters. The few dreadful words had told enough to make all you wrote so entirely applicable to our dear Loo's state of mind, and it was a comfort to feel that the letters which followed the first shock would bring what consolation could be given—all that you wished *might* be! that she was on the spot, and that I was with her as soon as there was time to make it possible. The one day she passed alone was a dreadful one. Nothing could have diminished its horrors. I need not recur to them now ; you have had all in detail. . . . As for Loo herself, so entire was her simple trusting love and faith, that her own words must have conveyed her state to you more than any one else could have described it, or than seemed possible. I expect to find her more *low* when I next see her—the departure, the journey, the wearisome stage of life before her, and the one great interest gone! . . . In the last days she has wandered for hours in those beautiful woods, as if to carry away the essence of their brightest moments, for the weather has been in rare perfection.

" I am sure Loo will come away in the full intention of returning frequently to Curraghmore as a guest. It is quite natural for her to feel, as you say, a wish to cling to all Waterford's belongings : she will also accept

the Primate's offer of being in his house when she passes through London."

"*Highcliffe, June 17.*—Loo is arrived . . . and has now nothing before her but tranquillity. The last day she saw every one of the servants, for gifts from her own hand—from £5 to £200—and their gratitude, variously expressed, was most touching, but *déchirant le cœur*. . . . I have now seen Waterford's will—clear, explicit, and extremely generous towards Loo, who was equally to have Ford, had he left one or more children."

"*Highcliffe, June 24.*—This place is very tranquillising to Loo, and she now roams about here with pleasure. Adelaide Talbot is to come to her for a time, and will make a little interest."

LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD, to
LADY JANE ELLICE.

"*Highcliffe, June 24.*—I have now been here just a week. I thought of leaving Curraghmore beforehand as of a day of execution, but I was persuaded that Christ makes all things easy for those who ask for His tender help and His comforting mercy, and when the day came it was not half so grievous as I expected, and all were so very kind to me that I had much to be very thankful for. The day before was a day of good-byes to all the servants within the courtyard gates (a colony in itself). All cried bitterly, and said such nice little affectionate things. The poor old huntsman told



Elizabeth Lady ...

From a ...

...the house where she
...

...and has
...The last day
...her
...and their gratitude
...most touching
...I have now seen Waterford
...extremely good
...to have Ford, but he is not
...

Highlife, June 10. This place is very tranquil-
lizing to Leo, and she has rooms about here with
plenty. As the school is to come to her for a
few days, it will be a little interest."

...WATERFORD, to

...I have now been told a
...Correspondent
...but I am not sure that
...for His
...when the
...I expected,
...to be
...a day of good-
...gates (a
...and such nice
...The poor old husband told



Elizabeth, Lady Stuart de Rothesay.

From a miniature by Miss Dixon.

me much of that dreadful day. The jockey and rider (who was out at the hunt) was much affected too, and knelt down and kissed my hand when I said good-bye to him.

“Highcliffe is so quiet and pleasant, so enjoyable: I cannot express how much I like being here. It is really a pleasure, and Mama and I are so comfortable here together. Our plan is to remain here till the middle of July, and then I go to Ford, and I hope Mama will follow soon.

“At Ford I shall be within a hundred yards of the church, and the very highest of High Church doctrines. I know our Rector will expect to find me a zealous advocate on his side, but I shall consider it right immediately to tell him what a change has come over my opinions of late, that I may not appear under false colours to him. Whatever is my future, I can only pray it may always be firmly built on the only true foundation, and strengthened by the assistance of the Holy Spirit and the teaching of the Word of God. I think of our old days here as I walk on the beach, and they seem but yesterday.”

To THE REV. CANON T. F. PARKER.

“*Highcliffe, July 30, 1859.*—The account you give of Kilmacthomas has a very great interest for me, and I rejoice to think that everything is going on well—the school, the industrial home, &c. I am sorry indeed to learn of Anthony Thompson’s loss of mind, or rather of memory; if, however, he can understand sufficiently to trust solely in our Saviour, he has enough. I am

glad to hear that the crops look so well: the potatoes here are miserable. I think the drought suggests a beautiful verse in Zechariah—‘Ask ye of the Lord rain, in time of the latter rain, so the Lord shall make bright clouds (or lightnings), and give them showers of rain, to every one grass in the field.’ I had the pleasure of seeing the Primate for a few hours before he went to Ireland. He is very well, and seemed most calm and cheerful, often repeating ‘I was too happy: I had everything I could wish for.’

“I have often heard lately of doctrines which strike me as wanting that simplicity we read of in the Gospel, and would hold (I hope not presumptuously) that if we pray for the help of the Holy Spirit, and earnestly desire to learn the truth of God in His Holy Word, comparing Scripture with Scripture, we are learning far better than through the teachings of any human being, however exalted. I am answered that this is presumptuous, and setting oneself up *without* the border of the Church of England, but I am convinced that humble prayer to the Holy Spirit and faith in Christ for a right knowledge of God’s truth will never mislead a humble soul.

“The word ‘schism’ is even given to this idea, but it seems to me that this is the beautiful liberty in Christ which is the marrow of St. Paul’s Epistles. How he warns the Jews against returning to the bondage of the Law!

“When you are kind enough to write again, will you let me have your opinion of the Revival in the North. I cannot bear to hear it lightly spoken of, or against, for fear that it should be speaking against the

Holy Spirit; time only can prove the sincerity of those who now appear stricken."

To the same.

"*Ford Castle*, 1859.—I am extremely obliged to you for writing to me, and also for telling me of Kilmacthomas, and all about it. It must ever interest me, and it is always a pleasure to know of its prosperity, both temporal and spiritual. Poor Thompson's state is a very touching one, and if he does not suffer much, one may not call it a sad one, when his love and reliance are placed solely on his Saviour. I wish many more were like him, and that I could hear that the Bible was read by every soul in Kilmacthomas.

"I have been so quiet here that I have not yet begun to visit the cottages and schools, but I look forward to doing so, and I shall find much to do. The people here are very far from poor: it would delight you to see the Presbyterians, each possessing an immense Family Bible, which is often open before them. There are more Presbyterians than members of the Church of England, and the ultra-Tractarian views of the clergy have, I think, driven a good many over to that side.

"I am very well, and can only thank God for His great mercy in giving me so much to praise Him for, and wish that I could feel more and more love for Him, to whom I owe everything, even our blessed Lord."

COUNTESS CANNING to

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

" *Calcutta, May 2, 1859.*—The telegraph has just told us the dreadful news about poor Waterford. . . . What will you be able to tell me of our poor Lou! I have not courage to think of what the terrible grief will be to her. My great anxiety is first to know if by any chance she had stayed on and was still at Curraghmore, for she would never get over being away, and losing the possibility of being with him at the very last.

" I cannot imagine what she will do, or how she will bear such a dreadful sorrow. She was so very fond of him, and every thought was for him: but Lou is too patient and good to repine, or be otherwise than perfectly resigned to the will of God.

" . . . Poor dear, dear Lou! What a thought of comfort it must be to know how very happy she made him, never ceasing to do everything for his comfort and pleasure.

" Poor Waterford's voice rings in my ear, and I cannot but constantly think how affectionate and warm-hearted he always was to me. He is the very last person I expected never to see again, he was so strong and full of life. What a dreary future for Lou—a long life of quiet patient sorrow.

" I hope some arrangement will be made for her to live at Ford, where she has interests, and has had them in common with him, and the place suited her health so well; but what a cruel loss she will be to Curraghmore. Lady Talbot and the Primate must be the people she will most cling to. It is so natural, that I am sure

you will not be surprised if she has a yearning to have those who cared so much for Waterford most with her. I think you are quite sure to have gone to her."

To VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY.

"*Calcutta, May 5.*—I am sure you will think of me when you remember that this horrible news about poor Waterford has arrived here. I am sure the telegraph must be true, and I am every moment trying to realise it to myself, and to think how my dear Lou has been able to bear such dreadful grief.

"I hardly know any one so unselfish as she is, or so wholly wrapped up as she was in the thought of how to please Waterford and to make him happy. She liked to be like a slave to him, and she had done so much for him, and was with him so constantly, reading to him, and doing everything for him. I cannot think what will become of her now.

"She is so very, very good, and full of real living religion, that I know she will be patient and resigned wholly to God's will, but this will be a crushing blow, and it is sad to feel she will never be the same again as I have known her. I had a very happy letter from her the day that dreadful telegraph arrived. I was glad to see in it that she had got quite well again, and different little domestic concerns were delaying her departure, so it was nearly sure that she had put it off some weeks. It is such a relief to think she must have been there and not have lost a day of him. The change all this will make to her is indescribably sad. It is so miserable for people without children to begin again with a long objectless life before them. I have a hope

that by some arrangement she may have Ford as her home, and she used to delight in that place. They had been together there, and had objects in common, and oh ! I should be so glad if it could be her home.

“I think that there is just a hope that letters may arrive to-night, and that I may know exactly what has happened to my poor Lou. Last year she saw Waterford thrown from an almost mad horse, and stretched insensible on the ground for some minutes, and she said she went through all the misery of seeing him killed before her eyes.

“I have certainly never known C. so well in India as this year, which is a happy thing, as he cannot get away from Calcutta for some months to come.”

To LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

“*Calcutta, May 14, 1859.*—Waterford’s love of Lou and appreciation of her made no show, but I always felt and knew it was *very* real, and I am sure she felt this so strongly that it has made her content not to repine at the missing of last words, and it is a pleasant picture for her to think of him happy, and cheerful, and content that morning. She will be as she is for very, very long, and *never* the same again, and I am sure you will like her to be very quiet, and do what suits her. I daresay people are very kindly, very bothering, with books and little words and advice. The few people who knew Waterford well, and will talk about him, will do Lou most good. How she will like to see the good Primate and be as a daughter to him. I wonder when she will draw again or take to occupations : drawing is so good for her.

“There has been a very foolish and uncomfortable sort of mutiny spirit in the European regiments of the Company, who have pretended that they were not bound to serve the Queen without re-enlisting and a fresh bounty, though they have never done a day’s service, were enlisted in the last months of the Company’s rule, and are still such raw soldiers that I believe they think of this as a Manchester strike rather than an offence against military law. . . . But it might become serious if the Seiks and natives began to see disunion amongst our troops.”

EARL CANNING *to*
VISCOUNT SYDNEY.

“*Calcutta, May 24, 1859.*—Louisa seems to have borne the first shock of the blow, as I was sure she would, and I hope that Waterford’s generous and wise provision for her will go far to make the rest of her life a useful and a not unhappy one. She is very fond of Ford, and it will be everything to her to have to tend a place with which his memory is bound up. It was mainly for her sake that he did not persist in his intention of selling it some years ago, and he has done very right to leave it to her for her life. With a jointure only, however large, and a home to seek, she would long have been very miserable. Of course Lady Canning’s impulse is to lament that she is not with her sister; but I believe it is better as it is. Louisa, for a time at least, will cling to those with whom her husband’s memory is most associated: it will be hereafter that her own belongings will be most comfort to her, and it is a great distraction of any grief to have

bright spots, not immediately at hand, to look forward to. I know you and Lady Sydney have so much kind feeling that you will not mind my writing all this to you. . . .

"I forgot your query about my name. I have not a thought of changing it. In fact, I am rather low at leaving the Viscounts, whom I have always looked upon as a more select caste than the Earls."

COLONEL STUART'S *Journal*.

"*Calcutta, May 24, 1859.*—The Queen's birthday kept. The garrison and volunteers were drawn up at 5.30 outside the fort facing the Ochterlony monument. They fired a *feu-de-joie* and then marched past. The Buffs looked magnificent in their Khakee clothes, which by unusual luck are all of the same shade! There was a *levée*, for the first time, I believe, on the Queen's birthday. The guard were brought to Government House in covered ambulance waggons drawn by oxen; Lord Canning's own thought. The *entrée* company assembled at the south end beyond the ball-room: I found the good Bishop¹ there conversing with a Hindu. Among the company was a gorgeously dressed Ameer of Sinde and the little Nazim of Moorshedabad. We, the staff, went to meet the Viceroy, and followed him in state into the room. He was preceded by half the servants of the establishment, two of whom carried gilt machines, looking half fasces, half torches or cornucopias. Lord Canning talked round the *entrée* room, then went to the steps of the throne in the

¹ Cotton.

ball-room. The clergy of Calcutta, a swarm, were assembled there, and the Bishop, at their head, presented an excellent address, in which the Queen was thanked for the Christian spirit of her Proclamation and for decreeing that the Government is no longer to be the trustee of property held for idolatrous purposes. The Viceroy replied in good and emphatic words, delivered with feeling. Then the non-entrée company walked past, English and natives promiscuously.

"The ball at night was in high state. We met the Viceroy and Charlotte in the council-room, whence they came upstairs in procession, the household servants, officers of the body-guard, and personal staff preceding them. A guard of honour of the 99th, with a colour, was drawn up at the north end of the ball-room, facing the throne. In the ball-room, we opened into two lines, faced inwards, and 'the august pair,' looking exceedingly grand and high-bred, walked through us to the canopy. On such occasions, Charlotte retains much of the '*beauté merveilleuse*,' which Jules Janin justly extolled some years ago; but it is impossible—in our ordinary intercourse—not to notice how much climate and anxiety have aged and altered her, and she has become woefully thin."

COUNTESS CANNING to

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Calcutta, May 26.*—We still have fights on the borders of Oude, and the Nana has reappeared again, and been beaten."

"*June 2.*—You will be very much surprised at the

news this mail will carry you home of the return of the Charles Stuarts. I think it a very natural decision. It all came originally of his pending promotion, which made him anxious that C. should be provided with a good successor, and he therefore settled that Sir E. Campbell should drop into his place as 'Acting Military Secretary.'"

To VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY.

"*Calcutta, June 12.*—We are going to lose the Stuarts almost immediately. He could not remain very long, as he expects promotion, and he now returns home, thinking it a matter of duty to be ready for service in these troublous times, instead of going to see the country and amuse himself in the hills. I shall miss them both very much. Sir Edward Campbell of the 60th Rifles takes his place, a son of the handsome Lady Campbell, well known as Pamela's daughter. . . . Alas! I feel as if I was beginning to know much less about people in England, and to feel how changed they will be, with new interests and grown-up children. But the great change will be to miss so many among our friends: no three years before ever made such a terrible change. . . . My poor Lou's letters are very touching. I am glad to think she is not to be deprived of Ford Castle, but she is *so* good, she would never have said a word even of regret."

To LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*June 24.*—There is still very bad behaviour, indeed positive mutiny, in one of the 'European' (not Queen's) Regiments, the 5th. It is a most strange

piece of folly, and the men will be well punished for it. I think it is the only trouble we have now.

“It is time the Stuarts should go. They are well enough now, but have had several warnings of the effects of damp. . . . Charles has been very useful, and worked harder and had much more important work than any predecessor in his office. . . . I send my drawings home by the Stuarts: they are very bad, but I hope will amuse you and Lou a little.”

The Stuarts left Calcutta on the 4th July. Colonel Stuart's journal says:—

“Lord Canning talked for some time to Minny on the last evening, and blessed her fervently when he said ‘Good-bye.’ Dear Charlotte followed us up to our room, and thanked me for coming out, trusting that it has hurt neither of us. Poor thing! there is much to gratify her in her husband's grandeur of character (so fully proved during the last three years) and success, but her lines have not fallen in pleasant places here. God be with her!”

A note written long afterwards adds:—

“I little thought that night that I was looking my last upon those small, delicate, and exquisitely beautiful features: upon that most lovely, bright, and intellectual countenance, sometimes radiant, more often sad; always one of the most expressive that ever was seen. I did once more see Lord Canning when he came home, a saddened, stricken man—to die.”

COUNTESS CANNING to

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*July 11.*—We are so peaceful here, that on Saturday the King of Oude was liberated, and has gone back to Garden Reach—free for everything except an attempt to go back to Oude, which he is not likely to risk.

"It would never have been right for Lou to have Curraghmore, but no one can say a word against all Waterford has done for her, and I have taken pains in writing to let her see how she fulfils his wish by taking and using what he designed for her comfort. . . . For ourselves, we must never get back into the habit of thinking of her in her old childlike, humble ways, but hold her up as a *potence*. The Waterford boys may be an untold comfort to her, and so may the Talbots."

"*July 18.*—I have news of another death I expected, but still must grieve very much for—the Duchess of Hamilton, almost the oldest friend I had in the world."

"*Barrackpore, August 7, 1859.*—You will be glad to hear that a week here has put the place in fashion with C., and he will stay another fortnight at least. It looks so green and nice, and the gardens in such an improved state: I can sit out nearly all day under the great Banyan and its creepers. There are plenty of roses and great sweet *pancratiums*, and many plants which you know in hot-houses. The drive in and out of Calcutta for Council once a week is good for C., and he drives his phaeton very often. Being here is the greatest treat to me!

"The thanksgiving service was very simple, but

very well chosen. All officers were in full uniform. C. gave £1000 and I £100 for the thank-offering European school on the hills. It will be a most useful thing for people educating their children, especially for many poor officers' children."

"*August 11.*—There have been terrible events in China, in the sinking of our gunboat by the Peiho fort. How much we from India may have to help in this new war, I cannot tell, but one would be glad to get the discontented Europeans there, to be of some use. It really seems as if peace could not last a month."

"*Barrackpore, August 21.*—We are to be here ten days more, to my great enjoyment. Then we begin our camp arrangement in good earnest, which will be quite delightful, and we have earned it, certainly. My ball here for the station was very successful. We had no Calcutta people, but those we lodged or who visited the neighbours. The rooms here are very large, and the lighting with tumblers of cocoa-nut oil looked very well indeed, and I had quantities of flowers.

"I do wish I could take you a walk round the different bits of garden here, and show you shrub by shrub, and tree after tree. Nobody would be so worthy of them or so delighted, and I am now repaid for all my trouble on the place, things are so nicely grouped, and the starved look of many plants is at an end, the soil is so improved. My present work is a nice clipped evergreen hedge four feet high, but the high bamboo fence will remain another year, covered with convolvulus, and, when in flower, will be like a blue wall."

To VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY.

"*Barrackpore, August 22.*—We have been here nearly a month—delighted to be in the country, in a comfortable house all on one floor, and without a quarter of a mile of journey, and three sentries to pass, to get from my own room to the drawing-room. I quite revel in the *luxe* of flowers and green leaves, and can sit out, or sit in the verandah all day. C. has liked it this time, and I am sure his drive to Calcutta once a week for Council does him good. We have had a good many people, but they generally lodge out in the bungalows in the park, and are not much on my hands. They have strange ways of bringing uninvited children, and puzzling one's arrangements dreadfully. Native servants lie about anywhere, and are neither lodged, fed, or any way provided for, or it would be still more puzzling. Imagine one young lady bringing with her two women, who brought three babies! We gave a ball last week, and if our own friends could have seen it, I think it would have made a sensation, it was so pretty in these large rooms, with such abundance of flowers."

To LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*August 26.*—I have enjoyed five weeks here very much indeed. I should like so much to have you here. It would so exactly suit you, and you would potter about the garden with me and the gardener, who says off the names of the plants and trees like a parrot. I never cease admiring my little improvements, and I have never seen so English a bit of parterre since I came to India. The grass is quite beautiful: of course the

absence of daisies and buttercups gives it an unnatural look, but it makes it seem more well-kept and weedless. C. drives about a great deal in a phaeton, and I have gone out to sketch morning and evening.

"I hope you will meet the Stuarts at Paris. I miss Minny very much. Her singing was one of our great pleasures, and her voice sounded always so round, and mellow, and right, when others were so doubtful.

"Life here is by no means the sort of luxury people at home imagine. The expense is enormous, and must always be so. . . . I shall find nothing so difficult to return to as economy when I get home: for it is so very comfortable to spend exactly all one pleases and to give as largely as one pleases. All English subscriptions, for instance, sound so little; £50 is as common here as £5 in England, and £1 a month the same as £1 a year for charity lists. Of course the explanation is the small number of people existing to support each thing."

"*Barrackpore, August 30, 1859.*—All is quite quiet now, and two regiments gone or going to China, the European soldiers going away quite quietly, and I should think awake to their folly. The cry about that affair is shamefully unjust, but there is always that sort of run against such a strange and expensive mischance. If the case was a hard one, the people to blame are those who passed the Act of Parliament, but it was not a hard one. The late Government most heartily in public and private dispatch approved of all C. had done, and so did this Government, and no one ever suggested doing anything else.

"Lord Clyde and General Mansfield had no notion that the men were not quite content, and their grumbling totally over, and the second outbreak in May astonished them. . . . No outcry against C. has ever been so undeserved as this.

"As to finance, no wonder such a state of things as the last two years was expensive, but it is doing better, and when the emergency of this present year is over, there seems no reason to be alarmed or desponding about the future.

"I hope you will not encourage Lou in anything morbid, for I feel she will be inclined to build a fence of little punctilios round herself. How good a month of Bell Heyland would be for her."

"*Calcutta, Sept. 22.*—We are having our last great dinner to-day, I think full sixty. The servants go up-country in detachments. Packing goes on, and C. starts the 10th, and I have to follow the 12th. Mr. Wilson does not arrive till October.¹ C. has invited him to come up and join the camp as his guest for a little time, and has offered to lend a wing of this house to his family.

"I hope Minny Stuart has told you a great deal about us."

"*Oct. 2.*—A charming little sketch-book of Lou's has come, which is a delight to me. All is so beautifully drawn, it puts my poor attempts quite to shame, even in the line I am supposed to manage. Her oranges are better than all my flowers."

¹ Mr. James Wilson was to be sent out, in answer to Lord Canning's request for the services of an experienced English financier.

"*Calcutta, Oct. 8, 1859.*—This is the last scrap by a Calcutta mail. We move up-country by instalments from to-day. The Campbells and their children go first, C. on Monday with a large number, and I and the maids and two A.D.C.'s on Wednesday.

"I am sending you a great many more drawings. I am afraid you will be bored by such numbers. As for my photographs, they are like a nightmare, for I have now thousands of them.

"I see we are all out of fashion in England now, and the discharging of the European soldiers has made people think India an utter failure! They need not croak so, for it was the right thing to do. Parliament was to blame at first, if blame there was, but I do not think there was any blame. A bounty, if given to the soldiers' demand for it, would really have been a fatal example, and put a new idea into Indian soldiers' heads. . . . I think officers and headquarters ought to have known the temper of the men better, and have quieted them. Depend upon it, the quiet noiseless suppression of the bad mutinous spirit has been admirable and the wisest course.

"Sir James Outram fills C.'s place as President of the Council. Soon he will begin to have some members under him, for Sir Bartle Frere will come, and Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Ricketts may return for a while."

"*Camp, Cawnpore, Oct. 17, 1859.*—Only a little word, for I have only just finished my long journey from Calcutta, and after five nights out of bed, and only stopping to wash and eat, one is not very fresh.

The camp is magnificent and large,¹ but I doubt the enjoyment of incessant moving. I have seen nothing of this sad place² but the view of a street of white tents and an atmosphere of dust, and with a thermometer of ninety or ninety-five, this is not a very tempting prospect. But it is the fashion to say it is great enjoyment, and I may think it after a little experience.

"Lou has been so cheered by the visit from the Stuarts, that their return is a great thing for her, and for you too, I am sure."

To THE HON. MRS. STUART.

"*G.-G.'s Camp, Cawnpore, Oct. 17, 1859.*—Yesterday seems long ago, for it is such a new life to have arrived in this great camp of bright white tents, and be looking down the great street of them. The durbar at Lucknow and here³ will be enormous, and I feel rather as if mine would be a life of turmoil for many months to come, though very wholesome. . . . Lady Campbell is very

¹ As suited to dazzle native eyes in a progress of the "Great Lord Sahib."

² When it was proposed to erect a memorial at Cawnpore, Lady Canning said, "The hope of the Resurrection is the only thought which can calm sorrow or bring comfort in connection with the awful catastrophe which is connected with the place; therefore let a statue of the Angel of the Resurrection be placed over the well." The idea of the statue was hers, but the sculptor, Marochetti, unwisely altered it by placing two palm-branches instead of one in the arms of the angel. The surroundings are tasteless and poor.

³ In a durbar held at Cawnpore, a concession was made of great importance to the Indian chieftains, when it was promised that, in case of their descendants becoming extinct, their right of adoption should be recognised as affecting sovereignty as well as property.

pleasant, much cleverer and much better informed than any of us. She has a wonderful way of seeing the rights of everything and the point of a story, with all her exceeding gentleness and modesty. She is very nice to me, and I think she likes me."

TO LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Camp near Cawnpore, Nov. 1, 1859.*—I am scribbling hard at a journal¹ for you and Lou and the small select circle, so my letters are spoilt. I think this Lucknow expedition has been very useful and successful, and that the idea of its completing the pacification of the country is well understood, and must be good. It is quite new to see newspapers writing in the English country-paper laudatory style, but I believe the people, *even* English, have been pleased, and this sort of show is useful for natives.

"I think it charming to *see* so much, but I cannot quite go into ecstasies about camp-life. The climate is horrid, all but half an hour at a time in the change between too hot and too cold, and—as to the great comfort—it is better than a bad inn, but I keep out as few things as I possibly can, not a bit more than one does in travelling in a carriage, so it is not to be named beside the comfort of the non-packing of yacht-travelling.

"There is a good deal that is wonderful about it—how one suddenly orders dinner for fifty people, and all goes just as smoothly as at Calcutta.

"I find the heat very trying. It dries one up so. I never was thirsty at Calcutta, and here I keep a glass

¹ This Journal was burnt in Lady Canning's tent.

of lemonade by me all day: and one catches cold so when the cold winds cut one up in the grey morning. I sleep very badly too, so it is no trouble now to get up at five. C. is very well.

"I hope there will not be much disappointment as to the failure of the project made at home for getting all the discontented soldiers to go to China. Every one naturally at once wished it to be possible to make such good use of them, but they will not volunteer, and it was of course impossible to send them there *bon gré mal gré*. Very few will go. I believe Lord Clyde will certainly go home early next year, and Sir Hope Grant goes to China, but not till April or May. Nothing can be done sooner.

"I am so glad that the Stuarts have cheered poor Lou so very much."

"Camp between Futteypore and Mynpooree, Nov. 18.— We get on very well, though I always felt it must take a great deal to compensate for getting up at four or five, and having the trouble of a move for so small a result as ten or fifteen miles at the very most. One would like to go fifty miles every two days or so, and have our good tents at the end.

"Do you really think an offer is coming for Highcliffe? I think it would be well off your hands, if you had a place to stow your goods in. Still I sometimes think it would be very nice for us. But we are not coming home rich, and we have to buy a town-house. Perhaps you and Charles Stuart might talk over projects, and some day tell me what you think would suit us all. We also must have some place to put our

goods in, and I think Highcliffe feels the most natural home, at least till something could be bought: but we shall never have money to buy a fine or good place."

"*Camp, Agra, Dec. 4, 1859.*—Agra does not disappoint me in the least. I have scruples in even mentioning the *Taj*,¹ for I have been so bored ever since I came to India by having it described to me, and the talk prevented it from feeling the least new to me. But I do wish you could see the sights here, for they are very lovely, everything so large, and either such white marble or such red sandstone, and all mixed up with such lovely gardens and plenty of water, the sky really blue.

"But the climate is only pleasant daily for a very short time. Much of it is quite detestable, with cold and wind and dust. The cold is worse than the heat, to my mind, and if it is to go on crescendo, I cannot tell how we are to bear it. A tent is not pleasant with the walls shaking, the dust coming in, and draughts kept out with the greatest difficulty. I like seeing new places and can bear anything, but cannot the least see the delights of camp-life.

"We have had multitudes of people dining in fifties and sixties nearly every day, and C. has had work of visits of Rajahs received and returned, and a great durbar. The chiefs seemed pleased at being received so well: eight are subsidiary, eleven quasi-independent,

¹ The Taj Mahal—"the Crown of the Seraglio," being the tomb of the wife of the Emperor Shah Jehan, who died in childbirth in 1629. Twenty thousand men worked at it for seventeen years, and it cost three millions, English money.

others of lower grades. It was all well worth looking at, the dresses very fine, and their equipages amusing, when they kept to their own style, with horses and gigantic elephants.

“What a sad catalogue of losses to poor Lady Jersey—brother, husband, and son dead in three weeks, and now I see Lady Peel is dead too. We are very anxious about poor Lady Granville.”

“*Camp, Dec. 17, 1859.*—You will have rather a shudder, I fear, at hearing of our fire, and my tent burnt down; but I could not have believed such a catastrophe could be so entirely without any real fright. I knew *I* was quite safe and unhurt, and could run in and out of the burning tent, and I knew nobody else was in the tent, so, except sorrow for my goods and the tent, and a great wish to see the other tents divided off, I had nothing to dread, and nothing to make me tremble for a moment. I woke C. in his tent, and so little did I think the fire was upon us, that I could tell him to put on some clothes; and the fire never did get to that tent, for they struck it out in time, and only his writing-tent was burnt, and two passages, besides my poor tent. He lost very few papers, but all his furniture, and some old boxes and odds and ends. I lost a great deal—all my really good clothes, a great deal of good lace, my dressing-box, writing-boxes, travelling-bag, drawing-bag, books, &c., and my rings, including several of great rubies and emeralds which you have never seen. My old wedding Mechlin lace passed through the fire unhurt in the middle of a mass of linen which was not burnt through. My jewels had the

narrowest escape. I did not think of them till about ten minutes after the fire began, when I was reflecting over the contents of my tent, and every one was at the burning mass. Then an officer I hardly knew came by, and I sent him off to pull my two imperials out of the fire. I thought they could scarcely be burnt through. I believe the man was so taken aback by the sight of me in my blue flannel, with streaming hair, standing alone in the moonlight in the middle of the camp, that he could not listen to the accurate direction I gave of the position of the boxes. Presently I saw Sir E. Campbell, who came back to see after me and report, and he went off like a shot after them, had water thrown on the boxes, and rummaged them instantly, and brought out my pearls, all but on fire, but still safe. All my other jewels were more or less black, but many safe. I had but very few diamonds here.¹

“After all, I have not told you that it was all done by a new stove, lit for the first time, and I opened my eyes at 12½ o’clock to the bright light of the flame, and gave the alarm to the English sentry, who had bugles sounded, and the camp roused in a very few moments. The maids’ tent was not burnt, but they woke at the sight of the flames of mine and fled in their quilts. They behaved quite well.

¹ Mrs. Stuart, on hearing of the fire, wrote:—“What a blessed escape! and what a mercy that no public papers were burnt; but, when one has said all this, and felt it too, one ventures to groan aloud over your *Four Years’ Journal*. When I remember how you toiled, as woman scarcely ever toiled, weary, tired, and hating it, to keep that record of an unprecedented trial and era, it seems as if I would have sacrificed even your pearls to have kept those books.”

“It was a great mercy I saw it so instantly, for half a minute later would have been a frightful sight. I have not a distinct idea whether I was asleep or awake. I had slept, but I think I was awake, or I should have felt more startled, and it was *very* little when I first saw it on coming out of the inner partition of my tent to the centre where the stove was. It was also a happy thing we were not halting, for so many things had gone on, that I have plenty more clothes, and am having warm things made up. I had nothing left from the fire but my night-gown, dressing-gown, one boot, and one stocking, and a hat in the maids’ tent: all else for me to go on with is borrowed from Lady Mansfield. Lord Clyde brought me an enormous dressing-gown, and every one contributed something. . . . All my journals were burnt an inch round, and the last entirely: all drawings were burnt round, and much scattered and trodden down, but may still be clipped and stuck into books. I thought I had saved them so cleverly, dragging the bundle of portfolios quite clear of the tent, and it was the only thing I saved: but I believe an outer awning fell on them afterwards, for certainly they were burnt; though every one who could pick them up did so, and brought them to me.

“We have rather pleasanter weather now, and do not start before half-past seven, but never imagine that being in such a great camp is Paradise, as people tell you. The road is always flat and dull, and through ugly country. One is ten days getting a hundred miles, and places of real interest are full that distance apart. The merit is having the power of receiving people with all the proper state belonging to a Gover-

nor-General, and entertaining them just as at Government House, always having full amount of escort, and such a number of Government officers and offices, that the work goes on without interruption.¹ A month at a nice place, and a journey of two days to another, would be infinitely pleasanter.

"I do not think you would find it answer to you just now to sell Highcliffe . . . and I think a more comfortable arrangement for us all might be made, but I cannot even sketch it out now, and want you to think over what it could be.

"I finish this at Meerut. Mr. Wilson is here, evidently very happy and full of questions, and feeling how much he has to learn."

¹ In the durbar held at Agra, the fidelity of the chieftain Scindia received full recognition.

IX.

AT FORD CASTLE.

“Oh, how near we should be to Heaven, could we live daily, hourly, in the presence of one the honesty of whose word we could never doubt, the authority of whose word we could never disobey.”—BULWER, *The Parisians*.

“The nature of God can be better grasped by believing than disputing.”—POPE PIUS II.

“Prayer and kindly intercourse with the poor are the two great safeguards of spiritual life.”—DR. ARNOLD.

FROM Highcliffe, Lady Waterford went to Ford Castle, in Northumberland, which (with an income from estates at that time producing above £10,000 a year) had been settled upon her by her husband's will. Many of the happiest days of her married life had been spent in her autumnal visits to this old castle upon the Northumbrian border, and, for years, she had looked to it as a possible home. It was her husband's wish that it should be so, in case of her surviving him. Sir John Leslie writes:—

“Waterford had scarcely ever visited Ford, his inherited possession in Northumberland, and when it was talked of, Lady Waterford said ‘Let us go!’ Waterford said to me, ‘Will you come there to us, and shoot partridges? There are quantities there.’ ‘Certainly,’ said I. Well, in the next year I went to Ford, and saw what it was.

“It so happened that I was walking out with Lord and Lady Waterford one fine bracing Sunday in September at Ford, where the fields are large and the soil magnificent. She said, ‘Waterford, what a delightful climate this is. I like this place. I feel far better here than at Curraghmore.’ After a pause he said, ‘Do you like it, Loo? I’ll leave it to you.’ And so he did. And this was the beginning of what to Ford Castle and its surroundings was the blessing of that place.”

The original castle of Ford had been built by Sir William Heron in 1287, but of this building, where James IV. of Scotland lingered with Lady Heron before the battle of Flodden, only two massy towers remain. The rest of the castle, pulled down and altered by the Delavals, was at this time only rather a good specimen of the bastard Gothic architecture which was brought into fashion by Horace Walpole at Strawberry Hill. It contained some fine portraits by Reynolds, and those, repeated over and over again, of Lord Delaval and his four daughters—Mrs. Jabez, Mrs. Cawthorne, Lady

Audley, and Lady Tyrconnell. Lord Delaval left Ford to his youngest and favourite daughter, Lady Tyrconnell, whose daughter and heiress, Susan, married the second Marquis of Waterford.

Lady Waterford had always a strong feeling of the injustice of this will, and, from the time of her going to Ford, never ceased to contrive kind acts for the descendants of Lady Tyrconnell's elder sisters. Of these, the one whose condition called for most sympathy was Miss Touchet, daughter of the nineteenth Baron Audley, who had survived a hurricane of misfortunes, to a lonely and poverty-stricken old age. Her pride long forbade her consenting to receive any of the benefits Lady Waterford wished to shower upon her, but gradually, as she learnt to trust in the truly loving nature of her would-be benefactress, she was induced to relent, and, in her later years, Lady Waterford had no more devoted friend or affectionate correspondent.¹

“Look not mournfully on the past, it will not come again: wisely improve the present, it is thine: go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a Christian heart.” This was a maxim sent to Lady Waterford, when she went to Ford, by her old friend, Lady

¹ Miss Touchet died in August 1888.

Belhaven, and she wrote it in a little book which she always carried about with her, and made it the rule of her life's action.

From the moment of her arrival at her northern home, Lady Waterford had the improvement of the property at heart. As time went on, the castle of Ford was magnificently restored and beautified, farm-houses were rebuilt, roads and bridges made, woods planted, gardens laid out, the church restored, the rectory rebuilt, and a village erected close to the gates of the castle, with a noble fountain in memory of Lord Waterford. Above all, a beautiful schoolroom arose in the village, to be decorated with the frescoes from "The Lives of Good Children," which will probably be the most lasting memorial of the pictorial genius of the lady of the castle, who annually spent upon the estate more than she derived from it, mortgaging her own property at Highcliffe to pay for her improvements at Ford.

THE HON. MRS. STUART to
LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Ford Castle, Sept. 3, 1859.*—We got here late and in the dark. I was sorry not to see more of the approach and entrance than the old square tower standing up against the sky. Afterwards I was glad, for the red glow of the fire and light from the pretty drawing-

room came streaming out to the door, and in it stood our dear Louisa! She trembled all over, and gave one sob! and then was calm, and the kiss she gave to both me and Charles went to our hearts. All that evening nothing brought a smile to her beautiful face, but, since that, we have talked incessantly, and she has been eager and interested, and quite cheerful.

“As to the place itself, I am charmed with it. It is much more of an old castle than I had imagined, stands more remarkably, and with its pretty wooded hill, and the situation and growth of church, vicarage, and village is much more picturesque; then the dell shows capabilities of improvement and occupation such as Lou’s soul loveth.”

“*Sept. 7.*—Of our dearest Lou I can only repeat my comfortable report. She is very cheerful now, and very beautiful it is to see such patient, thankful cheerfulness, so entirely fulfilling the words—

‘Humbled by all God takes away,
Thankful for all He gives.’

She says that she loves this place, and can be happy here, and accepts that power as one of God’s great gifts and blessings, to be thankfully enjoyed, and not cast aside.”

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY to
COUNTESS CANNING.

“*Paris, Sept. 16, 1859.*—Charles Stuart feels so glad of their visit to Ford, which has done them all so

much good, and given real *pleasure* to Loo. It is such a discovery after the pressure of great affliction to feel one is not deadened to pleasurable feelings and there is a void to be filled up. Without too much clinging to collaterals, they will always have a strong hold.

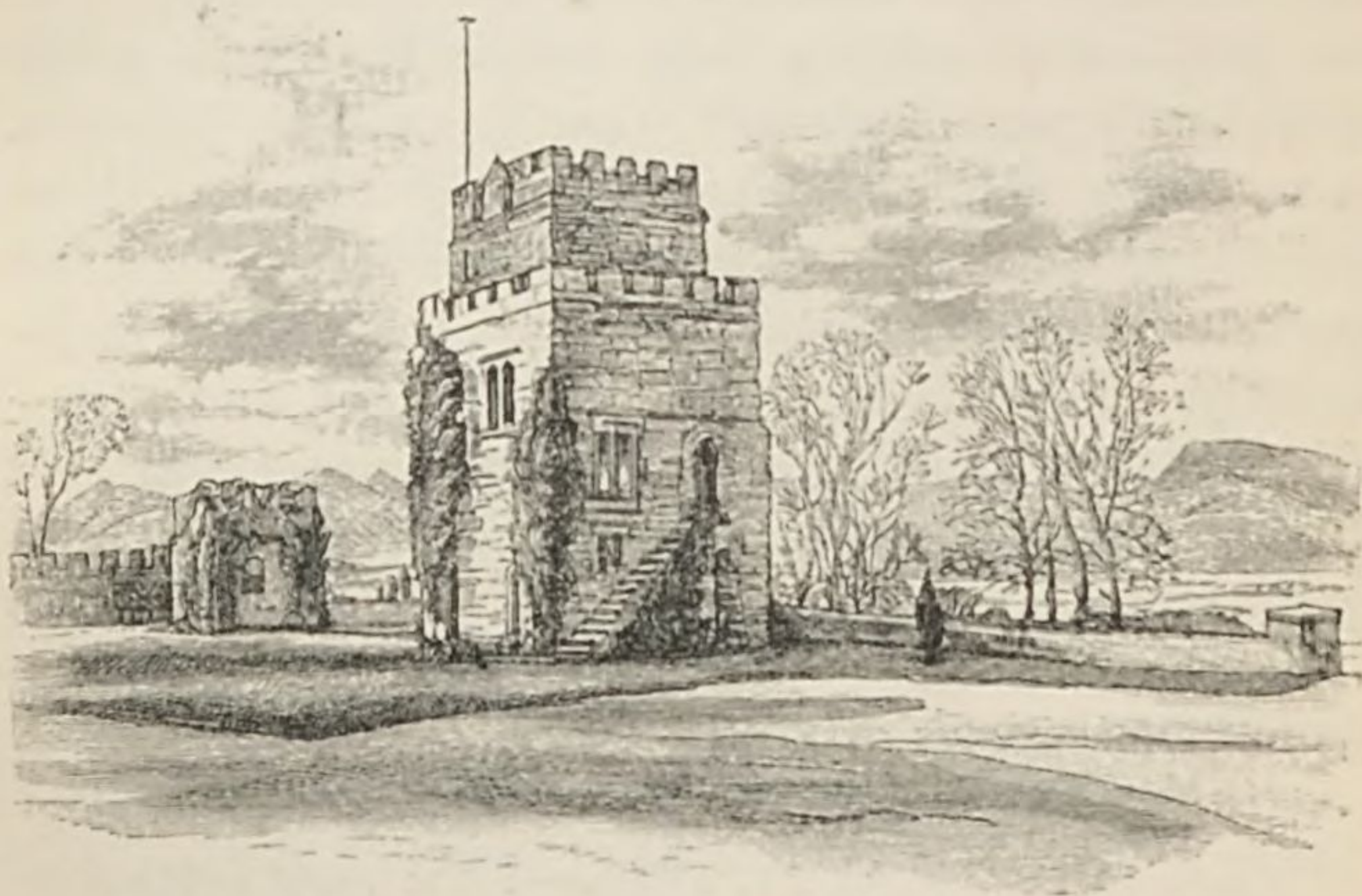
"I have enjoyed some days with the Cowleys at Chantilly. I forget if you know it at all. The great *corps-de-logis* was destroyed at the Revolution, but the pavilion is quite a large house in beautiful old French gilt panelling—one room painted by Watteau in monkeys and arabesques—and an immense long gallery, where they have billiard-tables, and piano, and work, writing-tables and books, and live most comfortably. Lady Cowley was most cheerful and agreeable, and it was quite a novelty to me to be in that English sort of party, with all the French luxury of an ambassade."

LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD, to
MRS. BERNAL OSBORNE.

"*Ford Castle, Sept. 21, 1859.*—I am now settled in my home, and though perhaps nothing could be more sad than my return to this place (where we used to pass our most joyous holiday), it is still a home I shall ever love more and more. I am quite alone, and have been since the month of August, except the short visit of the Stuarts straight from Calcutta, where my cousin has filled the post of private secretary to Canning. This old castle has much of its old romantic form left on one side, the rest being modernised after the taste of Strawberry Hill: but

in the old towers of hoary stone, overlooking the beautiful valley and the field of Flodden, you can still imagine something of the time of Marmion.

“I have had no heart for anything, and can tell you nothing of any doings, as I can do so little—no drawing or music, and I have not yet been to the villagers, whom, in their kind warm-heartedness, I almost dread



FROM THE LIBRARY AT FORD.

to face. But I am interested in the newspapers; indeed there is too much to care for there, with the late sad events. . . . It is odd how these things take possession of one when one is quite alone, as if I had anything to do or care with it, more than all Britain ought to care in a good cause.

“Whose little light graceful book is ‘The Semi-

Detached House' ?—a mere nothing, but of good intent and knowledge of good society."

"*Ford Castle, Oct. 14, 1859.*—I scarcely know how to thank you enough for your charming letters. Do you know the value of letters when one is alone, and how the time when the post comes in is really a time to look forward to. . . . How glad I am that you took the Aumales to Curraghmore, and that they saw it in its rich autumn beauty, with the sun shining on it. The Duc must be, from all accounts, a most agreeable person, and not superficially clever, but most truly so. How well I remember all the Orleans family as children at Paris, and how happy they were. I should think such another family was scarcely to be found in all France. People even blamed their being allowed to sit all together and enjoy themselves at the evening receptions of the Reine Amelie. Eight or nine of them, I think, used to surround a remote table, laughing and joking, and being as happy as possible.

"The Reine Amelie has been in the neighbourhood of Highcliffe, my mother's place, and went to see it lately. She must have seen there curious souvenirs of other days, among them a row of portraits given to my father by Napoleon, Louis XVIII., Charles X., and Louis Philippe. She must have seen some of her own work too, and some of Mme. Adelaide's.

"I have been arranging with tapestry a room in the old tower of this castle, and have made it most comfortable. The walls are eight or ten feet thick, and from my windows I look over Flodden Field. Who knows but that it was in this very room that wily

Dame Heron sang to the King the day before the battle; for however true that part of the story may be, he certainly stayed here, and we have his room—'King James's room'—in this very tower—a room that has a curious old bed, but all the rest as bad as possible: it will, however, be great interest to make the room look the very date of his visit."

"*Ford Castle, Nov. 7, 1859.*—Some day I hope you will go a pilgrimage to Clonegam Church¹ to see what Marochetti is doing for me in bronze. The clay (ready for casting) is all I have seen: the figure was so fine, so noble, in the robes of the Knights of St. Patrick.

"My sister-in-law writes to me most kindly and constantly. I do love to hear of Curraghmore, though I think I should dread to see it. I have it, though, so distinctly in my mind's eye, I could not see it more truly."

To MRS. JOHN LESLIE.

"*Ford Castle, Sept. 24, 1859.*—It was very kind of you to write to me, and I have only to write in return of myself here quite alone, remembering—especially at this very time of year—the happy days that are past. I like best being alone, but often the room seems peopled with those scenes I remember, and there is no part of Ford Castle where I do not see Waterford and hear his voice.

"I came here early in August, and had a visit of

¹ The family burial-place near Curraghmore.

about ten days from the Stuarts, who only left Calcutta on the 4th of July. They told me much about my sister and Canning, and put before me their Indian life as no letters had done the least, and I feel as if I had been there. Then I could ask questions, and get accurate descriptions of things, and nothing could be more interesting than their visit. They brought a portfolio of views done by my sister, rapidly but very cleverly, on her journey out.

"I amuse myself with reading and little else. I have no heart to play or sing. I have not touched a piano—since. And for drawing, I have only copied rather elaborately a picture I *love*. It belongs to my mother, and is by Antonello da Messina. The subject—a Crucifixion—was never more truly felt, and the little figure of the Virgin at the foot of the cross contains in it an expression of concentrated grief I never saw equalled. The *eyes are shut*, the hands simply rest on the knees, but this very simplicity gives it a truth which far surpasses the extravagant attitudes of the later painters."¹

"*Ford Castle, Dec. 29, 1859.*—How kind and good of you to write to me. Yes, indeed, I often think too of our happy days together last year, and I thank you for remembering them as connected so much with W. It is always a pleasure to hear others remember and value him as I do, and I like to talk to those who loved him as your husband and you did. You will think it strange that even *now* I have to *realise* that he is not at Curraghmore: it still seems as if I must find him

¹ This picture is now in the collection of the National Gallery.

there, and I can so vividly recall his voice, and what he would say of things, that it is often like a new shock to wake up from such a train of thought. One thing I may honestly say—it does not cause me to repine. I can realise God's hand in it all, and know it is done for a wise, though it may be an unknown purpose, and so I strive cheerfully to look forward and *up* at the motto over the chimney-piece here—'Dieu me conduise.' I have his bust by Marochetti here; I think it excellent, though the more like it is, the more one misses the *life* of the real face.

"Tina writes to me constantly. I know so well every step and the things she is doing, that it seems almost like the dream of 'Le Glorieux'—'Je croyais que j'étais à la fenêtre de mon hôtel, et je me voyais passer en voiture.' I am so obliged to her for all the little details.

"I have drawn very little, and hear nothing about art. I long to see Watts' fresco. The papers have, I believe, in some cases (very ignorantly) criticised it, but I am confident it is fine, and far more Italian than anything we have in England of modern art.

"My sister sends a most interesting journal of her progress. She went all over Cawnpore with Captain Mowbray Thompson, the only survivor of the massacre, and she describes his account of each spot as *terribly* graphic—'There I saw so-and-so cut down: there were the women and children,' &c.

"We are still in snow. The very heavy fall was beautiful, and the old castle never looked more to advantage than defined against a blue-black sky and each salient point sharpened with the white touches."

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY to
COUNTESS CANNING.

"*Ford Castle, Dec. 31, 1859.*—On Christmas Eve we were startled by a Christmas carol under the window, and very pretty it sounded, with the choir boys and girls, led by Mr. Delaval Knight. . . . In the morning Loo saw the meat and loaves made ready for distribution, as is the old custom here, and in return there has come a very pretty address of thanks and welcome and condolence, which she answered in a simple little note. . . . Another appropriate proof of her character as chatelaine has been her sending £50 for the Berwick Rifles; so she will have defenders if need be. . . . It has been a quiet Christmas to us—thinking of you thinking of us."

"*Jan. 17, 1860.*—The telegram—'Conflagration of the Governor-General's camp! great destruction of property! no lives lost,' would indeed have startled us, had we seen it before our letters came next day—a great shudder it did give! with immense thankfulness for another preservation! You and Loo have been both especially saved in great pain and peril, not having had those of the common sort, and in all these hair-breadth escapes I feel, whatever was lost, *my jewels have been preserved*. I am glad that so were most of yours, and I do feel superstitiously pleased that the wedding lace passed through the fiery ordeal. Your little, slim, blue figure in the bright moonlight, and the blazing tent, is to me the picture of *a vision*, something quite supernatural, till the reality of Lord Clyde's spacious wrap makes it again into something material.

"I go next week to Tittenhanger, where we sisters shall play a game of 'all four,' which I should be sorry to miss."

"*Tittenhanger, Feb. 27, 1860.*—I was so glad the Lothians proposed their visit to Loo when they did. It made such a charming variety and interest, and opened out so many new subjects, and hereafter I look upon them as her great resource, for Mount Teviot and Newbattle will make them doubly neighbours."

"*March 3, 1860.*—When the box with your portfolios was opened, it was a sight to see! *c'était à se mettre à genou devant!* The glorious flowers surpass any we have yet beheld, and the sketches took us to the Hills, and along the Ganges. I do long for Minny's¹ commentary and explanatory notes, and for Lou to have the enjoyment of them; but I had the first glow of beauty and surprise alone, and what a joy to have them safe from your fire."

LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD, to
THE REV. CANON PARKER.

"*Ford Castle, Jan. 2, 1860.*—A new year! what a solemn time that is, between the past and the future, a milestone of our life."

To MRS. BERNAL OSBORNE.

"*Ford Castle, Jan. 7, 1860.*—You have introduced me to many books I have liked: none did I enjoy more

¹ Hon. Mrs. Charles Stuart's.

than the 'Pearls of Great Price,' which has sent me to many authors I have read since.

"How I wish you knew Mrs. La Touche. How you would enjoy her letters: here is a bit I thought so clever, which she wrote me lately—'Her outward life is very uncongenial to mine, and becomes more so every year. I feel as if I were a black beetle and she a great blue dragon-fly. She buzzes past me with a flash of colour and loud metallic hum, and I clap my two hard black wing-cases to my sides, and crouch in the shadow.' I think there is such fun and cleverness in that."

"*Ford Castle, Jan. 19, 1860.*—You have sent me a poem that I think quite beautiful. I often fear I am not a judge, because poetry so seldom pleases me, when I find others admiring what seem to me either senseless or twaddling lines: but this poem fulfils all the intentions of poetry, exalting truth in the most beautiful language, and applying images that are both simple and sublime.

"What wonderful events are passing in France by the mere stroke of Louis Napoleon's pen!—one watches the daily papers as if a representation was being acted for the quiet ones of the world.

"... I remember Archbishop Whately and the many interesting things he told me. It was at the time of Dublin Exhibition, and he was describing the narcotic poisons of British Guiana, and the probability that they would, in time, supersede all other modes of killing animals for food. Then he went on to explain that it was the poison of a serpent, and that on one side of the world the poison of snakes was narcotic,

and on the other venomous, without the narcotic property—that Shakespeare had correctly described the narcotic properties of the serpent in the death of Cleopatra. I remember being so interested to hear all this, and much more he told me: it is so rare now to remember or to have matter enough in the conversation of a person for it to leave anything behind it.”

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY to
COUNTESS CANNING.

“*Grosvenor Place, March 18, 1860.*—The event to record to-day is that Louisa has arrived from Ford, and was installed last night in the Primate’s empty house, and the kind courteous old man had secured Admiral Eden’s carriage to meet her at King’s Cross, which she found a great luxury. . . . I am impatient to get to Highcliffe, as our stay there will be short, that we may spend the early spring abroad. I am afraid we shall find ourselves at *Nice* instead of *Nizza*! I don’t like any of these choppings and changes: but it will all be transposed again quickly enough I daresay.

“If you heard of Lady Granville¹ having made an unexpected rally, it would come to you as a fresh shock that she died the next day! Most fortunately Lord Granville, who had been in the House of Lords, returned that night; the following day she was restless, but got quietly to sleep, and died in the most tranquil manner. Lady Georgiana Fullerton had gone away, and returned too late! They have a further

¹ Maria Louisa, first wife of the second Earl Granville, only daughter of Emeric Joseph, Duc de Dalberg.

distress in the death of Lady Dover; but none makes the difference to me that Lady Granville does, who always remembered me as the friend of her father and mother when she was a child, and was invariably kind and affectionate, and the blank to you and Canning will be felt on your return, as it is by *many* now.

"Loo is revelling in your drawings, which Jane Caledon has brought back safe from Osborne, after an immense success."

"*Highcliffe, March 31, 1860.*—I must begin my letter on this day, when Loo and I have been drinking your health with 'happy returns,' but *one* return in particular, and when this day comes round next year, it may almost be begun! . . . I have been to Hoburne, where the Stuarts were expecting their little Bute—'It do seem like old times coming round again,' says Bemister, 'first General Stuart and then Lord Bute,'¹ and certainly this cliff has a charm in attracting the family, though it is a slippery friend to it."

LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD, to
MRS. BERNAL OSBORNE.

"*Highcliffe, April 1, 1860.*—I have a great project about Marmion, which, as Ford Castle is the very site of it, I want some day to commemorate in a series of frescoes—not by me, but by good artists, though I may perhaps reserve one for myself, one that is quite easy, and after my own heart."²

¹ The third Marquis of Bute, ward of General Charles Stuart.

² This "Marmion Gallery" was never completed.

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY to
COUNTESS CANNING.

"*Marseilles, April 29, 1860.*—This is as near as I can get to you, and I have the feeling of being here in a dream to welcome you home: though I don't believe that, when the time comes, it will be a kindness to watch for you here."

"*Cannes, May 1.*—Loo and I came here in a coach, which was a capital one, something like what the Duchess of Hamilton used to travel in, and which the Duke called '*le monde ambulant.*' Lord Brougham came to see us in half an hour after our arrival."

"*Genoa, May 15.*—Loo has enjoyed getting here even beyond her anticipations. . . . It is sad how every newspaper brings the loss of old friends—Lady Mansfield, Lady Ormonde, Sir William Middleton, all causing the break-up of happy homes."

"*Florence, May 31.*—I find I should not do for India, as I mind heat more than I used to do. We had, for a few days, a notion of joining with the Lothians in a villa, but the shade, which seemed so delicious, would have brought mosquitoes, and perhaps fever. . . . Our mornings are filled with visits to churches and galleries, our evenings with charming long refreshing drives, to villas in all directions.

"Loo has been very much touched by hearing of the putting up of an Irish cross on the fatal spot by the gentlemen of the hunt, with the date and the motto—'*Nil nisi cruce.*'"

“*Florence, June 13.*—Loo has been making many purchases here on a small scale, but very useful things for Ford. She has gone for one day to Siena, and we have had a nice day at Prato, where she drew a little from a fresco of Lippi's.”

“*Turin, June 29.*—We had two days' *vetturino* across the Apennines, taking Nanette Uniacke as far as Bologna, and then Loo and I took a bit of Modena and Parma before coming here.”

“*Marienbad, July 14, 1860.*—Loo and I parted at the junction station from Baden, I turning my back on her to meet Lady Antrobus at Frankfort, whilst she went on to Strasburg and Paris, a very kind and affectionate invitation from the Primate having settled her plans. We ended our time together very pleasantly at Baden, which is such a pretty place that our evening drives for the three days we were there had their merit above Italy in trees and verdure, and we got roses and limes again. We did not wish to go to the Promenade, but drew up in our carriage to listen to the Prussian band which was performing a march and waltzes of Mrs. Carmichael's composition, and were taken by surprise at the recognition of the Prince of Prussia (the Regent) who claimed acquaintance with Loo, and desired her to introduce him to me, for I had never known him, *except as a boy!* He asked very much after you and Canning, and your return, and your health, but ‘hoped it was not true that some silver hairs were to be seen in that beautiful *chevclure!*’ We heard afterwards that he thought

Loo looked very well, though—she was in her oldest bonnet."

"*Marienbad, July 22.*—Loo felt her days in Paris solitary and dismal, but bought some old tapestry from a château in Picardy for King James's room at Ford. At the Primate's, she had such a warm welcome that it has felt like being at home."

LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD, to
MRS. BERNAL OSBORNE.

"*Ford Castle, Oct. 18, 1860.* . . . How delightful collections of photograph portraits are. The little full-lengths have none of the exaggerated characteristics of the larger-sized portraits, and it brings one at once back amongst one's friends to look at them. You can trace the *démarche* so well too in the full-length figures, which have character as well as the face. Do you remember Ruskin's bit about that:—

"'There is not any virtue, the exercise of which, even momentarily, will not impress a new fairness on the features, neither on them only, but on the whole body. Both the intelligence and the moral faculties have operation. For even all the movements and gestures, however slight, are different in their modes according to the mind that governs them. And on gentleness and decision of just feeling there follows a grace of action, and through continuance of this, a grace of form, which by no discipline may be taught or attained.'

"I spent a pleasant ten days in the Highlands—a quiet time with the Speaker and Lady Charlotte Denison, and two days at Dunrobin, where the Duke

and Duchess were alone, except a few members of the family. It is such a very romantically picturesque place, it almost justifies the Cockney remark of a Frenchman who saw it, and compared it to 'une vraie scène d'opera.'

" . . . Oh, how *vulgar* ill-breeding is, and how vulgar sometimes one does find the *crème de la crème*."

To MRS. JOHN LESLIE.

"Nov. 19, 1860.—I love the enthusiasm with which Lady N. regards her husband. It is charming, and is the way every woman should look on 'her mate,' without seeing him in the prosaic way others do. I daresay she always thinks it worth while to try and captivate him in every way by her becoming dress and acquiescence in all he likes. I am sure this is the right way between man and wife, but one does not see many cases of it. I even go so far as to say it may all be on the wife's side: if there is nothing corresponding, still she is *bound* to do her best to please.

"I have been four weeks entirely alone, but cannot say I have ever found it wearisome: indeed, I like it too well: but day and night I am thinking of Italy and Garibaldi, till I am ashamed of the proportion of my thoughts they occupy. His retirement is the finest thing one ever heard of. One can imagine it, but it is the reality of it that is so great and so unlike modern times."

"Dec. 28, 1860.—I am going to work on my Sleeping Disciples, which look exceedingly crude and bad just now, and I feel the greatest difficulty in the *drawing*

part, particularly with Mr. Watts' counsel to paint so very dry, with only copal varnish. I am beginning a fresco of the Three Children, with Daniel behind, refusing the meats and drinks handed by a black boy."

To MRS. BERNAL OSBORNE.

"*Ford Castle, Nov. 26, 1860.*—I don't know if you ever saw the churchyard of Curraghmore. There is something very rude and primitive about it and the place where the family are laid (a number of slabs together) under tall beech-trees. There is only room for five more, and I cannot express how I hope to be laid there before the space is filled up.¹ It is a beautiful spot, and, if the dead wall opposite were only taken away, the sun would come slanting in under green trees—in the beautiful way through green leaves which suggests so much warmth and richness."

To MRS. JOHN LESLIE.

"*Ford Castle, Jan. 16, 1861.*—How good of you to tell me of people. Here I am in such complete solitude that I am a sort of Alexander Selkirk: but I am busy, and much interested in all I am doing, and the days fly. I have done my two frescoes in simple distemper, and am beginning the third, which I hope is to be an improvement on the other two. Silica frightens me. I am sure I could not manage it, and look forward to the decay of what I am doing as a rather beneficial thing—leaving people to suppose it must *once* have been much better. My subject now is Jacob and Esau

¹ This wish was afterwards altered.

and the mess of pottage. I have two large dogs with Esau, for which purpose Lothian has lent me a charming deerhound."

"*Ford Castle, Feb. 9, 1861.*—We are still in snow, but it is all in character with the old grey castle, and I do not mind it very much. We have good accounts of my sister at Meerut. She is well, and has been giving colours to the 35th regiment with a speech. It is a comfort to hear that she was none the worse for the fire, when she was obliged to fly her tent in a blue flannel dressing-gown, and was seen by an officer in the moonlight with her hair streaming—'Lady Canning, is that you?' Lord Clyde, coming with an immense dressing-gown of his own, was a true and serviceable friend. Char.'s great activity and presence of mind saved the whole camp, for, while left thus alone, the orders she had given were to cut off all communication with her burning tent."

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY to
COUNTESS CANNING.

"*Tittenhanger, Dec. 26, 1860.*—Poor Lord Mexborough breathed his last yesterday. I had been with your Aunt Mex during his operation, which was entirely successful, and am glad I had seen him so recently, contented, and kind about every one. It is a blessing, which will abide with her, that your Aunt Mex was with him, giving patient tender attention in his painful illness and now sudden and unexpected death. . . . At St. James's Church, a little while ago, how I was reminded of long-ago days, that in that

church I had been bridesmaid to all my three sisters : now all those to whom they were married are gone."

COUNTESS CANNING to

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

" *G.-G.'s Camp, Delhi, Jan. 2, 1860.*—Another new year since I last wrote. How I like to think we can now say 'next year' for getting back to you all. It is difficult to believe we have really been more than four years away even now. . . . I must say this camp-life, and seeing so many new people, and hearing of much settled, looks as if it got through more work than months of writing and piles of red boxes at Calcutta, and I am sure it is a very necessary part of duty from time to time.

"We have made a little expedition to see Roorkee and the Ganges Canal, and Meldwar, the place where the canal strikes off from a branch of the river where it leaves the mountains. The weather was very clear, and we had a most beautiful view of the snowy range of peaks twenty-three and twenty-four thousand feet high. This journey was performed at a very different pace from the march, as it could be done in dâk carriages at night. It was exceedingly well worth seeing.

"We had quantities of people to entertain at Meerut, and a little Durbar, or rather a Durbor, of not very remarkable people ; but my principal business, which weighed heavily on me, was a presentation of colours to the 35th regiment. I got through my speech very well, and did it all on horseback, but was very glad to

get over it without having forgotten any of my speech. I am so unused to learning anything by heart that it was quite a *tour de force* for me to accomplish it.

"There is a great deal to see here, but it is not to be compared to Agra. All is in such decadence, one can hardly judge what it was. The palace, with arches filled up, and thatched verandahs, and marble halls turned into barracks, is for the time quite spoilt,¹ but there are very fine gateways and walls, and many striking things. The artist Simpson, who did the Crimean views, is here, and will join our camp for a little time, which will be pleasant. He was looking on when the Rajah of Bhurtpore came on his elephant to pay his visit two days ago. A little boy of nine is the 'resident' there now, and with his little Rajah, who has just returned from his marriage to a little bride of eight."

To VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY.

"Jan. 1, 1860.—I cannot remember when I wrote. Since I burnt my tent, and all memorandum books, I have lost all my good habits of registering letters. You cannot imagine what a plague it is to have lost everything in daily common use—my writing-desk and letter-box, journal books, Bible, Prayer-books, many comfortable clothes, and five beautiful rings: but I daresay I have grumbled over all this before.

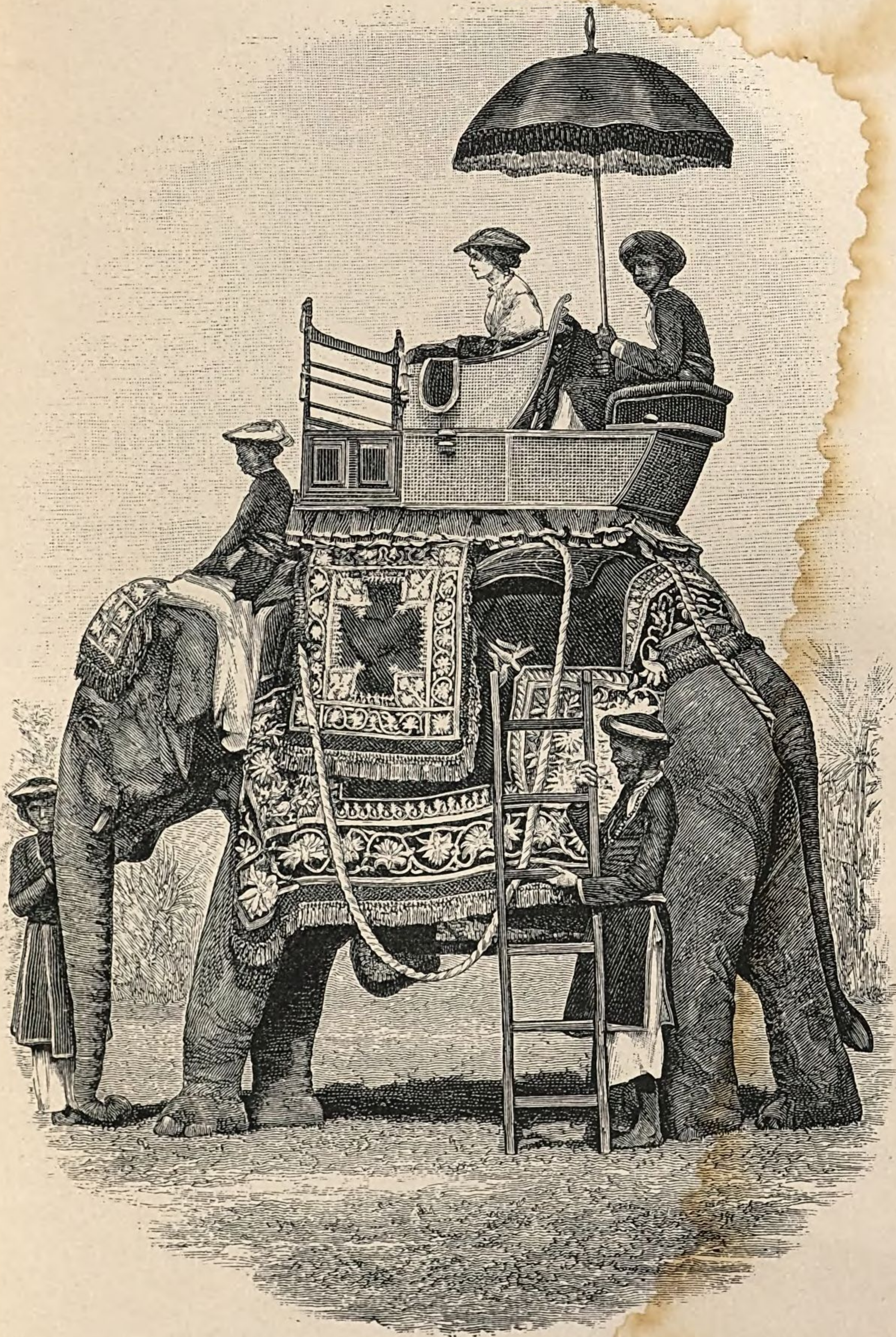
"The camp-life improves very much with habit, and ever since the climate has been decidedly cold, and

¹ The Persians, under Shah Nadir, had invaded Delhi in 1738, and carried off twenty-four millions sterling of booty.

I have a good fire all day in my stove, I have been very comfortable. The too hot and too cold time, with thirty or forty degrees change every morning, was the time to mind, but that did not last very long, and now we march every morning about half-past seven, and can be out at any time of the day. I think we have seen nearly all the sights of India. Delhi and Agra are wonderful, Agra of course the best. . . . I am sometimes amused to think of the enormous range of my acquaintances. I always knew a great many people, and what it will be after making acquaintance with three-fourths of the army list and the whole civil service of India, is alarming to think of. I think this the most fatiguing part of this camp-travelling, for at every large place we have the whole community to dinner, up to fifty, sixty, or even sixty-nine every day: though this is nothing to be named by C.'s penance at Durbars and visits to Rajahs. People who rave of the delights of camp-life, must talk of a small one easily moved. This is like a great town, and makes every place look exactly alike. The people along the road at first amused me very much, but we have now had more than three months of it. . . . I go out and sketch every afternoon on an elephant."

To THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF CALEDON.

"*G.-G.'s Camp on the Sutledge, Jan. 30, 1860.*—A house at Simla is taken for us, and I look forward to three months there, missing the hot weather, which will be a very good thing. I am also in hope of going as far as Peshawar and seeing the uttermost point of India and the entrance of the Khyber Pass. The high



GOING OUT TO SKETCH
(From a Photograph)

range of snow is in sight most days and looks very grand, otherwise the places have no great interest, and all places look much alike with our moving city pitched upon them.

“We crossed the Sutledge to-day, and looked upon the water running northwards for the first time. You must have had a very happy time with Jane and the dear children at Christmas. I hope *next* year we shall all meet: how often I am longing to be at Tyttenhanger again!”

To LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

“*Camp on the Sutledge, Jan. 30, 1860.*—We are now across the Sutledge, which seems very far off. But the march from Umballa has not been at all eventful or interesting. It began most unfortunately with heavy rain, and the miseries of the march must have been very great to the regiments who have not double tents like us, and the camels slipped and fell in the greasy mud. Two elephants fell, which is very unusual, but they got up again none the worse. The hills to be seen on clear days look magnificent, but otherwise the country is not at all interesting. Mr. Simpson, however, is enchanted with all the figures he sees on the march, and some of his drawings are beautiful, and the durbars and elephants, and state processions of the chiefs have quite delighted him as subjects.

“The house is being put in order for us at Simla, and I have sent up a great number of your cheap chintzes. I am longing to be of the Peshawar journey, and think I shall succeed. It will be a good end to my travels,

and I feel as if I could then return home, and enjoy sitting still for evermore."

"*Camp, Lahore, Feb. 15.*—We have seen and done a great deal, and many brilliant shows, of which I send a complete narrative for the benefit of the near Tyttenhanger circle. How amused you would be, if you could look about through my eyes for half a day: I often think no one would enjoy it all half as much: and how you would help me just now to choose shawls—but the new French patterns would distress you."

"*Peshawar, Feb. 27, 1860.*—We got here on Wednesday and Thursday. C. preceded me with Lord Clyde and four others, and I followed next day with the same camels all the five days' journey. It was very tiring, but I am glad to have seen this strange country and the actual boundary of India, and the very door of it, which is really the case at the entrance of the Khyber Pass.

"The last day Rain managed nearly to kill herself, by taking fright at the camels running away, and jumping out of the carriage. She fell on the back of her head and bruised her back, but is doing quite well.

"We have now rain, and may be delayed here, and I have seen little but the entrance of the Pass at a respectful distance, for people run the risk of a shot if they go very near. We are in a house and tolerably comfortable, but all the rest of the party are in tents and mud, and badly off. We cannot go back till the roads are dry, but we expect to reach the camp at Seelkote next week.

“In two days the four years since landing in Calcutta will be over.”

“*Camp, four marches beyond Seelkote, March 16, 1860.*—We were well back from Peshawar to Seelkote as fast as camels and artillery-horses could bring us. It was a great fatigue, but quite worth seeing and very useful. You would approve of a tremendous work ordered and begun—at least, begun to be tested. It is a tunnel through the solid rock under the Indus at Attock. The first blast of rock was blown on each side the river before us, and the experimental drift to test the rock will be run through in about six months. If it succeeds, they say it will be much cheaper and more efficient than a bridge, even a suspension bridge, and you will see the good military defence of such a passage. I am sure you must be heartily against giving up Peshawar, and making the Indus our frontier, rather than the natural wall of mountain with its few passes. The tunnel, if successful, will be a communication no floods can stop, and any number of troops could be thrown into that valley of Peshawar to be ready for the Russians at any season.

“My maid Rain is to be married at Simla, and I shall mind it dreadfully for my personal comfort, as she has been an admirable and sensible maid for eleven or twelve years.”

To VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY.

“*Camp near Hoskeyarpore, April 3, 1860.*—The hills round Peshawar are very fine, and the place itself is curious, hardly Indian at all, but giving one

the idea of Central Asia, and the Afghans are the finest race of people I have ever seen, and convince me easily as to their being the remnant of the lost tribes. We left the camp again for another and almost pleasanter expedition, round by the hill-country to Kangra and a hill-station near it, and some of the tea districts. The camp had to be reduced to the smallest possible dimensions, and we took as few people as possible, and lived in little hill-tents. Lord Clyde was of the party, and enjoyed it as much as we did. I never saw such beautiful country, or anything so various as the scenery. We travelled generally either on ponies or in chairs on men's shoulders; and men and chairs, here called 'John Pons,' all dressed up in a gaudy style, made the whole thing look rather like scenes in the Opera Comique.

"The snowy range was just before us, to the height of seventeen hundred feet, at Kangra, and I was out sketching it, with forts and ruins and temples in the foreground, for three days from morning till night. I hardly cared as much for being actually on the hill-side. I am sure mountains on such a scale are disagreeable to live upon; one can only creep about the cut roads, always in and out or higher and lower, on the same hill-face. The woods of ilex and scarlet rhododendron were beautiful, and the houses perched here and there on spurs and shoulders, at all heights, looked pretty and comfortable, yet I was glad not to have to stay there. Even in Switzerland there are valleys and plateaux, and some variety, but here the ranges are like walls, fifty or sixty miles in one range. I am told this is not so bad at Simla. For the sake of

the steep roads and chance of wet, only elephants and no camels went with us, and one of these fell over a precipice about two hundred feet, having taken fright at a goat. I believe he had the excuse of having been made nervous by the unusual event of passing through a tunnel just before, and the goat shook down some stones just as he came out. The mahout on his back fell too, and, strange to say, was hardly hurt at all.

"The last day before returning we were floated down a few miles of a river on a sort of seat placed on inflated bullock-skins. A number of people came with us, all conveyed in the same way, and I never saw a more curious sight. The outer skins have each a man paddling with his feet, as he stretches across his skin ('mussock,' as it is called), and steers with a little wooden paddle. We went at a great pace down rapids, and found it quite charming. I suppose an india-rubber boat would be very like it. No boats at all exist at these places except for the bridges.

"We are now in the main camp, and begin to feel really hot weather, and look forward with pleasure to Simla. Only four or five marches more will take us to the place where we leave the camp and mount up.

"Rain will be a loss I cannot describe.

"You probably have your scarlet rhododendron out at Highcliffe now. We saw quantities of it last week—very large trees and very red blossoms, but I am promised far more at Simla."

To LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Barnes Court, Simla, April 19, 1860.*—I think the beauty of this place very questionable, it is such a sea

of hill-tops, and the snowy mountains are so far off, and the dryness makes all look wintry. But the deodar woods are fine: they are like cedar when old, and larch when young. There is ilex of a peculiar sort, and *Pinus longifolia* like large pineasters, and very fine rhododendrons, but they are nearly over, and there is nothing else. The small shrubs are berberries and St. John's wort: all besides is dried up. Some views are fine, but there are no straight lines, and not a spot of level ground. I like this better than Dhurmsala, but it is not like Alps or Pyrenees, with valleys which have flat bottoms to them. Here, if one sees ten yards level, one screams out, 'What a site for a house!' Your chintzes and white papers have made this house look very nice; but alas! we shall have little use for it, though I suppose Lady Campbell and I must stay here till June or nearly July.

"I have a grievous disappointment to tell you of just when you will rejoice at our being here and out of the plains in this hot season. Sir J. Outram is ill again, and C. thinks he must be relieved of his work, and as he is President, C. thinks himself positively obliged to go down to Calcutta.¹ The most he can stay here is one fortnight more. It is so very provoking that I can hardly bear to think of it: he will not hear of my going."

To VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY.

"*Simla, April 19, 1860.*—We were prepared by the last mail to hear that at last dear Lady Granville had

¹ Sir H. Maine says that "the absence of a Governor-General from the Council dislocates the whole machinery of the Government."

sunk under her terrible sufferings. It is indeed a grievous loss to us all, and her place is one which can never be filled in the least degree. . . .

"I meant to have written you a long letter to-day, but I am so taken up with my own grievances, that I can think of nothing else. We have been here one week, and out of it C. has been only two days nearly recovered from a violent attack of brow-ague, brought on by the fierce heat in tents last week. And now we hear that Sir J. Outram is ill, and must give up work or die, and C. must go back to Calcutta. He will stay about a fortnight more and start on May 7 in the fiercest of the heat, and travel down at night, resting by day. Nothing is like the heat of tents in the sun, and I think the journey will be bearable, but it is very provoking that C. is never to have the rest or refreshing all his predecessors have had.

"We are now in a perfect climate, neither too hot nor too cold. The view is over mountain and hill-tops all around, with the snowy range very far off."

To LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Simla, May 5, 1860.*—This place is very like a watering-place, but we keep to our quiet end of it, and private walks. I do not very much like the place, for I get so bored at the sameness of the roads, always with what we call here a khud (a sort of earthy, rocky precipice of hillside hundreds of feet down), and a wall of the same above. In one place, about six miles off, at Mahassu, where Lord W. Hay has a house, the woods are lovely. The snow lies there longer, and the

flowers and ferns are exquisite, and great variety of really fine trees, pines and deodars and oaks of different kinds, some with shining holly-like leaves of brilliant young green.

"The day after to-morrow C. begins his journey. He will be fourteen nights, and promises never to travel by day, but to try and get in always by six in the morning. He has Sir E. Campbell, Mr. Bowring, and Dr. Beale with him. Lord Clyde goes next day with his own people, and Mr. Beadon and Johnny Stanley; and the third day General Birch and others, and Captain Hills, also an A.D.C. As Major Jones feels the heat dreadfully, he is left here with me and Captain Baring, who is excellent to take charge. We shall not be a lively party, but a very steady and sedate one. Lady Campbell and the children are to come to stay in the house. I shall not be with them long, for a very tempting and enterprising plan has been made for me of reaching Mussouri by a long circuit round by 'Chini' on the borders of Thibet, over a pass, and in all ways tempting. C. at once liked the notion of sending me on such a lark, and I have quite entered into it, and shall go, only having to outstay C. one fortnight, which I am very glad of, for I am not fond of the place, and should, of course, avoid all society. I shall have no riding, but be carried in sort of chairs all the journey, and have bungalows to sleep in for a week, and tents afterwards. C. envies me, but never could have gone so much out of the way of telegraphs. I should have liked going with C. to Calcutta far the best of all, and would not in the least have feared the heat, but C. would not for an instant hear of it, and I think he puts

me very much off his conscience now this pleasant expedition in mountain air is planned."

EARL CANNING *to* VISCOUNT SYDNEY.

"*Calcutta, May 25, 1860.*—My stay in the hills came to an untimely close. Outram, who was my substitute here, fell so sick he was obliged to go to sea, and I had to hurry down. Rather warm work in May, but I am all the better, literally. I was not well at Simla, and before I had been three days in the plains on the downward journey, all my ailments left me.

"Lady C., as you have probably heard, is gone on a campaign of her own, with a snug little camp of Seik tents. She is in great spirits with it. . . . She says she shall not go so far as the Thibet frontier; but I am not so sure of this. . . . The last incident she reports is that a mountain Raja had just sent her two old rams as an offering. They were not a pleasant addition to the camp; but a rival Raja, with a better taste (and smell), followed them up by two large baskets of roses and Cape jessamine.

"All is going well here. . . . The new taxes will be a source of care, and perhaps anxiety at first. Everything new must be so in India. But I am hopeful of getting them launched without any serious troubles. And one thing is certain—without new taxes we shall have to face dangers about which there is no doubt, and from which there is no other escape.

"What gaps will come across us when next I am able to talk over past times with you and Lady Sydney.

Poor Cowper's the first, and the great blank left by Lady Granville the last, and, until lately, the one that I should have least expected. . . . This is not a cheerful end to a letter ; but the recollections sharpen one's desire to be with you again, and there's pleasure in that."

COUNTESS CANNING *to*

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Simla, May 16, 1860.*—I like the thoughts of my expedition very much ; besides, one ought not to lose such an opportunity of seeing such wonderful scenery. Here, though forty miles from the plains, we are far away from the high mountains. Nothing in Europe, however, can give you an idea of this strange country, well named hills, though so enormous and so precipitous."

To VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY.

"*May 16.*—I am sure you will think my scheme of travel a very wild one, but I believe I shall delight in it, and only want a comfortable and genial and strong female companion, without encumbrances. None such is to be had. My three young gentlemen are of the very quietest description : we shall be by no means lively.

"I have nothing whatever to tell you from these hill-tops. I do not much like them, but there is a good deal to admire, especially in the woods. Some 'holy groves' of deodara are most magnificent. I spent a day in one, and think it the finest wood scene I ever beheld. I believe the trees are full a hundred and fifty and two hundred feet in height. I am very quiet here, though the place swarms with people, but I rather keep

to out-of-the-way paths, and am alarmed at encountering the swarms of officers on leave, and smart ladies carried along in their 'John Pons'—Jampans is better spelling, but not so phonetic for pronouncing."

To THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF CALEDON.

"*Balu Bungalow (about eighty miles on the Thibet road from Simla), May 25, 1860.*—I must send you a little letter from a wild spot full eighty miles beyond Simla. I daresay you may have heard that when Canning left me, he encouraged me very much to see all I could of the country instead of remaining at Simla, and now for five days I have been travelling deeper and deeper into the mountains. I have only heard by telegraph of his arrival at Calcutta, but I really believe the journey has done C. good rather than harm, and the kind of neuralgia-headache that so plagued him at Simla is better for complete change of air. I had hardly hoped it would be so with him, as the great heat of the tents in the plains at Easter had been what had so knocked him up. He is much happier in the midst of his work and at hand, for at Simla he felt so far off, yet worked harder than ever, instead of allowing himself a holiday.

"As yet my journey has been very easy, for I have never left the great Thibet road made by Colonel Kennedy in Lord Dalhousie's time, and for two days more I shall have it. It has the one merit of perfect smoothness, and most gradual ascents and descents. To obtain this, it winds round every corner in a way that tries one's patience. But this great road in theory is but six feet in practice, and often barely three feet:

its windings are at enormous heights, over most break-neck precipices. I have always gone in a sort of reclining chair carried by men. My companions ride or walk, and my maid travels as I do, and scarcely perceives, I believe, that she is not on a turnpike road.

"The forests are quite wonderful, and now the snowy peaks are really near and very fine, but the want of water spoils the scenery. Only to-day have we passed streams and springs, and had a glimpse of the Sutledge, a great way off, and deep, deep down. I never saw anything like the firs, whether cedar, spruce, or silver, or *Pinus excelsis*: this last is the least fine. There are beautiful trees of other sorts, and to-day I passed much horse-chestnut in full flower, but it is not as good a kind as the one we know. The walnut trees are enormous.

"The hill-people look homely and intelligent, and more like Basques or Swiss than Indians: they are a great contrast to the hill-men near Peshawur, who have all the qualities of the Jews in the Book of Judges. I daresay, in Mama's absence, you hear very little about me, so I should tell I was left at Simla a fortnight, and Lady Campbell and her children came into the house to keep me company. She is very pleasant—the most gentle person I ever saw, with the best head: you would like her very much. It felt very much on my conscience to leave her alone, but the children could not have come.

"Simla is very public, and like a watering-place, but one can keep out of the way of the crowd, for I liked wild rides and walks, and the crowd meets daily on the Mall. But it is not an interesting place, and this

journey is charming. As yet I have lived in the 'staying bungalows,' and often have gone two stages, by breakfasting half-way. I have already gone off the road, and crossed one hill of 16,000 feet and more, and breakfasted on it, spoiling a thermometer with boiling-water experiments. But even at this height, it was a wooded, grassy hill, steep enough, but no snow except in the holes in the rocks. I shall put in a bit of the moss, which waves from the trees in streamers above a yard long. I do not return to Simla, but intend to come down upon Mussourie, and wait thereabouts till the rain has set in and the fierce heat has passed.

"My maid Rain has preferred Mr. Fitz-Squires to me, and was married last Saturday at Simla. She is a great loss to me, after nearly twelve years of excellent service. I do not think I ever once had to find a fault with her. She went off quite low at our parting, but our photographer happening to be at work and his plate ready, I did her spirits all the good in the world by making her 'sit' in her wedding garments of white muslin, white silk bonnet, and a lace veil.

"I shall pitch my tent in two days, and then a very wild life begins. We are a very quiet little party—my three young gentlemen the very quietest and steadiest I ever knew. Lord William Hay has had the charge of these hills for seven or eight years, and knows people and country well. If you were never frightened, how you would have enjoyed all this. . . . Our Indian politics are getting interesting again; and I do hope our new taxes and Mr. Wilson will be supported."

To LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Daru Ghât* (100 miles from Simla), May 27, 1860. —You will be anxious to know of the prosperous beginning of my expedition. We have been winding up for seven days through the hills, by Lord Dalhousie's Thibet road for a hundred miles. Several times we have got over two marches in the day, stopping to breakfast half-way ; as yet there have been very good traveller's bungalows at each stage, and a tent has not been pitched. Our food is excellent, and even luxurious, and wine is cooled with fresh snow, and our baker bakes, and everything travels along.

"The road winds unceasingly, and ascends quietly for eighty miles from Simla, but at last the circuits involved by this plan became so great in making the road, that they had to dip down and rise up again, and yesterday our two marches were down to a river, and up to this spot at 9000 feet !

"I was so glad to go back to the warmer vegetation, and saw beautiful mimosas and ferns. I have just had some of the very fine large spotted pink rhododendron brought me, a kind I had never seen before. The forests are the finest I have ever seen—cedars, spruce, silver fir, pines, I am sure at least 100 feet high ; and ilex of three sorts, horse-chestnut, walnut, and all sorts of trees. The wild cluster roses and a giant sort of clematis climb the high trees and are like cascades of flowers, and the undergrowth is lovely of maidenhair ferns and many small plants—as luxuriant as Simla was bare. The steep sides are sometimes grassy and park-like, and there is everything one can wish for but water. I am sure Switzerland is really better

for scenery, only Swiss forests are so dull, and all would look small after this. The snowy peaks are quite near, and the expanse of forest reaches to their feet. The road is but a path, but happily there is no danger of meeting travellers in the narrow places. My fellow-travellers are as good-humoured and pleasant as possible. . . . I very much enjoy this, and am delighted to have it rather than Simla."

EARL CANNING *to* VISCOUNT SYDNEY.

"*Calcutta, June 18, 1860.*—Rose has taken up his command. I can see that he is strong as a disciplinarian, not a bit less so than Lord Clyde. I was afraid it would be otherwise. Duck frocks and no stocks are quite right; but the mischief is that not one commanding officer in twenty can distinguish between loose clothes and loose discipline. In this respect Rose seems to be very judicious; and nowhere in the world is it so necessary as here to draw the right line between useful strictness and needless harassment of men."

COUNTESS CANNING *to* VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY.

"*Landour, June 28.*—I have a good excuse for not writing till now, having only just done my wanderings in the mountains, more than three hundred miles and over a pass nearly as high as Mont Blanc. . . . I think C. will have written to you of how he is thriving at Calcutta, and how he thinks it, after all, much the best place in India. Certainly Simla suited him in no way, and he was never free there from neuralgia in his head, and took no liking to the place.

"I am very glad we never settled to come and stay at this station of Landour. It is so public and so dusty, and one is always on a road covered with people, and charged from behind by galloping young ladies, or liable to be thrown over by those who come at full speed round the sharp corners of rock. I am just now better protected than most people from these dangers, for, of course, they all have the curiosity to pull up to stare at me. I think these hills perhaps prettier than those about Simla, and I believe the distant views of snow are fine, but as yet every day has been misty and cloudy. Certainly mountains on a moderate scale only are pleasanter. I think those of Scotland the size for comfort; these giants are detestable to live amongst, but I am very glad to have seen it all. The forests are the real delight: I have never before seen anything so beautiful, or such specimens of trees.

"I sometimes rather wonder at people recommending me this tour, for I certainly could hardly have called the roads passable, and I should scarcely advise any of my female acquaintances to go: but I did not mind it, for my nerves are still pretty good, and I could walk along the worst places. My maid took it all as a matter of course, and was wise enough not to object to anything."

To LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*'The Castle,' Landour, near Mussourie, June 27, 1860.*—I arrived here a week ago after thirty-one days in the hills since I left Simla. I had only four halts of a day, so it was a long journey, in all more than three hundred miles.

“ I am so glad to have seen so much of these real *mountains*, for all about Simla, though mountains in steepness and height, they are like hills, and one can live *at the top*, and if there is a scrap of space there is cultivation, and any amount of wood and forest. Higher up, one gets to mountains with snow, and the most wonderful peaks and precipices. For beauty the Alps have the palm, I am sure, but this has a character of size and steepness that is unlike all else. There are very few ‘sights’ to see, and one creeps along of course much more slowly than in countries with made roads, and wheels, or even mules.

“ I think my drawings are ugly, but I daresay you will think they give an idea of strange and grand country, and I shall be glad to possess them. I somehow never did exactly what I admired most; one always sees something at an inconvenient moment, and hopes the halting-place will do as well. The rough places in the beds of rivers, amongst rocks and trees, with enormous mountains and precipices, would make the best pictures; but a ten-minutes’ sketch of such things, which all artists would give a fortnight to do, is useless, and then one may see fifty such scenes in a day’s march, and there is no particular reason for stopping at one more than another, so they do not get done. The road to Chini, the high-road to Thibet, is smooth for about eight or ten marches, but horrid from its wall of rock above and below, and its windings and narrowness. Afterwards, it is like the roughest rock-work *appliqué* on Carlton Terrace backstairs, multiplied a hundred-fold, with short intervals of happier but equally narrow ways: then edges of rock,

eked out with a bit of tree, or a built flight of steps. But I minded all these much less than the smooth-cut ledges and horrid scraps of wall-built galleries, on beams stuck into the rocks, like the top landing of St. James's Square staircase. I never rode but once, and after the new road ended all the ponies went back to Simla, to meet us here, and West and I were carried and the five gentlemen walked. Of course at very bad places West and I walked too. Uphill we always were carried, which was a happy thing, for one's breath is short in those high regions, and one feels quite asthmatic. My little camp was very nice in many quiet spots. One cedar grove and one grove of the manna were especially beautiful. The whole concern was carried by coolies, good-humoured pleasant hill-men, and often hill-women, who changed every two or three marches. Rajahs came now and then with offerings, but except musk-balls or yaks' tails, and here and there a white chudda, of course all gifts were declined: a pretty grey pony would have been rather tempting, if not in extreme old age.

"The snow was curious to see and cross, but I was charmed to be out of it again. It was an easy pass, but 15,480 feet! I could not resist a 'honey-pot' descent, which was not the least improper, as I had put on all my warmest clothing, and had an old Balmoral cloth riding-habit, and a pair of strong dark cloth trousers: and the descent was rapid and delightful. I am sure, like me, you would always like the hot climate scenery best and fine vegetation, but I own the beautiful large lilac and white rhododendrons were a pleasure to see, quite high up.

"The Alpine rhododendron is bright yellow, not pink, in these mountains: an enormous pink-blossomed one I only saw once: but the scarlet tree is universal, though not higher than 10,000 feet or lower than 6500 feet. The cedars, silver fir, and spruce, are the wonders. One of the cedars, which branches into full ten fine perpendicular trees, is 38 feet round: 24, 26, and 28 feet we also measured singly, and not branched trees. They are exactly cedars of Lebanon. I have ordered a sack of cones, and we must plant them everywhere: they are so much finer than larch, and might be quite as common. I hope to get away from here in a week. I have an odd house, crowning a little peak of its own, with Landour hill on one side, and Mussourie below me: it is a much more public place than Simla, and dry and dusty, but I think it very pretty. I hope by July 20 at latest to be at Calcutta."

To THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF CALEDON.

"*Landour, June 28, 1860.*—As I wrote to my dearest Aunt Caledon of the beginning of my adventurous wanderings, I am bound to send her word of the end of them. I have now been here a week. This place and Mussourie join, and are as civilised hill-stations as Simla itself, and I am established in a comfortable house, waiting till more rain has fallen in the plains, that I may go and join C. at Calcutta, and I hope in next week to start, for there are terrible thunderstorms every few hours, and the great heat must be breaking up.

"I enjoyed the rambling life very much, and made twenty-seven marches, some of them being double and

rather long, over rocky tracks not to be called paths. It is a very curious sort of country, and very grand, and though not to be compared to the Alps for actual beauty, I suppose everything else will look tame and small after it. I went up the Sutledge valley to Chini, where one is behind a 21,000 feet range, and in a different climate, where no monsoon reaches. There are vineyards, I believe, like those of the men of Eshcol, but of these I can only mention the great bunches of grape-flowers. The forests I told you of before, and I think I came upon finer and finer cedars and trees of all sorts—walnuts and horse-chestnuts and hornbeam, and almost everything but oak, though ilex, of several sorts, grows to a great size. The pass I had to cross to get to the Jumna river, and this side of the range is a comparatively easy one, but there are six or eight miles of snow, which I crossed at 15,430 feet. Some scenery on both sides was very beautiful; but I was glad to get back to warmer regions. One day's camp was at the very edge of the snow, and we tried boiling water with snow-water, but made the experiments rather badly, and had it once at 130° and once at 190° : neither was quite right, I think. After the snow, I grumbled as much at the heat, and for the last three days found it hardly bearable in tents in the valleys: 97° by day and 86° by night is worse than Calcutta. It was rather a race against the rains, but I got in by the 20th, a few days before they were quite due, otherwise I should have liked to go on farther, to the next places westwards; but it would have been rash, for it is difficult to move tents in wet, everything being carried by men.

"I cannot recommend settlers to come to these hills: I do not think there is a place where they could live with either profit or comfort—roads never can be, and level ground is unknown. In a few days I shall see the Dehra Dhoon tea-gardens, where people with a little money speculate, and I believe they are now and then very successful, but it is too hot to live comfortably there, and I believe not very wholesome."

To LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Saharanpore, July 14, 1860.*—We waited on at Landour hoping for rain and cool, but none came, and the inevitable day of departure arrived yesterday, and we came down to the real plains, and are now positively baking! but there is wind, and I think St. Swithin tomorrow must do us a good turn. At the Dhoon I saw tea growing and made, and shall give you some green tea made without the indigo the Chinese put in to colour it, just as good as to flavour, without bad effects of keeping people awake. I never had before tasted any good hill-tea, but this I liked very much, as I had it in the plantation, sitting under a mango-grove. I came the journey here all last night in a palkee. It was cruelly hot at peep of day, when Mr. Agnew and Mrs. Josceline Percy's son—a young Grant—met us with a carriage where the road was good, and pitched a tent, in which I was glad to wash my face. It certainly was scantily provided with comforts and conveniences, but I brushed up so as to see a fine large botanic garden on my way into the station, and ever since I have been reposing. The heat has never knocked me up, but it is something we cannot imagine, so very much beyond Calcutta."

EARL CANNING *to* VISCOUNT SYDNEY.

"*Calcutta, July 20, 1860.*—Lady C. is on her way down. The want of rains in the Upper Provinces is becoming very serious. Food is at famine prices above Delhi, and even if rain comes, there will be fearful scarcity and misery. If it does not come within a week, we shall have 1837 over again. That was the last great famine year, and the visitation comes round once in twenty or twenty-five years.

"Outram goes home by this mail. He will never be fit for India again—scarcely, I think, for work of any kind. Twenty-four cigars a day has a good deal to do with his ailment, I fear."

COUNTESS CANNING *to*

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Calcutta, July 26, 1860.*—I am sure you will like to hear of me safe back at Calcutta again. 'It feels so like getting 'ome,' as my maid West says, that I am very happy. I find C. quite well, but, to my mind, not at all improved by a little beard! I am not sure but what it is rather becoming in the abstract, but it makes a different man, not the one I have been married to nearly twenty-five years.

"I arrived here yesterday in twelve days from the hills, which is very good travelling. I might have done it even in one day less if my tug-steamer had not been rather slow and the coaling unduly long. I have opened a new railway—at least, practically I have done so, but the formal opening for traffic will be later. The train sent up to fetch us down from the Ganges was the first

that had gone up to it. It cuts off a fine piece of way, and would have been an immense boon in 1857.

“I came in eight hours from my boat at Rajmahal, part of the way rather gently, as the banks are hardly settled. The dazzling green did one's eyes good after the dry north-west, and now I have as great an excess of damp to live in as I had of drought. The heat I passed through was frightful, but I met the rain on the fifth night, and got well soaked in a thunderstorm, the carriage, I suppose, being open at every pore, and drinking in all it could.

“A hot wind is a curiosity I am very glad to have felt. I put on a cloth cloak at once to shelter myself from the scorching, and it was instant relief. The thermometer was 103° , but I am told that 110° , 120° , and 130° is what I might have felt, so that I must not think much of this specimen. I am not the least the worse for the journey. The days I spent at people's houses, and once in a dâk-bungalow, and the seventh morning I reached my boat at Allahabad, and steamed down at once. The fifth afternoon I was at Rajmahal, and found Johnny Stanley come by the new train to meet me. Next morning I came down here. The railway people and engineers made a great event of this, and I hear it was called ‘tapping the Ganges.’ I brought Colonel Yule, the very pleasant public works secretary, with me most of the way, and with only my two other fellow-travellers, Major Ames and Captain Baring, and West, the boat was luxuriously roomy, and felt most clean and comfortable.

“The rest, after so much moving about, will be very pleasant, but I must not complain of fatigue, for I really

have had very little. . . . We have no idea who is to be our successor. We used to think it would be Lord Elgin, who has so wanted it, but we do not hear of this. Everything is quiet now, but it is hard work, especially with the new finance, and if there comes a scarcity from drought, matters will complicate sadly. The Council has again dwindled to very few workers, but C. is in hopes that the changes in its constitution will soon be made, which will give enormous relief of work, and make it more like an English Cabinet."¹

To VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY.

"*Calcutta, July 27.*—I am very glad to be home again. . . . I had made my arrangement, 'laid my dâk,' as the technical term is, so could wait no longer, and plunged into the heat, quite at its very hottest. I am not sorry for it, for it did me no harm, and I know now what heat is, which I really never knew before. I had one 'hot wind,' with the thermometer at 103°, which felt really like the blast from a furnace: the wind came in puffs, and felt as if it must leave scorch-marks upon one.

"C. has been giving dinners to all Calcutta, including the ladies, and will not admit that these entertainments were the least the worse for my absence. Sir H. Rose has been in the house till now, and I hear he used to sit in my place at dinner, and—did quite as well! Now he has moved to Barrackpore, and Mr.

¹ Lord Canning eventually succeeded in converting the Council into a Cabinet, of which the Viceroy was the head, as Minister for Foreign Affairs, the other departments having each their individual representative.

Wilson is there too, a good deal plagued by all the abuse he gets. It is the oddest theory, why he is supposed to be alone the culprit and inventor of the whole question of the taxes! Every one assumes this, and does not understand that every item of the Bill was considered and sanctioned before he could bring it forward. . . . I am sorry to hear how much Lord Clyde was worried by the abuse he got. Every one must put on a rhinoceros hide to feel comfortable in India. I think C. has that faculty, and it is at last quite understood, and people poke at him much less, and always describe him as utterly hardened and incorrigible."

To LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Calcutta, August 8, 1860.*—How I rejoice to hear of Lou seeing a few people abroad. I hope she will take to a little society in England too, and even see a few people in London: it is so very unwholesome never to be amongst one's equals.

"Our new member of Council, Sir Bartle Frere, is very pleasant, and an able steady man. I think people will hardly believe what a loss Mr. Wilson is to us. He worked so hard and was most pleasant to deal with."

"*August 21, 1860.*—I fear our hopes of being home next spring have dwindled to nothing. It is a terrible disappointment, but there is much doing and to be done, and it is quite evident that they mean C. to stay on, at any rate over next hot season. And now poor Mr. Wilson's death and Sir H. Ward's have so suddenly left this country so bare of working men in high places, C. cannot go away, and leave all in new

hands. He is quite well, so there is no plea on the score of health for release: but it is a very great disappointment now the time was drawing so near. But I must say the weeks slip by very fast here, and I must try not to think of it.

“Poor Mr. Wilson’s death was a great distress, for we really liked him and he is a terrible loss to his work, in which he delighted with all his heart.¹ And the telegraph tells of another death which grieves us dreadfully—poor Lord Elphinstone! I had hoped he would recover, with all the pleasure and comfort of being home again and with all his friends, and he enjoyed this so few days.”

“*Calcutta, Sept. 1, 1860.*—I am leading the usual monotonous life, and it is hot again now between rains. I repair drawings, read, write, and drive. Soon I must make the round of the schools. I find it too hot for riding, and am too lazy after so much running about. We have small dinners of twenty or twenty-two on Mondays and Thursdays, and only yesterday had a great one of fifty-seven.”

“*Sept. 9.*—We are rather low at giving up counting the months for getting home, but the hopes of next March have dwindled to nothing. C. is anxious to see some of his reforms accomplished, and as Sir C. Wood did not get them through this session, he hopes he will

¹ Mr. James Wilson had been sent out in answer to the request of Lord Canning for the aid of an experienced financier in the financial difficulties caused by the deficit which the mutiny had left in the exchequer.

do so as early as possible in the next, but that can hardly allow us to go home in March, and a successor could scarcely arrive in the hot season."

To VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY.

"*Calcutta, Sept. 15, 1860.*—You will have heard from others that it is only too probable that we stay on for a good part of next year—in fact, till it is cool and pleasant enough for a successor to come. The little Reform Bill for this Government never got through during last session in Parliament. It is to be hoped haste will be made with it in the next; but C. wishes to finish that matter off before he goes home, and this he is very decided about. I cannot tell you what a disappointment it was to give up counting the months: now they would have dwindled to six!

"I believe we shall pass next cold weather in a standing camp, and before we reach it, we may possibly travel about a little. . . . I have a great wish to see this end of the Himalayas and Darjeeling, which is only 150 miles beyond the railway. From Simla the snows are only just visible at intervals and less than a quarter of an inch high. The worst of travelling about is the way one is inveigled on by the wish to see more and more and compare one thing with another.

"We have had a few of those terrible great dinners which wear me out so, and a great many small ones—really almost pleasant. But on Tuesday we go to Barrackpore for some weeks, and that I delight in."

Those who saw much of Lady Canning at this time never failed to remark the spiritualised

beauty which was the characteristic of her later years, and which gave her even a greater charm than the radiant loveliness of her earlier life. The anxiety and distress of the Mutiny, the constant apprehension in which she had lived for her husband, who had no fear for himself, the very fact of her having been kept hourly informed of every event, leaving no rest to her womanly sympathies, especially as—till Mrs. Stuart came to her—she had absolutely no one to whom she could unburthen her heart, had necessarily left their trace upon her. For a whole year her days had thus been passed in wearing excitement, her nights in anxious watchings for her husband's safety, and the dread of evil tidings and telegrams. Thus all the elasticity of her youth, and much of her physical strength, were gone for ever. But there was that now in the expression of her countenance, in the intensity and simplicity of her sympathy, which caused all those who saw her to love her, and those who had once seen her never to forget her.

On the whole, too, she was far happier now in her home-life than she had been for many years. The whirlwind of trial through which it had passed had dispersed many clouds. She found almost a reminiscence of the perfect

happiness of the first years of her married life, as Lord Canning unconsciously reawakened to a sense of the true value of the noble woman by his side, who had helped him to face every difficulty by her clear judgment, her patient energy, her entire self-abnegation—above all, by the loyal affection and boundless sympathy which nothing had ever shaken.

The small drawing-room on the lower storey of Government House was, as it were, an epitome of Lady Canning's tastes—filled with her drawings and paintings, with portraits of her relations and friends, and with furniture and books of her own choice. Here she received with delight Miss Dixon's beautiful miniature of her sister on a gold ground, and ever after kept it close by her side. Here she executed her large pictures of flowers, and was often read to as she worked. Here she delighted in the conversation of all the men and women of intelligence whom she could gather around her, knowing so well how to draw them out, if not to lead them, that they always gave her of their best. Some of those who were present still live to recall the wonderful nobility, purity, and high-mindedness which breathed on such occasions through every word she spoke. No suffering had embittered, and no elevation

had exalted her, no disappointment had lowered her aims, and in the courage and magnanimity of her husband, in the dignity with which he upheld his position, and the courtesy and kindness which he never failed to show to those who had derided and abused him, she ever found her greatest glory and pride.

“In the hot months we went frequently to Barrackpore for short visits,” writes Lady Clive Bayley,¹ “and it was the only thing in their viceregal life that Lady Canning really cared for. We used to sit in the upper verandah facing the river with a lovely view before us, and the verandah itself full of beautiful flowers brought for her to paint; and, on cooler days, we sate under the great banyan tree in the private garden, reading and working and talking—oh, such happy talks! In the evening, after dinner, we often walked down the long gravel path to watch the stars and revel in the delicious perfume of the flowers. In hot weather, Lady Canning dressed daily in white muslin trimmed with beautiful Valen-

¹ Mrs. Bayley, the sister of Lady Campbell, had become intimate with Lady Canning in December 1859 at Futteyghur, and was afterwards invited to travel with her down the Ganges in the *Soonamuckie*. In May 1861 Lord Canning offered Colonel Bayley the post of Foreign Secretary, and invited him and his family to be his guests for three months.

ciennes lace. She always looked charming, but she had no personal vanity whatever."

COUNTESS CANNING *to*

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Barrackpore, Sept. 22, 1860.*—We are here for four weeks, and I enjoy it very much. All my works here now make a show. I had so many great-leaved things planted in groups—enormous musas, cicas, &c., palms of all sorts, poinsettias and bougainvillias, and they are growing most beautifully and are dazzling in the effect of their verdure. I am sending off a box of butterflies to Aunt Caledon."

"*Barrackpore, Oct. 1.*—I want Lou to build an orchid-house at Ford for me to stock. There are so many orchids to be had, and they ought to go to some place I care about and can see. We shall go up the river in November, and stay in a camp at Benares, to receive some chiefs and Rajahs, and I hope, before that, for a glimpse of Darjeeling."

"*Oct. 22.*—For many reasons I think it may be right for us to stay for six months more after next March, though for our own sakes I regret it very much indeed: I do *long* now to get home."

To VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY.

"*Calcutta, Nov. 11, 1860.*—Pray do not leave off writing to us. . . . Just now I want every consolation, for certainly next March will *not* see us home. I must own I am not surprised that they are anxious to put

off the change to a new Governor-General just at present. It is quite true that at no time can everything be finished off square and straight: but I should think at no time have so many new things been begun or announced as about to begin, and of course there is a better chance of their going smoothly under a tried and experienced hand. Everything is either being reorganised, or repaired, or started anew, much more now than last year, when the shake from the mutiny was barely over, and quieting down was a necessity. I do not think it is to see things finished off that C. must stay, but merely till they are started.

"Sir W. Denison is such a good appointment for Madras: we are delighted to hear of it.

"I imagine you all at Frognall, and the shooting going on, and the old *habitués* collected: but how many have gone, and what changes there are! Do tell me all you can about our friends; everything is only too precious that comes from England, and we get quite absorbed with our letters."

To LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*On the Ganges, near Benares, Dec. 4, 1860.*—This is my third voyage up the river, so I ought to know it well, but with the changes of sandbanks one seldom recognises any part away from the towns: and indeed one place I passed last July, has so changed that we could not get within four miles of it."

"*Camp, three marches beyond Mirzapore, Dec. 19, 1860.*—I have read a quantity of China letters to C., and the horrors of the detailed accounts of the tortures

of the poor prisoners are so dreadful that we can think of nothing else. Who could even wish to be resident ambassador and in the power of such a cruel and treacherous people? . . . The most terrible account of all is that of the prisoners eaten up alive by the creatures generated in their unwashed wounds.

"From Benares to Mirzapore we went by steam, missing three marches, as C. had two days in some jungles of the Rajah of Rewah, where he was bored a good deal sitting for hours in a cage of boughs waiting for deer and tigers, but only heard one roar and killed one elk (sambre)."

"*Camp, five marches from Jubbulpore, Jan. 6, 1861.*—We are marching along very pleasantly, and this time, I don't know why, I really rather like it. The country is pleasant, and full of large trees, sometimes nice streams, hills here and there, wonderful colours in the people, and very little sightseeing, no entertaining as yet of great stations, since Benares and Mirzapore. On Christmas Day, we mustered the camp, officers, staff, &c., fifty-seven at dinner, and I was glad to have them and give them all mince-pies, and they seemed quite happy.

"We are surrounded by tiger-jungles. C. went out one day, and was in a perch in a tree, and others in other trees. He shot a good large black bear. The day before yesterday, a number of people went after tigers, and wounded two of the three they saw: and yesterday, in another march, a few went out again, and killed an enormous tiger. It was a grand sight, when brought in hanging across an elephant, heading

a procession of the *chasseurs* on their elephants. All the camp came to gaze on him, and the daylight was just going, and the torchlight gave a beautiful effect."

"*Camp, Jubbulpore, Jan. 21.*—I wish I could think we should be all together next Christmas, but it will not be so. I believe we shall now stay on till February 1862, and there is so much to be done that there is no doubt but it is right. . . . This is a pretty country, with hills of granite and all sorts of geological curiosities, fine trees, and numberless tanks. A great many chiefs came for the Durbar. Nowhere has there been such a show of elephants and cloth of gold—Nagpore chiefs, Holkar and his Mahrattas, and the Begum of Bhopal, and many smaller people. The Begum is a fine character, a sort of Queen Elizabeth, and showing her face. She is elderly, though about *my* age, but looks very clever. Her mother, in flame-coloured satin tights and muslin shawl, had a handsome face like Lady Montague: the granddaughter, Shahphan, has a gorgeous Prince Consort in cloth of gold, and two young children in cloth of gold, even to the babe of a month old. I paid a visit to the reigning Secunder Begum, who had been to me. The reigning Begum is very clever, and I am sure would be very pleasant, if one could talk without a formal interpreter. I gave her my large book of Windsor Castle, and Goode's two large majolica vases. She gave me two decanters full of attar of roses, and a sandal-wood chowrie, and promises to send me a book with illuminations. These Begums and an Indian Bourbon, whose ancestors came from France, all sate in the Durbar just like little old men, with their tight gold legs.

"Secunder behaved admirably in 1857, and is a firm ally, and had a most flattering speech made to her, and some territory given, and her speech at the return visit was, I hear, admirable.

"We have done all the sights here. One was beautiful, where the Nerbudda passes for a mile between high white marble precipices looking like walls of snow, dazzling in the sunshine. I am going to draw wonderful clumps of bamboo, of which I could otherwise give you no idea. I had a single stem cut, and it measures 63 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and every new stem shoots up its whole height in four months, like asparagus, and then sprouts into thick foliage in course of time. It is the small-leaved sort."

To VISCOUNT SYDNEY.

"*Jubbulpore, Jan. 21, 1861.*—It is sad to give up all hope of next Christmas at home, and amongst our friends, as I fondly hoped; but so it is: we stay a year more from this time. There is the heavy work of putting the Councils into working order, which they certainly are not in the present arrangements, and it is surely fair that this should be done by an experienced Governor-General instead of a new one; so one must not grumble at the present arrangement.

"You are the very best of correspondents. You cannot imagine the boon your letters are to C. . . . But what sad news we have: nearly every mail some old friend is gone. I never expected to see Lord Aberdeen, but we are grieved to hear that he is gone.

"We are now at the farthest extremity of our march, and turn towards Calcutta again three days

from hence. I think C. will leave the camp, and make a rapid journey into Oude. But, at this moment, he is out tiger-hunting: bullocks have been killed, and there is every hope of a successful expedition. We have marched through jungles full of tigers, and three great monsters have been killed and brought in by the staff. We have liked this march, for the country is very pleasant, full of fine trees and hills and tanks and beautiful jungle, and the climate has been perfect and not *cold*: for the cold of India I think as disagreeable as the heat in tents.

“The durbars are over—the cloth of gold and show of elephants very gorgeous, and the people very interesting. The great personages at the two durbars have been Holkar, wearing a million’s worth of jewels, and the Begum of Bhopal. This last is a wonderful personage. She reigns over her country, and keeps it in perfect order, and has been our unflinching ally. She and her old mother, and a female friend and courtier who has lands in Bhopal, sat in the durbar, and looked much like the male portion of it, for the arrangement of muslin and cloths of gold is very little different in their attire.”

LADY CANNING to

THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF CALEDON.

“*Camp, Rewah, Feb. 5, 1861.*—I always go on thinking over the evils of heat and cold, and to this day go on preferring heat as a matter of taste, and it is well to realise what one has to like in India while it lasts. I am so glad that Mama has been with you and poor Aunt Mex all this winter, and in civilised parts, not

snowed up at Ford, which she would have found terribly lonely, and Lou has had her young companion to prevent complete solitude.

"We have certainly a whole year more of India. As we are quite well, there is nothing to be said against it, though it is a great disappointment not to go home and see one's own people again after so long. Yet I must say I feel that C. is right, for at no time has a tried and practised head of Government been so needed as at this time of change in almost every department; and I hope the new finance, and army, and all, will be in order before he leaves it.

"C. is going away from the camp to-day, and travels as quickly as he can round to Allahabad, Cawnpore, and Lucknow, and I follow, keeping to the camp till it breaks up at Mirzapore, and then I go by the Ganges to the railway to Calcutta. I have liked this Central India country very much. We have passed through beautiful jungles, and I have seen plenty of killed tigers, but failed to see a live one—not for want of going to the hunts!"

To VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY.

"*Camp, Rewah, Feb. 5.*—How many sad changes in England. I believe that we shall only find Frognall the same, and you two the only unaltered people. I wonder if you have even an idea how old and grey you will find us! Though I long to be at home, I think how very disagreeable it must be to be in frost and snow. I have, even to this sixth year, continued to like heat better than cold, and to enjoy the sunshine, so that it shines anywhere but on one's head.

"I have enjoyed seeing so much of the jungles, and following the tiger-hunting expeditions, with *fifty* elephants beating in line. Twice I was out for a whole day, but unluckily saw nothing, though some *four* tigers were reported, and for hours I expected every moment to see one spring out. It is not at all a courageous thing to do, for one is either safely perched in a nest built in a tree, or else one sits upon a tried and 'staunch' elephant, with some one well provided with rifles, and other such people in line on elephants on each side. C. went far off one day, and shot a very fine tiger, after giving up all hope of sport: they came upon him accidentally.

"I have been wishing more than ever I could draw figures and animals, for the barbaric magnificence of some of these natives would make gorgeous groups, like subjects of the Middle Ages, with their trappings of gold and colours—and such strange colours."

To LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Camp near Rewah, Feb. 4, 1861.*—I have delighted in the jungles, but vainly went out to the tiger-hunt, and though one day four tigers were reported, none showed themselves to the shooters. The long line of elephants—fifty of them beating the jungle, and men with tom-toms, &c., made a most picturesque and grand show, and I was very glad to see it. For one beat I sate in a tree, and for the last on my elephant, expecting every second to see a tiger spring, and feeling all the full excitement in vain. We never have had such good shows of native splendour, as far as elephants go and horses clothed in gold and gay trappings. Some

horsemanship Holkar had was most picturesque, the men, officers I suppose, being quite magnificently dressed, and going through all sorts of feats."

"*On board the 'Soonamuckie,' on the way from Mirzapore, Feb. 16, 1861.*—C. is already half-way to Calcutta, and I am following. I have liked the last month very much, we had such a pleasant climate, and generally such nice country, many wild jungles like beautiful parks, and a great deal of country like England, with good cultivation and enormous groves of trees. One day lately I went a little off the road to see one of the famous waterfalls peculiar to the edges of the plateau of Central India, and it was striking; for in that level country suddenly a river drops down 450 feet into a quite narrow glen, with steep sides of cliffs and trees: and these valleys wind away till they get at last to the plains, very like the miniature valleys in the Roman Campagna.

"I have hardly done any tolerable drawings this time. It is hopeless where the subjects are so difficult, and there is no opportunity of drawing more than once, and the lights change so quickly. In the middle of the day there is no light and shade, and hardly anything looks well, and at no time can one sit long at a drawing. The native grandees in wild places like Rewah are like studies of figures for tournaments, gorgeously barbaric. I never saw such colours and trappings. I believe scarcely any one but me ever thinks of admiring what appears ridiculous in the eyes of people who are used to well-appointed troops and dislike gaudiness, and talk of 'good taste.' You and Lou would be

entranced. Holkar's people were perhaps of all the most wonderful.

"I believe we shall find Calcutta full of Chinese loot, but selling for ridiculous prices. A man, who brought back, as he thought, a little brass idol, got it changed at the bank for £7500, being solid gold; and there is a story of the Emperor of China offering any sum for a famous book carried off as only of moderate value.

"*Rajmahal on the Ganges, March 8, 1861.*—You will probably have heard how very long I have been missing, and that this voyage down the Ganges, which, under favourable circumstances, occupies five days, has taken twenty-one. At last, on one sandbank, we had to leave our steamer altogether, and take to another which was free, on the other side of the sand. Since then we have come on swimmingly, drawn by a dirty little boat with a railway engine to work it, one of the makeshifts of the mutiny year."

"*Calcutta, March 9.*—I came in yesterday in six hours and a half, and arrived at the house at half-past eight."

LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD, to
MRS. BERNAL OSBORNE.

"*Ford Castle, Jan. 16, 1861.*—I must write one line to thank you for your extreme kindness in sending me Garibaldi's portrait and signature. I look at his head with the greatest admiration. It expresses his broad-cut, rough-hewn character, and really carries the stamp of honesty on its magnificent brow. How I

do love physiognomy, and how it makes me enjoy even a railway carriage, or anywhere where I can look at human beings."

"*Ford Castle, Jan. 23, 1861.*—I have Miss Dixon, the miniature painter, staying with me. She is a very clever and original woman, and Lady Marian Alford justly described her to me as a character resembling those in Currer Bell's novels. Her talent is very remarkable, and I think her taste excellent. She has done a little profile of me on a gold background, to send to my sister. I think you would be struck with her full-length miniature of Lady W. Compton's two daughters, who are the ages of yours; it is such a pretty thing: the eldest appears lost in thought, while the youngest seems to be asking what she is thinking about.

"After Miss Dixon leaves me, I expect to live like a hermit, and to forget the voice of man or woman for many weeks to come; but I shall like it only too well, as I have much to do, and am even thinking of some great improvements to this house which Mr. Brice, the architect, has suggested to me.

"I hope you are delighted with our hero Garibaldi for his late act—his patriotic declaration that he will submit to the policy of Cavour's Government, and forego any attempt on Venetia. Is he not a true patriot, always putting *self* aside?"

"*Ford Castle, Feb. 15, 1861.*—I received your letter just after Grace Fairholme and Mr. Fairholme left me. We were so happy together, and she was very keen indeed about oil-painting, and I also in trying to explain

all that Mr. Watts told me. Then we had a great deal of music together, and I found her the same frank, delightful Grace she ever was; and I like him too, and delight in seeing them so united and happy. These have been my only visitors, and, as this is not a 'neighbourhood,' I see not a soul, and all I can tell you is of my own occupations in drawing of all sorts, from bones and muscles, in oils, water-colour, and distemper: in short, I am like the character described in an old letter I found here recommending a servant, 'He can bleed, powder, and shoot,' for I am hard at work on all these drawings, which are wearisome to do, without having produced one result as yet.

"I am still reading Froude, bit by bit. I hear he says Maitland is the most captivating character he has to deal with. With all her faults, I like Mary, and, with the odium heaped on her, alas! I have only liked her better still. The greatest man, I think, is Cecil. What unflinching honesty was his in times when honesty was scarcely thought a virtue: he was the saving of England."

"*Ford Castle, Feb. 21, 1861.*—I am quite alone here, and shall probably remain so till Easter, when I hope to join my mother in Hampshire. I have begun some works here in the way of walks and a new approach, and am in the midst of shrubs and wheelbarrows.

"My niece, Lady Lothian, writes from Italy that the saying there that Italy will become 'men bella, almen piu forte,' is sadly true. Great works, railroads, &c., are being undertaken on every side. You will think me very matter-of-fact in rejoicing to hear this: but

I think that beauty, which comes from decay and want of energy, is so depressing, that I shall be glad to see even railroads and manufactures arising on every side, with substantial prosperity. I often felt this in Ireland."

"*Ford Castle, March 16, 1861.*—I prize the charming photographs of your two girls, but when I remember how lately it seems that Edith was born, I can scarcely believe her to be so nearly grown up. The day I heard of her birth, how well I remember it! Grace Palliser and I were drawing in the old castle of Carrick, and some strangers came in and began talking together, and one said, 'Mrs. Osborne has a daughter.' Grace jumped up delighted and begged to hear it again; and *de temps en temps* after that, as years went by, I used to hear first of Edith and then of Grace from all our mutual friends, and now both are nearly grown up! at least they are scarcely children, and well do Edith's dark eyes tally with the motto of that old Ormonde house, 'Pens pense que dire.'

"I have been quite alone for three weeks, but have not been at all dull, as I have been so busy going to all the farms and villages on the property, forty houses in a colliery, and as many at a forge. I like the people very much. They are thorough Presbyterians, but very simple, and have a great deal of native wit, and the best manners possible."

"*Ford Castle, May 14, 1861.*—I will not say another word about the Irish Church, but I feel and *trust* that none of the evils you predict will follow, and that it

has not been 'greed of office' that has been the occasion of bringing the subject forward, and that time will show this. Pioneers for the good of their country must ever bear the brambles and the burden of the way, but, when the wisdom and foresight with which they have laboured to do what they considered just and right is *proved* (perhaps when they are no longer on earth), the survivors will reap the benefit. . . . I feel you are shocked at my advocacy; but trust, only trust.

"I have known Mr. Gladstone all my life, and believe in his particularly tender conscientiousness (Canning always said this), and in his justice and feeling of right. Only *trust*."

"*Ford Castle, June 8, 1861.*—How terrible is the death of Cavour at this juncture for Italy; but I often observe that God strikes down the one on whom all hopes are centred, to show that it is not on the arm of flesh we are to rely, but that He *wills* the destinies of a country. This thought comforts me for Italy: if it should be God's will that it should be great and free, no death of a clever statesman can affect it.

"I think 'Silas Marner' the most beautiful book of its kind I know—so very complete: it is well compared to a cabinet picture."

"*Ford Castle, August 9, 1861.*—How truly you express the loss felt in society by the death of Lord Herbert (of Lea), and if he is sincerely missed there, I fully believe that in his home his loss is doubly and trebly felt. What a trite and often-expressed moral, drawn by Hogarth and all the old painters, is in the

figure of Death coming to interrupt great success, or glory, or happiness."

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY to
COUNTESS CANNING.

"*Grosvenor Place, Feb. 18, 1861.*—You know going to hear the speeches at the House of Lords is a dissipation I have always liked, so I made an agreement with Lady Stratford to go together to hear the thanks to the army in China. It was rather flat, till Lord Derby spoke very well, and then the Duke of Cambridge had his turn, and made a very pointed compliment to Lord Clyde, who rose after him, and, as I was all attention, I was quite sure I heard very distinctly, what he might take to himself, and what he was bound to say belonged to the Governor-General, upon whose plan he had acted, and to whom was due the praise of sending such a force to China as should ensure success. I saw nothing of this in any of the newspapers I looked into, at least four. Lord Clyde heard somebody in the House say, 'There is Lady Stuart de Rothesay,' and he found me out and called, and by good luck I had not gone out, and so, *at last*, we have made acquaintance, and it turned out a very nice visit. I gave your Aunt Somers her share of the benefit, and took him into her drawing-room, where I could show him his old acquaintance, the stuffed bird, which he had brought from Lucknow—'his only loot.' Of course we talked of the speeches upon China, and he said, 'I did not expect to be called up. I had rather fight a battle than hear my own voice *in that place*; but if there is a thing I cannot bear, it is to get the praise that belongs to

another, and before I knew very well what I was doing I told the state of the case, and how I only followed *Lord Canning's plan*; but it seems nobody heard me, for the *Times* put but a few words in, which were not at all to the purpose.' 'But *I* heard you very distinctly,' I said; 'as for the reporters, you had your back to them.' 'Had I? I'm sure I don't know where they are: I never gave them a thought, but I *am* delighted that you heard it, and I only beg as a favour you will tell Lady Canning so.' He did talk so well and so warmly about you and Canning, and said he did not think I ought to expect you back in all *this* year: not that there was anything new to make it a matter of absolute necessity—'but I feel that Lord Canning will choose to *complete his bit of history*.'"

"*Grosvenor Place, March 10, 1861.*—Both your letters have made it clear that we must put back the clock which is to sound for your return for a whole year! It is indeed 'Hope deferred,' but I '*hope ever*,' only we are all growing very old; this year makes me feel *that*, though I have fared the best of the sisterhood so far as not having been laid up at all this winter."

"*Highcliffe, March 17, 1861.*—The post brings the news of the Duchess of Kent's death. By the account in the *Times* yesterday of the Queen going to Frogmore in the *evening*, I was sure the end was drawing near. It will shock and afflict the Queen—the first *home* sorrow she has had.

"I go on engineering here at the cliff, always thinking that it gets worse when I am away, for want of my skill."

"*March 25.*—To-day will be very grievous to the Queen, for I think she is to be present at her mother's funeral. I heard she was so overwhelmed with sorrow, that she had been some time without making all the arrangements. How quick that dear little Princess Royal was in getting to her."

"*Highcliffe, April 2.*—Little of our little remains to be said, but then to *me* it makes such a wonderful change having Loo here, after having been starved of her company for so many months, that it feels quite a piece of news to tell. She was not the worse for her journey, and we walked twice to church together on Easter Sunday, and thought of you on your birthday, and wished you might, by next Easter, be far on your homeward way. Shall I have a bit of the cliff left to show you? *Not* if it goes at the rate it has done the last week."

"*June 3, 1861.*—Loo will have written of her return home, which she confesses to finding very still and solitary after her London fortnight, and even after our quiet Highcliffe together. We had some nice drives and pleasant evenings. On Monday there was rather a large dinner-party at Lansdowne House, where I did very well with Lord Shelburne and made acquaintance with the American Motleys. Another evening (Loo's last) we went into Lady Jersey's. These quiet little evenings with so few were just what suited Loo for a sort of beginning, and she does not shrink from the idea of seeing people now: though, when the Primate is her host, she feels she must not leave him,

THE STORY OF TWO NOBLE LIVES

expect her to do much when he returns to

Crosvenor Place, July 18, 1861.—Leo and I have been together to a charming concert at Lansdowne House, and a Fine Arts meeting at the Gladstones', and wind-up on Friday at Bath House music. Leo has enjoyed what came easily."

After leaving Oxford in 1861, the editor of these *Memorials* was employed to write Murray's "History of Durham and Northumberland," which took him constantly for several years into those counties, where he greatly delighted in the winding rivers in their deep wooded valleys, the wild moorland uplands, and the endearing castles and peel-towers, each with its own legend or historic story of Border life. In his quiet home-life he had seen little of the people, and scarcely any outside clerical and literary circles, and he was peculiarly boyish in his tastes. Thus many places which he now saw for the first time were a revelation to him, and their inmates were far more so—most of all the beautiful and high-minded lady of Ford Castle, who continued to be the kindest of his



Peabodyville, 1862

Swan Electric Engraving Co.

Flooded Well.

From Lady Waterford's Note Book.

friends for thirty years from this time. He wrote to his mother :—

“*Ford Castle, Oct. 15.*—I had ordered a gig at Roddam to take me to Ford, where I arrived about half-past six, seeming to be driving into a sort of Gothic Castle of Otranto, as we passed under the portcullis in the bright moonlight. I found Lady Waterford sitting with her charming old mother, Lady Stuart de Rothesay . . . her drawings are indescribably lovely, and her singing most beautiful and pathetic. Several people appeared at dinner, among them Lord Waterford, her brother-in-law, who sat at the end of the table—a jovial white-headed young-old man.”

“*Oct. 17.*—Being here has been most pleasant. There has been so much to do and see both indoors and out. Lady Waterford is quite charming. . . . She is now occupied in putting back the whole architecture of the castle two centuries. Painting is her great employment, and all evening she makes studies for the larger drawings which she works upon in the mornings. She is going to make a ‘Marmion Gallery’ in the renewed castle to illustrate the poem.

“Yesterday we went to Palinsburn, where Paulinus baptized, and on to Branxton to see a Mr. Jones, who is the great authority about the battle of Flodden, which he described to us till all the dull ploughed fields seemed alive with heroes and armies. He is coming to-night to talk about it again, for Flodden seems to be the great topic here, the windows of the castle looking out upon the battle-field. The position

of the different armies and the site of Sybil's Well are discussed ten times a day, and Lady Waterford herself is still sufficiently a stranger here to be full of enthusiasm about it.

"To-day the pony-carriage took me part of the way to the Rowting Lynn, a curious cleft and waterfall in the moorland, and the 'Written Rock,' supposed to have been the work of ancient Britons. Thence I walked by a wild path along the hills to Nesbitt, where I had heard that there was a chapel of St. Cuthbert, of which I found no vestiges, and on to Doddington, where there is a Border castle. If you look at the map, you will see this was doing a good deal, and I was very glad to get back at five to hot tea and a talk with Lady Stuart."

LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD, to
MRS. JOHN LESLIE.

"*Ford Cottage, Nov. 3, 1861.*—Mama and I have been passing the autumn entirely *tête-à-tête* in the little cottage you may remember down the hill, and great works are going on at the castle, which in time will be a pretty and most comfortable house. I have attempted two more frescoes to decorate the school, and shall long some day to get help and advice about this work from your husband."

To VISCOUNTESS STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE.

"*Highcliffe, Dec. 21, 1861.*—Every detail of the Queen's most sacred grief is to me deeply interesting.¹ I reverence her so much for the holy fortitude, which

¹ The Prince Consort died at Windsor, Dec. 14, 1861.

seems to be the gift of God's Spirit alone, bearing her through the first moments of so grievous a loss."

COUNTESS CANNING to
VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY.

"*Calcutta, March 18, 1861.*—C. was pleased with the improvement he found in Oude, which is especially his own work. He is so well, that I do not the least grumble now at the additional year, and feel it would have been very unsatisfactory to have left so much for the smoothing and finishing touches of a successor, after going through all the hardships and most difficult work of the last three years. I hope by this time next year (if we are alive) we shall be arriving in England."

To LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Calcutta, April 3, 1861.*—How well Lord Clyde has always behaved in speaking of the support he had here—so friendly in tone and loyal in character. As to that China force, he did deserve credit for it, and C. too, for it was *all* sent from India with very little exception, and admirably sorted out and equipped, and all done much more liberally than was ordered from home, so that I think C. does deserve a great lump of credit for his share in the complete success. He also did well in paying back some of the help India got of that waylaid China army of 5000 men, who really *did* save India: the troops from England came so very much later, and their help was far less.¹

¹ It was the Chinese regiment sent by Lord Elgin which relieved Lucknow and Cawnpore, and fought the battle of December 6, in which the army of Nana Sahib was defeated.

"Of course you will see little Johnny Stanley, who will remind you of Caledon in his younger days."

EARL CANNING *to*
VISCOUNT SYDNEY.

"*Calcutta, April 22.*—Here we are in another hot season. It began rather mildly, but is fierce enough now. We are weathering it very well, nevertheless, and the consciousness that it is the last is a great tonic. Whatever Parliament may do, or may fail to do, about our Councils, nothing will induce me to stay beyond the last day of my sixth year—*i.e.*, February 28, 1862. I hope then to have everything wound up, and it will be hard upon my successor if the Council—the Legislative one, at all events—is not disposed of too. No change that is likely to be made will satisfy the blatant Britishers here, and the inaugurating and nursing of any new form of Council will be as disagreeable a business as a new Governor-General could well have to start with. In other respects, I hope to leave him—whatever he may be—a clear file. We shall make both ends meet in finance without a loan. The army question will be settled on all its essential points. The native states (all the chief ones, at least) are overflowing with loyalty, and would rather like to have an opportunity of showing it. So, if no new convulsion arises (which it may do any day in this unaccountable country), we have a pretty fair prospect. The worst chance is another bad (*i.e.* dry) rainy season: this year's famine is severe, but not so widely spread as seems to be supposed in England, and not so embarrassing financially as I feared it would be three months ago:

but a second drought would be awful in its consequences.

“Who will be my successor? Cowley has been named in the newspapers, but I hear nothing of it from other sources. Probably nothing is decided, or will be decided until you see your way safe out of the Session.

“I wish it was as you say, and that I was staying on to shoot tigers! I have just had a provoking bit of bad luck in that way. After sending elephants and making preparation for a four or five days’ battue about two hundred miles from here at the beginning of the month (the first of the great heats is always the best time, as the tigers then congregate near the water-courses), I was obliged to put off going on account of an unexpected hitch in the Army Amalgamation: and I had no sooner sent word to break up the arrangements, than there came news of eighteen tigers marked down, all within four days’ beat. I shall never have such a chance again.”

COUNTESS CANNING to
VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY.

“*Calcutta, May 3, 1861.*—Sir H. Rose, after staying with us two months, has insisted on finding himself a house. He is a most amusing guest, and I am very sorry he is gone. He keeps his popularity here, and frightens the officers of the regiments he reviews with difficult questions.”

“*May 17.*—Our Drawing-Room is to be on the Queen’s birthday and it makes immense commotion,

and I believe 'full dress' will be understood to mean feathers and lappets, over and above usual finery. I think, judging by the excitement of these preparations, trains would have driven the people crazy, so it is well they were at once dispensed with. A hundred and twenty feathers went out of one shop the morning 'full dress' was announced!

"It is getting very hot, and a great many people are ill. It is curious to see how very badly people stand it who arrive here after fifty. Fifty counts as young in England, and very old here, where there are not three women older than myself. I feel with regard to the society here decidedly older than Lady Palmerston or Lady Jersey can possibly do in England, and I rather look forward to becoming young again next year."

To LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

"*Calcutta, June 16, 1861.*—I begin now to believe in going home again, and to feel how I should object to another year; but I am unmixedly glad that we stayed this year, there was so much doing and really winding up. I like the idea of Lou's bit of garden at the Steamer Lodge at Highcliffe of all things, and keeping that as a tidy entrance. How charming it will be to see it all, and now it begins to seem so near. I do not want to start till March, but not a bit later.

"I see little Bute has been given over to Charles Stuart's guardianship. He ought to be sent to Eton at once, and in the holidays he could go to one of his own places: Hoburne would not do, with his predisposition against it."

EARL CANNING to
VISCOUNT SYDNEY.

“*Calcutta, July 17, 1861.*—There was a cruel lull in your letters about a month ago, and I was on the point of making a touching remonstrance, when they began again. Don't desert me after five years and a half of constancy. The whole term will soon be over, thank Heaven!—‘*unberoofen*,’ to please Lady Sydney.

“We have had a season of extraordinary sickness, especially amongst the upper Europeans. I have never known so many civilians driven home by liver, and fever, and dysentery.

“I am waiting for the India Bills, which you are probably discussing at this moment. The Councils Bill is exactly after my own wishes. The Civil Service Bill does not go quite far enough, but is right as far as it does go. There will be a storm amongst the Britishers here when the Councils Bill comes to be put into operation, on account of the withdrawal of publicity in the sittings of the Chief Legislative Council: which is not enacted in so many words, but is intended, and which I shall certainly enforce. But I have got the whip hand of them now. I shall put some swell natives, really useful men, into that Council.

“At the end of October I shall run up to Agra or Allahabad to invest some of the chiefs with the ‘Star of India,’ timing it for the 1st of November, the day of the Queen's accession in India; but I shall not form another camp or spend any time in marching. The only other distant work I have is an expedition by sea to Burmah, and the other provinces on the east of the

Bay of Bengal, which I hope to consolidate into one Government (instead of three, as now) before I go.

“Do you know that there is to be a female Knight to be invested with the Star? It is the Begum of Bhopaul. She is not entitled to it by beauty (you shall see her picture some of these days), but for pluck, loyalty, and cleverness, she is a ruler in a thousand.

“In a few weeks we shall be beginning to pack off our long-sea goods. It is pleasant to look at the barouche, and to think that it will soon be undergoing renovation in Chandos Street. I think I shall send, or bring home, two Arabs. I do not like the race, but one of these—a little grey of Lady C.’s—is charming.

“Tell Lady Sydney that we are conscious that she is very tired of our endless commissions, and that it is time we were off her hands. Nothing else can justify a head-dress which she sent a few weeks ago. It must have been made for a carriage-horse on a Drawing-Room day. We thought of using it for a front for one of the elephants, but the sensible beast would be sure to relieve himself of it with his trunk, and might be deceived into swallowing the artificial apples and melons, to his injury.”

COUNTESS CANNING *to*

VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY.

“*Calcutta, July 31.*—I hope soon to coax C. out to Barrackpore again. I shall be quite low at parting with that really nice place, and have greatly enjoyed there the command of a tropical garden, where one orders all sorts of hot-house flowers, in groves, and hedges, and thickets. I have literally a double hedge

of poinsettia, which will be, in a month or two, a scarlet wall, and one of dark blue ipomea. The new-comers will, I think, find the garden worth seeing. I suppose it will be Lord Elgin. I hope Lady Elgin will come too.

"I can think of nothing but the joy of getting home. It seems really near enough now almost to count the months. This is a very bearable year, so rainy and cool: but up-country the cholera is very bad indeed."

On the 26th of August Lady Canning gave a very large party at Government House in honour of Sir Hugh Rose, who had on that day been invested with the "Star of India," the new Order, created by Lord Canning's advice and suggestion, for services rendered to the Indian Empire, and for which Lady Canning had suggested the motto "Heaven's Light our Guide." Lady Canning was unusually radiant and lively, and greatly amused by an A.D.C. bringing a costly embroidered handkerchief trimmed with deep Valenciennes lace to her, thinking it could belong to no one else, when it did belong to—Sir Hugh Rose! Her wonderful grace and charm on that evening are especially remembered, and her white satin dress and diamond coronet, and the long spray of ivy entwined in her beautiful hair. It was the last time she ever appeared in public, though nothing could be less foreseen by any one.

Mr. Grant (afterwards Sir John Peter Grant, whom Macaulay, when in India, described as "not only the cleverest man in India, but the cleverest man who had ever gone out to India"), being then Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, was about to visit Darjeeling, and knowing how ardently Lady Canning had always wished to see that beautiful place, invited her to visit him there, during the absence of the Viceroy at Allahabad. Owing to the condition of the roads, the journey, which is now accomplished in a few hours, could not occupy less than six days and nights. The country was partially under water, and the bearers were often obliged to carry the palanquins on their heads instead of their shoulders. It was settled that Mr. Grant should go first with his suite, and Lady Canning follow a few days later with one of the Viceroy's A.D.C.'s, the present General Sir J. Hills Johnes.

COUNTESS CANNING *to*

THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF CALEDON.

"*Calcutta, Sept. 23, 1861.*—I am so glad of your letter telling me you had lent Bell to Lou, and had Mama with you. . . . It is very pleasant to think of being now in our last six months of India, and to hope so soon to be at home again. Six years and a half away make a great hole in one's life, and I sometimes

wonder how one ever dared encounter such an absence from one's own people. But happily, as yet, we shall find fewer changes amongst our own belongings than amongst friends, with the two great exceptions of dearest Grandmama, whom I could never expect to see again, and poor Waterford—perhaps the most unexpected of all. Lou is now her old self again, more even than I hoped: she seemed so very much altered at one time. But amongst friends the gaps are dreadful, so many are gone that one cared for so very much—Sidney Herbert the last, and one of those I liked best.

“I look upon the hard trial of India as almost over, for I have but one more week of Calcutta in its heat, with punkahs going; for next Monday I go off with my maid and two young captains to Darjeeling. I hope it does not shock you to think of such independence, but I am very old now, and can go anywhere with anybody. I was bent upon seeing Darjeeling, and I shall, I hope, have a clear fortnight there, and then join Canning at Allahabad to see the Star given to four Knights (one being the Begum of Bhopal). Canning counts upon my seeing Darjeeling to save him the trouble of going there, and he never has a spare minute for any journey not a necessity. I have sent up a gardener to help me to bring back all sorts of treasures in the way of orchids and seeds, &c. It will in all ways be a great holiday, and very wholesome.

“The rains have gone on continuously, and the floods are greater almost than in 1838, after the last drought and great famine. You need not go to the

British Museum to see an aerolite, for I shall bring back some scraps, and you can imagine the size.

“I have been very busy over my scrap-books of sketches, and writing, or causing to be written, the names, &c., and it is all rather tidily done now—two volumes and a portfolio full, a few more flowers, and a great bundle of journal of the last march. In course of time, if you are at very complete leisure, you may not think it duller than Mrs. Anybody’s travels from a book-club, only hers would have the advantage of print. I seem to go through my works, and to give you a notion of their being very useless and selfish, but I am always repeating to myself the excuse that I waste no time in female employments (such as crochet, embroidery, &c.), so no one need complain of me, and it is not exactly my business to attend committees and teach at schools. It is quite astonishing how much of that the good people do here, and in all the heat, as they do all outing between eleven and two: it is wonderful.

“I am sure your grandchildren must be very nice, and how well Jane seems to manage them. I suppose you can feel it is quite fair that you should only take the pleasant task of amusing and spoiling them; not that well-managed children can be spoilt, and I think it is positively wholesome for them to be with their Grandmama and Great-Aunts, and to see much of a generation their own parents have *above* them. I believe one of the great ingredients to produce the wonderful amount of irreverence, pertness, and other modern feelings, is the way so many are brought up quite away from their elders, so that the bump of

veneration lies fallow. I am dreadfully shocked at the want of it, and all the slang of modern youth. The Americans are caricaturing all that has ever been foretold of these modern failings, on the most complete scale—with want of discipline and veneration and most complete selfishness.

“I mean to get some lemon-grass oil from Ceylon, which I hear of as excellent for rheumatism, &c.: it must be sweet, for the grass has a delicious smell like verbenas and cedar mixed.”

To LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

“*Calcutta, Sept. 23, 1861.*—I think now we shall not trouble you with even one more commission. It is charming to think that we are well into the last six months. The 1st of March, when our six years are over, is the day we want to be relieved by Lord Elgin. The reason it is not sooner is to give time for a little putting in order of the new Council: it cannot begin for some time yet, for the Proclamation about it has to be ratified from home. About Christmas I suppose it will begin. This is a pleasant arrangement, for it will give us a little time to go to sea. It would be wrong not to see Burmah, and I hope Singapore, but of that C. is doubtful. I think too we shall see the Andaman Islands (the penal settlement) and the great works at the Godavery, now so important in the cotton business. I start next Monday for Darjeeling, with six days on the road, very little stopping, only two nights in bed. In time the road will be metalled, and fit for horse dâk, but not for at least a year to come. Mr. Grant lodges me, or I could never have managed it, with all the

Allahabad business immediately after, and the main establishment gone on there."

To VISCOUNTESS SYDNEY.

"*Calcutta, Sept. 23.*—Lord Sydney is quite perfect in his faithful remembrance of us; he has no notion how grateful we are. I suspect he has few answers or thanks to judge from: but if you could see my poor man's table and barricades of boxes (not red here) downstairs, you would not be inclined to give him any reproach. It is so very charming to feel well into the last six months, for on March 1 we hope Lord Elgin will come and take possession, just as our six years have ended. C. has his new Council to get into working order, and it cannot begin yet awhile.

"You may well say how much we should be grieved about Sidney Herbert. He is the very last one expected not to find. . . . No one will be so missed in all society. The newspaper articles said too much of his wish to please—he pleased by his charm of manner and kindness, and not by making efforts to do so.

"I am going off for a month on a tour to see the highest mountains in the world, and shall be a fortnight at Darjeeling. C. cannot go, and I believe he thinks it sufficient that I should see the mountains for him, and bring back sketches. I have a weary journey of six days, and only two nights in bed, though I believe, as the crow flies, I could go in about 380 miles from here. I have to come back, and follow to Allahabad to see the Star given, a ceremony I would not miss, but it will not be very grand on the natives' part; because, as they come from so far, they are told to bring small

retinues. The Begum of Bhopal comes to be invested. She is not picturesque, with tight golden legs, and a square black shawl pinned on like a nurse's, and nothing else visible: the Order will look odd upon it.

"I am rather glad we shall not be arriving in March winds, for one is so sure of a bad cold, just when seeing one's friends will make one wish to be in the most active and prosperous condition. I am afraid my head runs a great deal too much upon all this, but I cannot help it: it is so pleasant to think about."

Those who have followed Lady Canning through the vicissitudes of her Indian life will find, almost with a shock, that this is the last letter of her long and affectionate correspondence with Lord and Lady Sydney. Her noble and unselfish life was drawing rapidly to its close. The journey to Darjeeling was accomplished, though not without some difficulties, but she seemed rather to enjoy them. Major-General Pughe, then Secretary to the Lieutenant-Governor, writes:—

"We had much difficulty in obtaining suitable accommodation at Darjeeling. The only house large enough to take in our party was in a somewhat tumble-down condition, and we were obliged to send up necessary furniture from Calcutta. Lady Canning, however, made allowance for all deficiencies, and never raised the slightest difficulty; indeed, we had much more

trouble in satisfying her maid than herself. Nothing could be more enchanting than her manner. The Lieutenant-Governor invited by turns all the residents at the station who were entitled to such a courtesy to meet Lady Canning at dinner, and it was interesting to observe the time and trouble she gave to make herself acquainted with all the antecedents and connections of the coming guests, and having learnt her lesson, gracefully to meet them on their own topics, and put them at once at their ease.

"But it was when we were alone that she was most entirely charming. Then, as we sat round the fire after dinner, she would amuse us with accounts of various scenes in her past life, of her visits with the Queen to Germany and to Louis Philippe at Eu, and of other events. Of her royal mistress she always spoke with the most real affection, and I remember her saying one day that the Queen was the most scrupulously truthful person she ever met—in fact, that in unimportant details she was almost painfully so.

"There was a nobility of purpose in all that Lady Canning said. I never heard her make a disagreeable remark about any one. She always sought mercy rather than judgment, and she never failed to put the most favourable construction possible on the acts of others.

"When we arrived at Darjeeling, the rains were just clearing off, and the weather became superb. The snow view is one of the finest, if not the finest, in the world. Kinchinjanga¹ almost looked into our windows, and Mount Everest² was visible from the hill just

¹ 28,156 feet.

² 29,002 feet.

behind the house. The sunrises and sunsets were grand in the extreme, and Lady Canning was never tired of admiring them. Although at the time very thin and delicate in appearance, she thought nothing of getting up to see the sunrise. She was constantly out sketching and going through much fatigue.

"To the best of my recollection, she remained with us about four weeks. During this period, she heard daily from the Viceroy, and was very anxious if, by any chance, the post was delayed. She visited the schools for European children at Darjeeling, and took much interest in a small colony of Europeans in the vicinity, who were trying to set up a dairy-farm on English principles.

"Lady Canning seemed thoroughly to enjoy herself, whilst filled with kindness and courtesy to every one with whom she came in contact. She constantly talked of her return to England, of a house which the Queen had kindly placed at her disposal, and of the interesting things she had collected to take home, and she invited us to visit her and see them. . . . I rode part of the way down the hill with her. On reaching the plains, ignorant of the risk she ran, as the ground was not yet thoroughly dry, she ordered her palanquin to be put down in the fog, while she took a last sketch of the distant mountains."

Lady Canning left Darjeeling on a Monday, and arrived at Calcutta on the following Friday afternoon, in a state of great exhaustion. Colonel Anstruther Thomson, who met

her at the station, was much shocked at her appearance, and told one of her friends that he was convinced she had caught jungle-fever whilst crossing the malarious swamps of Purneah. On the following day she made an effort to write to Mrs. Bayley (sister of Lady Campbell) long a valued friend, to whose daily-expected child she had promised to be godmother.¹ She also wrote to her sister-in-law, her last earthly act.

COUNTESS CANNING *to*

THE MARCHIONESS OF CLANRICARDE.

"Government House, Calcutta, Nov. 9, 1861. . . .
I got back yesterday morning to Calcutta from my Darjeeling expedition, and am so knocked up with the journey that I really cannot write a great deal by the steamer leaving Calcutta this morning. I think I told you that Carlo made me give up joining him at Allahabad, and I am quite grateful that he did, for I believe I should have been really the worse for such a long journey after only a fortnight in the hills. The weather too at first was very bad, though it changed to good, and the last fortnight was very enjoyable.

"The Investiture seems to have gone off beautifully,

¹ The last evening she was at Barrackpore, she had sate happily talking with Mrs. Bayley on a favourite spot under trees, just opposite what became the site of her grave. "Charlotte Canning Bayley" was born on the day of her death.

and now Carlo is at Lucknow arranging the suppression of female infanticide, that most strange question, which sounds incredible to European ideas.

“I have been delighted with Darjeeling, and lived there very comfortably with Mr. Grant (the Lieutenant-Governor) and his secretary and wife, and doctor and wife, and a few more people. It is certainly one of the finest scenes in the world—a marvellous sight, so far superior to all the other hills that one cannot think of them beside that wonderful view in which you see at a glance 27,000 feet out of a mountain 28,000 feet high. The journey back has knocked me up so much that I think I must have a touch of fever, which I have not had for the last three years. But palanquin-travelling day and night is very wearing, and more detestable than anything you can imagine.

“I have brought such a collection of things from the hills. You cannot think how charming it is to have Blackheath as the refuge for them. I was there once in Lord Haddo’s time, and it seemed to have a good deal of space about it. I have presumed on this, and brought down quantities of plants from Darjeeling. I had taken a gardener there before I knew of the future refuge for our curiosities, and you can imagine how my collection redoubled. I left Darjeeling last Monday morning, and partly rode and partly was carried in a chair down the first twenty-five miles, with a little detour of five more to a tea-plantation. The next morning I travelled on, first on a pony and then in a palanquin all the next night, waited to wash and eat, and went on again from two till five next morning, and then all night by palkee, and all day by

steamer and railway till I arrived here, so no wonder I feel quite knocked up at this moment. There is no possibility of real rest in a dâk bungalow, and one's only object is to go on and merely lie by in the hottest hours, so you may imagine I am not very bright this morning.

"I shall at leisure try and write up a journal of this hill tour, for it may amuse you all. I have quantities of drawings and dried ferns.

"We go to sea (to Burmah and perhaps Singapore, if there is time) in a day or two after Carlo returns, and I expect him to-morrow morning, and that is the most complete restorative."

When the Governor-General arrived the next day, Lady Canning was terribly weak, but was able to welcome him with loving smiles, and even to talk to him of her travels, and to try to cheer him by having her drawings of Darjeeling brought in for him to look at in her presence. But on the following Thursday, the 14th, serious symptoms supervened, and Dr. Beale thought it necessary to tell Lord Canning he did not think that she could live. He fainted away at the shock. A terrible gloom settled down upon Government House, but the general public did not know there was any cause for anxiety. On Friday—with unspeakable tenderness of expression—Lady Canning recognised her husband for the last time. Dur-

ing the four days and nights which followed, he scarcely ever left her side, but no one else, except doctors and nurses, was permitted to enter that sacred room, from which news came every few hours of her being weaker and weaker. There were no last words, no messages to her beloved ones in England. On November 18, 1861, at the early age of forty-five, but in a serene peace which knew no trouble or anxiety, and with undimmed faith and hope as to the future, resting quietly in her husband's arms, she went home, though not to the earthly home she had so ardently longed for.

From her chamber, on the day of her death, Lord Canning emerged an old and enfeebled man. He never revived. A light was always kept burning through the night upon her grave at Barrackpore, and every night, while there, he visited it, in long and silent misery, emerging quietly from the windows of his own room upon the ground-floor. On looking over her papers, he realised for the first time how entire her happiness had been during the first years of her married life, and then how she had suffered, and what—through her years of silent suffering—her devotion, loyalty, and self-sacrifice had been to him, to whom the whole

love of her life was given; and thus—while life remained—he mourned for her with a depth of anguish-stricken love and reverence which knew no words.

MRS. FORBES *to* MRS. C. STUART.

“*Nov.* 18, 1861.—The light of Calcutta is gone out with Lady Canning, and it can never be the same place again. To know her, was not only to admire, but more and more to love her. . . .

“She felt unwell on the road, and had been getting worse ever since, with the usual alternations of hope and fear. I do not think till yesterday (Sunday 17th) that Lord Canning believed her to be dangerously ill. Yesterday morning he was very anxious, and at noon I believe he became fully aware of her state. Major Bowie was with us at nine last night, and said he then realised it. He came again at six this morning to say all was over about two in the night. . . . She had everything that could be done, but God had willed her away.”

MRS. COX *to* MRS. STUART.

“*Plassy Gate, Nov.* 1861.—Lady Canning’s death has indeed cast a gloom over Calcutta. . . . Mrs. Hopkins, who nursed her for the last few days of her life, says that she never seemed to suffer the least pain. At times she was wandering . . . but her eyes constantly turned to the door when Lord Canning entered, and the most radiant smile would brighten her face when he appeared. He was perfectly devoted to her in her illness.”

“During the five years Lady Canning had spent in India,” say the local papers, “she had gained the respect of all classes. Less by a hospitality that was never exceeded, by manners that were always gracious and winning, than by the view that was sometimes obtained of qualities still rarer, was this admiration awakened. The dignity of her station was never more fully maintained, and yet, though entirely above those arts that are sometimes used only to captivate the unreflecting, no one was ever more admired and looked up to by every class of Her Majesty’s subjects. But one feeling pervades the whole population in Calcutta, and that feeling has found expression in deepest sorrow for the loss of one so much beloved, with heartfelt sympathy for those who live to mourn.”

EARL CANNING *to*

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY.

“*Barrackpore, Nov. 18, 1861.*—I must write a word to you. I have no friend in the world who will better appreciate what I have lost. My own darling wife has been taken from me! She died in my arms yesterday morning, struck down with fever.

“God’s will be done. I need help and support under this trial. It is indeed a hard one—just as we were entering the days which were left before her, once

more to be in a quiet home, where all her quiet usefulness would again have play, and her return would give joy to so many. For myself, I feel that my loss is one which will make itself felt more, not less, as time goes on. God grant that I may close my life worthily of her. Ever your affectionate friend, Canning."

To VISCOUNT SYDNEY.

"*Barrackpore, Dec. 3, 1861.*—You will have known long before this reaches you why this letter of dear Lady Sydney's comes back to you unopened.

"When it came, all was over. I can hardly yet believe it. I meant to have written before, but I have not had heart to do much that I wished.

"It is very hard to bear. Just as all our labours and anxieties seemed at an end, and a quiet happy home was once more at hand; and whilst we were reckoning, almost every day, how few more letters there would be to write and receive before we should be with you all again. Almost the last thing we talked of was Blackheath. She was delighted at the thoughts of it, and talked of our being your neighbours, and rivalling you in garden and flowers, and dairy, &c.

"The end was quite without pain—indeed, from the beginning the restlessness and discomfort inseparable from fever was very slight, although the exhaustion of strength was terrible. God has taken her to Himself gently and mercifully, and although apparently from the threshold of much happiness, it seems almost wicked to repine on her account. I feel all this—but still it is very hard to bear.

"Some day, when you see my sister, she will tell you more of details than I can write again.

"She is buried in a beautiful spot, in the private garden here, close to the Ganges, shaded by great trees and the flowering shrubs she was so fond of, and looking upon the beautiful reach she so often drew, and upon many of her own alterations and improvements. I will show you drawings of it some day.

"My own plans are not changed. I wait till I am relieved—half impatiently, and half with a dread of the return home, and of leaving this spot.

"I suppose Elgin will be here by the end of February. I shall not halt for an hour when I once embark. God bless you both.

"Ask Lady Sydney to write to me. There will be time to hear from her."

LADY FRERE *to* MRS. COX.

"You know how anxious she was to go to Darjeeling, and had intended coming down to Birdwan and to arrive at Allahabad in time to meet Lord Canning, who was to be there on the 27th or 28th for the Investiture.

"I saw her the Sunday evening before she left. She came and sate some time with me in my dressing-room as I was lying ill upon the sofa. She was looking so beautiful!—all in white, except a mauve sash, and a mauve feather in her white bonnet, with a white tulle veil half thrown back from her face. I shall never forget that sweet face!

"She talked much of the delight of her journey, and then of being at Allahabad, and how she wished I was strong enough to go with her. She sate till after dark,

and I hear still her silvery voice and bright laugh as she ran down the stairs from my room. I can see her as she stood reading some lines of poetry I had given her by the evening light in the verandah outside my window. I told her I thought her looking delicate, and hoped she would be careful not to over-fatigue herself. She laughed and said, 'Lord Canning always fancies I'm delicate, and so do you and Sir Bartle, but I *am not*, and shall get so strong up there!'

"On her way up, the rains seem to have set in again, and made her journey more fatiguing than she expected: but she wrote from thence as well, and enjoyed riding to all the beautiful spots on a pony."

Mr. Ritchie wrote:—

"No one could know her without admiring her noble and beautiful character, and no one could receive marks of constant kindness from her, as my wife and I did, without feeling the strong and devoted attachment to her which no mere earthly grace or talent or station can secure: but which is drawn out to the heavenly part of nature, seen as it was in her—in one gifted with earth's best gifts, yet ever thoughtless of herself and thoughtful of others; one so kind and considerate, so condescending to men of low estate. I often felt there was more of heaven than earth in her delicate consideration of the feelings of *all*, of every degree: in her ready appreciation of all that was good, with entire unconsciousness of her own rare talents and mental gifts: in her unwillingness to think evil of any one; in the grace imparted to every act of courtesy in her daily life."

EARL CANNING *to* (his Sister)

THE MARCHIONESS OF CLANRICARDE.

“*Barrackpore, Nov. 19, 1861, 7 A.M.*—The funeral is over, and my own darling lies buried in a spot which I am sure she would have chosen of all others.

“I had often thought that I never could consent that anybody for whom I cared should be buried in any of the Calcutta cemeteries. They are all on low, damp ground, with water very near the surface, and crowded with graves. There is no particular place of burial for a Governor-General or his family, so I determined to make one at Barrackpore (fifteen miles from Calcutta) in the garden. The spot chosen is in the quite private part of the garden, about five hundred yards from the south side of the house, down the long straight terrace-walk by the river-side, and close on the left hand of that walk, just before it ends at the private gate into the park. Here a piece of ground has been marked out, and will be consecrated by the Bishop when he returns from his visitation. It is on a gentle rise with a dry soil: a little glade of fine turf, sheltered from the glare of the sun on the south and east by a cluster of high trees, which also screen it from the park, and open on the north and north-west to that beautiful reach of the river which she was so fond of drawing. From the grave can be seen the embanked walk leading from the house to the river's edge, which she made as a landing-place three years ago; and from within three or four paces of the grave there is a glimpse of the terrace-garden and its balustrades, which she made near the house, and of the part of the grounds with which she most occupied herself. The ground all

round is as nicely kept as if it were in an English garden. The trees and shrubs grow richly, but are not rank.

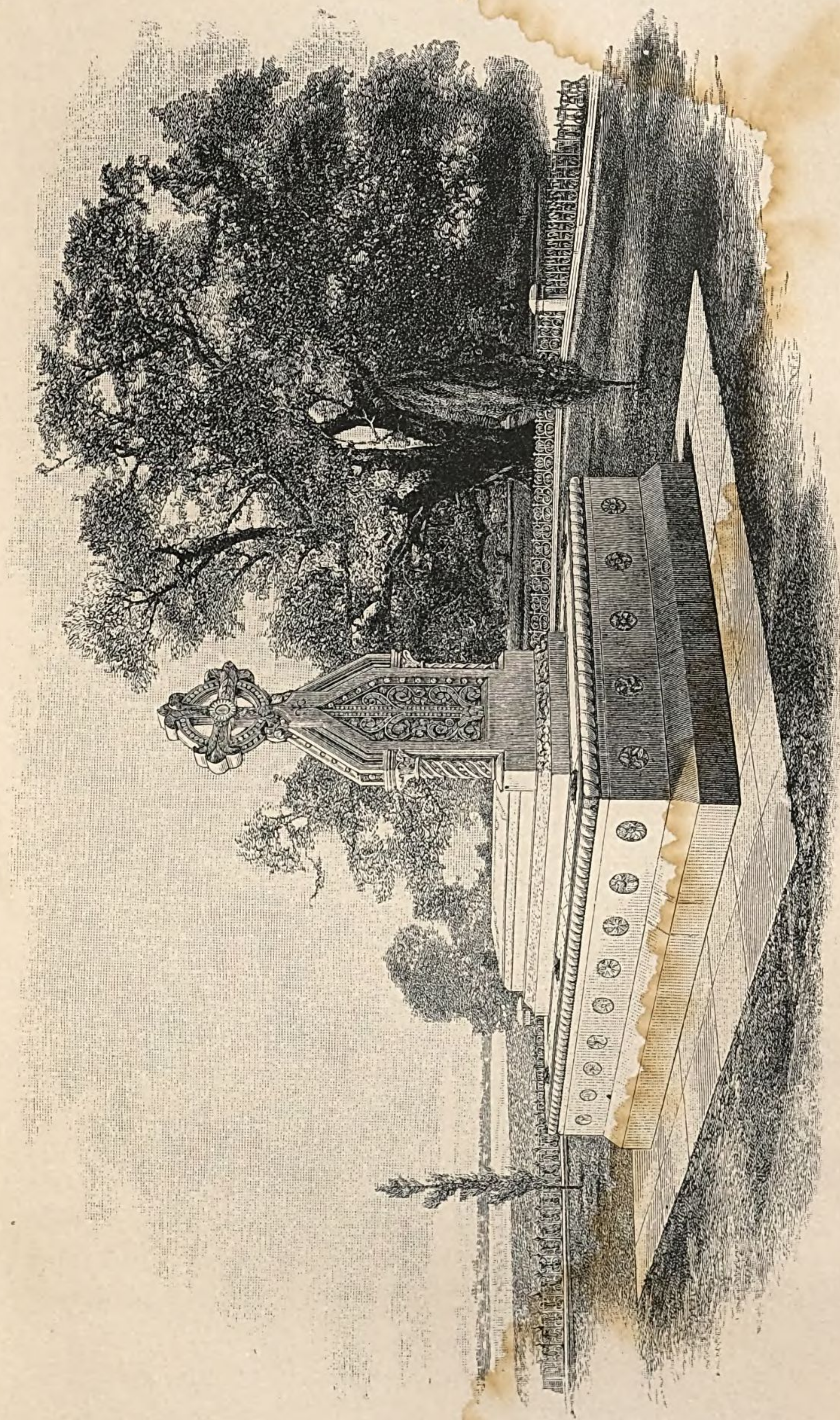
“The space to be consecrated is small—about seventy yards by thirty—but limited, as it is to be, to the use of the Governor-General’s family, it is likely to suffice for many generations.

“Bowie and Yule (the Secretary for the Public Works Department) have done all this for me. It has all been settled since my poor darling died. She liked Yule. They used to discuss together her projects of improvement for this place, architecture, gardening, the Cawnpore monument, &c., and they generally agreed. He knew her tastes well.

“I left Calcutta yesterday morning, and, on arriving here, went to look at the precise spot chosen for the grave. I could see by the clear, full moon, and without going close, that it was exactly right. Yule was there superintending the workmen, and before daylight this morning a solid masonry vault had been completely finished.

“The coffin, covered with a pall, was conveyed from Government House to Barrackpore on a gun-carriage drawn by artillery-horses. It was accompanied by Bowring, and by the four aides-de-camp—Baring, Hills, Blane, and Stewart, and by Major Anstruther Thomson, commandant of the body-guard. They left Government House soon after midnight, and reached this house at five, shortly before daylight.

“The body-guard were the only non-Christians who had any part in the ceremony, and they were halted outside the garden. From the house down the long



THE GRAVE AT BARRACKPORE
(From a Photograph)

straight terrace-walk in the garden, the coffin was carried by twelve soldiers of the 6th regiment (Queen's), the A.D.C.'s bearing the pall. There were no hired men or ordinary funeral attendants of any kind at any part of the ceremony, and no lookers-on. The only persons present were the Archdeacon, who read the service, Bowring, Bowie, Dr. Beale, the four A.D.C.'s, Major Thomson, and Colonel Yule. Yule was the only person not of the household staff. Had others who asked, and really wished to attend, been allowed to do so, the numbers would have been far too large, and all quietness would have been destroyed.

"It was a beautiful morning—bright and clear, and still. On the left hand, the sun was just beginning to show through the trees, and on the right was the great calm river, gliding and shining below.

"On coming near the end of the terrace-walk, I saw that the turf between the walk and the grave, and for several yards all round the grave, was strewn thick with palm-branches and bright, fresh-gathered flowers—quite a thick carpet. It was a little matter, but so exactly what she would have thought of."

From one of LORD CANNING'S AIDES-DE-CAMP.

"*Barrackpore Park, Nov. 21, 1861.*—Lord Canning is more calm than he was, but terribly changed. After Lady Canning breathed her last on the morning of the 18th, he went back to her room and locked himself in, remaining there all day. He had arranged to lay her in the beautiful private garden here, and he could not have chosen a more lovely spot, the whole place had been so beautified and adorned by her.

“About 5.45 on the evening of the 18th, just after sunset, Lord Canning started for Barrackpore, with Major Bowie, the Military Secretary. We then went and laid Lady Canning's remains in her coffin. It was a grievous duty to perform, but we did not wish to have her touched by any natives. For the same reason no hearse was used, but a gun-carriage drawn by eight black horses was brought to carry the coffin here about 5 A.M. on the morning of the 19th. It was full moon, and a more beautiful night cannot be conceived. As soon as it was sufficiently light, we removed the coffin from the gun-carriage. It was carried by men of the 6th regiment. No one but Lord Canning and his personal staff, and Colonel Yule (an officer of engineers who built the vault) were present. The Archdeacon performed the service, as the Bishop was away. We four A.D.C.'s carried the pall, and Lord Canning and the other four followed. A more beautiful and solemn ceremony I was never at. As we came under Lord Canning's window, he came quietly out and followed. The vault was about three hundred yards from his room, and there is a broad walk running straight along the bank by the river, close to the place. Down this the little party went, until we came to the spot chosen for the grave. The grass here was strewn with palm-leaves and flowers, leaving just a pathway up to the grave. As soon as the coffin had been lowered into the grave, as if by common consent, we all drew back, leaving poor Lord Canning at one end, and the Archdeacon at the other. As I said before, the morning was more than lovely. The river was very high, the full moon was setting on one side, and

the first rays of the rising sun were throwing a beautiful pink light on the opposite shore: there was a very slight breeze, just sufficient to make the morning air more pleasant, and, as if to harmonise with the scene, two or three boats were dropping down the river with the rapid stream, without moving an oar. The service was beautifully read, and when it was over, Lord Canning, having taken a long farewell of the coffin, quietly withdrew, and walked slowly, and oh! how sorrowfully, back to the house. To us, who had seen him so short a time before standing out, and speaking with such a clear, firm voice, and stern, impressive manner, to the native chiefs and different people whom we heard him address, it was difficult to recognise the poor, dejected, broken-hearted husband as the same man. His is indeed a hard fate, and may God give him strength to bear it. The feeling in the country is beyond anything I could have dared hope or wish: from highest to lowest the strongest sympathy has been evinced. By general consent every one wears mourning for three weeks: this has never even been hinted at. Sir B. Frere, the Senior Member of Council, had suggested it for the service, but the thought of every one adopting it is very touching. Every one also wished to attend the funeral, but it was especially desired that it should be quite private, and of course Lord Canning's wish was law. He has just begun to work a little, but he spends his morning and evening by the grave."¹

¹ The monument which Lord Canning placed over the grave was inscribed—

“Sacred to the memory of Charlotte Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Lord Stuart de Rothesay, wife of Charles John, Viscount and Earl

Another of those present wrote:—

“I watched in the room till the mournful procession started at midnight. The expression of dear Lady Canning’s face as she lay on her deathbed was calm and serene, and the soft features of youth seemed to have returned to it. When the coffin was brought in, we (the staff), with all respect and all tenderness, lifted her into it. Shortly after midnight, in the light of the full moon, we left for Barrackpore.”

Canning, first Viceroy of India. Born at Paris, March 31, 1817, died at Calcutta, November 18, 1861.

“Honours and praises written on a tomb are at best but vainglory ; but that her charity, humility, meekness, and watchful faith in her Saviour will, for that Saviour’s sake, be accepted of God, and be to her a glory everlasting, is the firm trust of those who knew her best, and most dearly loved her in life, and who cherish the memory of her, departed.”

The above words were written on the 22nd November 1861, by Earl Canning, who survived his wife but seven months. He left India on the 18th March 1862, died in London on the 17th June, aged 49, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, 21st June 1862.

“I will ransom them from the power of the grave, I will redeem them from death.”

The iron railing surrounding the enclosure is formed by Lady Canning’s initials, C.C. entwined. The beautiful inlaid cross of Italian marbles which was placed by Lord Canning over his wife’s grave was becoming so much injured by the weather, that—with the assent of Lady Waterford—it was removed by Lord Northbrook to the Cathedral of Calcutta. It was replaced by a cross of white marble in the garden at Barrackpore, where the remains of the beloved Lady Canning still repose. Another statement has occasionally prevailed, but they have never been removed from the place chosen by Lord Canning.

THE BISHOP (G. E. L. COTTON) OF CALCUTTA to
EARL CANNING.

"Nov. 27, 1861.—I scarcely know whether to write to you or not at such a time as this, being doubtful whether all letters of condolence must not appear almost unmeaning forms, in attempting to mitigate a sorrow which can only be truly relieved by a higher than human aid. But it would seem to me very unnatural not at least to try to express in a few words my deep respect and admiration for her whom God hath called to Himself, and my unfeigned grief for your overwhelming loss. No one could have the honour of Lady Canning's acquaintance in the slightest degree, without being attracted by her winning grace, quiet dignity, and wonderful fitness for her high position, and still more by her simplicity and genuine kindness. As I began to see her oftener and know her better, I felt more and more deeply how happy it was for India that such a post as hers was occupied by one of such high principle and truly Christian goodness, whose example must have such a beneficial influence on European society in a country where so much depends on *example*. Most truly can I say that I could not have imagined any one more entirely uninjured by the temptations of rank and station, and that—considering the warnings which the New Testament contains of the dangers of worldly greatness and riches—I never saw any one who appeared more completely to have escaped them, or more surely entitled to the blessing promised by our Lord—'To him that *overcometh* will I give to eat of the Tree of Life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God.' . . ."

MR. GRANT to SIR J. COLVILE.

"*Darjeeling, Nov. 30, 1861.*—She was here just a month ago, enjoying herself intensely; as usual untiring; in the highest spirits; going about all day long in fine weather; drawing and amusing herself, with equally good spirits, when it rained. When I think it is only a month since she was here—so good, so really and thoroughly good, so clever, so kind, so charming in every way, the light and life of the house—I can hardly bear to think of it. Then, that she was on the point of returning home, all sunshine before her, after having done her duty here for so many years, it seems overpowering!

"Her mother may care to know some particulars of her stay here. I and my party, Major and Mrs. Pughe, left Calcutta on September 27 by rail, and arrived here on October 4. Lady Canning started three days later, and arrived here on the 7th, just as we had got the house into some degree of order to receive her. She came in her hill-chair in the afternoon (I can scarcely bear to recall it!), quite fresh and in good spirits, and so were all her party, two A.D.C.'s and one English maid. We had much bad weather for the first fortnight. Lord Canning found the trunk-road in the country was in such a bad state that he wrote to change Lady Canning's plan, which was to stay here only ten days, and then return to Burdwan, and travel day and night to Allahabad, which would have been a harassing and dangerously fatiguing journey. Lady Canning, though wishing to be present at the Installation, then consented to stay quietly here. . . . One day she admitted not feeling quite well, and consented to see Dr.

Simpson, but she was in perfect health during the rest of her stay, and thoroughly enjoyed herself and the beauties of the scenery. . . . On November 4 she started. I rode down with her to Hopetoun, a little settlement and tea-plantation twelve miles off, and 6000 feet high. There she breakfasted, and there I saw her for the last time. About eleven she set off again in her hill-chair, apparently in the best health and spirits. Major Pughe was at the half-way bungalow to attend upon her, and there she had luncheon. He told me of her enjoyment there in gathering ferns, &c. She arrived in good time at her sleeping-place, where she dined and breakfasted comfortably, and started about 8 A.M., the best moment of the day. From the foot of the ghât, with her usual thoughtfulness, she sent me a few kind lines, showing she was in excellent spirits, and enjoying the scenery as usual. My conviction is that she had not suffered from any malaria or noxious influence at that time.

“Mrs. Pughe had a long and very kind letter from her on the 7th, from Mr. Beaufort’s house at Purneah, but she said she felt her head confused, and was very weak, a thing I never heard her complaining of before. I have no doubt she was then attacked by fever, caught between the hills and Purneah. From thence Captain Hills says they performed their journey to a moment, arriving in time for the train, and reached Calcutta in the evening. She was a good deal fatigued, and admitted for the first time that the Allahabad journey would have been too much for her. . . . Dr. Beale had over the civil surgeon from Purneah, who said that he recognised at once the formidable fever of that place.

. . . The rest of my sad story you will have heard from Calcutta."

The first news which reached the stricken mother and sister in England was the simple fact of the death.

LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD, *to* (her Cousin)
JANE, COUNTESS OF CALEDON.

"*Highcliffe, Dec. 12, 1861.*—I know how entirely you enter into our most heavy grief, but you can scarcely imagine the weary, weary days of waiting in suspense, *without hope*, to know what dreadful cause ended so fatally. I feel as if my light was darkened, but do my utmost to be of use and comfort to Mama, and shall remain here till she moves: I shall then go home and stay there till Canning comes.

"I think this place dreadful, it is so *full* of her, and Ford has no association of that kind: but I shall not move till Mama does."

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY *to*
EARL CANNING.

"*Highcliffe, Dec. 15, 1861.*—Dearest Canning, our hearts are laid in the earth with our buried treasure, and our prayers ascend to where our blessed angel rests with her Saviour! We share the same grief and seek the same and *only* consolation from on high, which the God of mercy and love can richly supply. No one can feel for you as I do, but I can only send you a mother's prayer and a mother's blessing, with my most earnest entreaties that you will look to me with a share

of the affection she so richly gave me, of which you—more than any one—can measure the extent and value. It will be the bond to bind me to this life! and—whilst I am destined to be absent from my treasure in heaven—I must feel I am not wholly bereaved, whilst I have my poor Louisa to give me all the comfort in her power. Her former affliction has made her *my own* again: she has no longer a divided duty, and the only brightening of her own future she looked to was the return of her beloved sister. In vain! we should have been too happy, and might have forgotten our lot in a world where we are not to set our affections! I have learned by this post all details that could come through Lord Russell, and by the mail I had the last solemn comfort of reading her own words up to the 8th November. Being ‘very tired’ was all that there was to give any idea of beginning illness. What painful conjectures to fill up the interval! and yourself—how do you bear up under this weight of woe? May God support you!”

“*Highcliffe, Christmas Day, 1861.*—The letter that must have cost you so much to write brought comfort to my heart! I had to fill the interval between her own dear precious last words of the 8th, which told of a lassitude foreboding fever, and the 18th, which we know closed all of this mortal life to her, and it was impossible for the mind not to imagine circumstances were more painful than the truth! First of all we had the certainty of your being with her, then that there was no pang of parting, no vain attempt to convey messages of farewell to us all! God dealt tenderly

with one whom He had made fit for heaven, and removed her when her mission was fulfilled, and—as it seems to me—when her appointed hour should produce the greatest amount of benefit to all who mourn her loss—as ‘she being dead yet speaketh.’ May we and all feel that holy influence.

“On this day especially I have felt as though her spirit joined in the hallelujahs, in the Glory to God in the Highest, whilst we were to experience peace on earth. When I look back on her lot here, I must admit that it was a rare instance of almost unbroken happiness. Your words to me come back when she became yours, and said she was completely happy—‘And so she shall ever be, if it be in my power to make her so!’ To all earthly happiness there must be a term, as we see in the calamity which has been as the echo of your own, for there has been the same rending of the happiest wedded life! and the poor Queen most touchingly strives to follow the lesson and example of her husband in summoning all her fortitude to submit to the decree of the Almighty! and she turns to her blessings and her *duties*. Of the latter, you must have many to attend to and work on, and it is best you should. We are hoping to hear of your having been persuaded to go to sea, though the voyage, which had been anticipated with so much pleasure, will be a dreary blank. Your sister has felt with us so entirely, that she has been a comfort, and indeed never was sympathy more widely spread or more sincere. It is for yourself now we are anxious, after such watching and such sorrow. You need to be careful of your health. Do come home to us to renovate it, as far as

the wishes of affectionate and anxious friends may hope to prevail."

Lady Canning's sister-in-law, Lady Clanricarde, wrote of her :— *

"Her character was not easy to read at first, for she *professed* little, and what she *performed* was mostly kept in the shade ; one judged her chiefly from feeling her influence upon one's self. The storm that purifies, the flood that fertilises may be described, but who shall relate the dew of heaven ? Her loveliness and rare accomplishments were appreciated by all who knew her, and her refinement of thought and feeling was reflected in her manners, so gentle and passive, yet so self-possessed and dignified. . . . To me, her intelligence was something very remarkable, it seemed a gift to lead her straight to truth in all things. With the simplicity of a little child, she brought her mind to bear upon any subject she thought it right or useful to others she should understand, learning willingly any lesson that could be set before her. Patient, but not misled with misrepresentation, discerning, but not provoked with exaggeration, she could pick out any grain of truth that came within her reach, and strike her just average. She never seemed to think that she knew more or did more than others, but she always felt that there was work for her to do, and that she must seek out truth in order to do it well. She was a fit companion to her husband in their time of trial. Her calm and steady courage, her just perceptions of duty, her patient sweetness under abuse or calumny, must

have greatly helped to keep him in that frame of mind so essential to bear him through their prolonged agony of peril. Probably no one will ever quite know all that was done and endured during that time; her letters speak very little of herself, and her love of accuracy alone sometimes leads her to show how she felt and laboured. . . . She was a staff to lean upon to all who came within the range of her affections; she never changed, she never hardened. . . . In all my intercourse with her, I never had a cold look or a peevish word. . . . Her beautiful character developed as she advanced in years and experience, but it never altered; the germ of everything excellent was always there; if any one was ever born good, she was, and I can scarcely think of her being even *now* but as I always knew her.”¹

LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD, to
THE MARCHIONESS OF CLANRICARDE.

“*Highcliffe, Dec. 19, 1861.*—I trust she was spared pain, and the agony of feeling what this news would cost us all. For herself, I believe she would at once resign herself to God’s will as *best*, and prepare to meet Him by throwing herself wholly on Christ her Saviour, losing at once all clinging to the earthly home, and looking to the heavenly as her dearest hope. I know this would be her feeling if consciousness was spared.”

¹ See an article by the Countess of Cork (niece of Lord Canning) in the *New Review* for May 1892.

To LADY JANE ELLICE.

“*Highcliffe, Dec. 26, 1861.*—We have now received our letters. Poor Canning had the kindness and courage to write to Mama and to me on the 18th, the very day all was over, and though he was (as we hear he described himself) ‘stunned and numbed’ by his terrible affliction, he wrote us every detail of those few days of illness. They were together, and though the fever was coming on her when he returned, she was up and able to show her sketches to him the first day and the next: only on the third she did not get up. The fever went on five days after that, one short rally alone giving any hope. She was almost unconscious the whole time, only answering when roused, but always knowing and smiling on him. I do not think she was conscious of her state or that she was dying. Canning says there was no suffering. He says he knew how perfectly prepared she was, and perhaps God in His mercy sent this deadening of what might have caused feelings of pain in seeing Canning’s grief and knowing she must never again see those she loved on earth. She died in Canning’s arms, his hand in hers, and, knowing her mind, we may hope that Christ in *His merits alone* welcomed her at once among the blessed ones in His kingdom. This is the way I love to think of her, and to consider how God blessed her in her life, and led her to Him without pain or adversity or sickness, and how much to His glory she lived in *humble hope* to attain, through Christ, to His kingdom. I long to answer this to many who write to me—‘She is reaping the reward of a

well-spent life,' which jars so much on what is true and comforting.

"Mama is well. I think the letters have soothed her, and she is very patient in her submission.

"I feel so much with the Queen: I have gone through so much the same great loss, even more suddenly."

The news of Lady Canning's death had come to few as a heavier grief than to Her Majesty the Queen, who lost in her the most loving and devoted friend, as well as the most loyal of her subjects. In less than a month afterwards the great sorrow of the Prince Consort's death had fallen upon the Queen and the nation.

LADY STUART DE ROTHESAY to
EARL CANNING.

"*Highcliffe, Jan. 9, 1862. . . .* The Queen strives to do all she ought, *as you do*, and such efforts are blessed with strength. The general mourning you will find to be in harmony with your feelings on returning home. . . . I do not know if any of my sisters have written, but all have felt like *mothers* more than aunts. I hope to hear of your having had the change of air of going to sea. Pray think of your health. She said, when she left you for the month of October, she could do so in comfort, you were looking so well. Think of that, as her dearest wish *now*."

"All my family, all who knew her, have but one tender feeling of respect and love and sympathy with you. God bless and comfort you."

LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD, to
LADY JANE ELLICE.

"*Highcliffe, Jan. 20, 1862.*—Many letters come from India, each seeming to fill up some gap in the details of my dearest sister's illness and death. All speak of the extraordinary love and respect with which they regarded her. I think latterly she had become so liberal in all her views of religion; India seemed to have knocked away the more narrow view of *Church* alone; she saw the work of Christ amongst the heathen planted by Baptists and Dissenters, and she rejoiced to see His name spread thus.

"I do not repine that she is taken from us. No, far from it; it seems to me impossible to set our own loss by the side of her *safety*. I could only wish that I may follow her steps (looking only to Christ), and reach as glorious a shore. God gave her what He saw was good for her, and she had the happiest and most unchequered life I ever knew. He blessed it to her, and she was never spoilt by prosperity.

"Mama is very patient. I am glad I have been able to comfort and cheer her a little. She loves to be read to, and I read the Gospel to her every evening. I begged it might be this, rather than any other 'good book.'

"The Stuarts are at home again, and little Lord Bute, who goes to Harrow to-morrow. He is such a fine handsome boy."

SIR BARTLE FRERE to
THE MARCHIONESS OF CLANRICARDE.

"*Calcutta, Dec. 9, 1861.*—Though looking much pulled down and sadly worn, Lord Canning has re-

sumed his old habits of business, and seems to find some relief in applying to the mass of work which must be gone through before he leaves India. He was very unwilling, after once getting over the trial of returning to official work and seeing official people, to relax the effort, which must have been a very painful one. . . . Every one connected with the Government tries to save him as much as possible from any labour which can be undertaken by others ; but there is much which no one but the Governor-General can do.

“The deep and universal feeling of sorrow has been more marked than I could have believed possible. Here every European of all ranks, creeds, and classes went into mourning, far deeper and more general than any public mourning I ever saw in Europe, and among natives the feeling was quite as deep. From Oude, from Scindia, and Gwalior we have the same expressions of sorrow as from Lahore, Madras, and Bombay : indeed, it is universal throughout India.”¹

¹ Lady Canning's friends were desirous of raising a memorial to perpetuate her name and life in India, and it was decided to raise subscriptions to erect a Home for Sisters as the most suitable form of memorial. Lady Canning had been associated with Miss Nightingale's scheme of work in 1854, and had much to do with the selection of nurses to be sent out to the army in the Crimea. Again, when the refugees from the Upper Provinces poured into Calcutta after the Mutiny, Lady Canning had at once organised a scheme for providing nurses to attend on the wounded officers and gentlemen, and the invalid women and children, who needed devoted care and treatment.

From this time an endeavour was made to maintain a staff of European nurses at the Hospital, so as not to leave the invalids to the mercy of the common coolies, who had previously attended to them, meaning to be kind and patient, but utterly ignorant. There was a great difficulty for some years in carrying out the scheme, owing to the impossibility of getting good nurses. But the Home was built in

MRS. COLIN MACKENZIE to
MRS. STUART.

*“Residency, Berkampur, Bengal, Dec. 6, 1861.—*I am sure it would comfort those who loved Lady Canning if they could know what a feeling of grief and dismay has been caused by her death, how universally her character is appreciated, how mourning was spontaneously worn for her for three weeks . . . how even the very guards on the railways where she had travelled have joined in the lamentation for one who won everybody’s personal admiration and regard.

“No one who was not in Calcutta in 1857 could fully appreciate her noble conduct: could know how the shadow of Lord Canning’s unpopularity fell on her; and how she identified herself with his views and measures, as it was the duty of a wife to do: and how, nevertheless, by her sympathy and thoughtful kindness towards the wounded officers and men, and the forlorn ladies arriving in Calcutta—especially the Lucknow widows—she utterly dispersed the slander, of which she once told me with flashing eyes, that ‘she sympathised with the Sepahis.’ And then, as she came to be more known in India, every one was struck with the amount of her information, the interest she took in everything,

course of time, and was ready to receive and accommodate the excellent staff of nursing Sisters who were ultimately sent out from Clewer to undertake this noble labour. They have since done wonderful work in Calcutta, and their name is blessed, for the good achieved is beyond words. The Government have realised the inestimable blessing of such an institution, and have granted it an annual subsidy, and the Canning Home is now firmly established, and will ever be associated with the beautiful and noble woman it commemorates, the work being carried on as she approved.

and her noble, generous, simple character, fully realising the idea of—

‘A perfect woman, nobly planned
To cheer, to counsel, to command.’”

From LADY FRERE.

“*Jan.* 22, 1862.—Lord Canning spends all the time he can at Barrackpore, and seems very anxious for the Bishop’s arrival, that he may consecrate that portion of the park. However late his work detains him on Saturday in Calcutta, or whatever the weather is, nothing stops his going out the sixteen miles to Barrackpore on Saturday evening. Fresh flowers are daily placed on the grave and arranged in the form of a cross. On Christmas morning, Major Bowie (his Military Secretary) says that poor Lord Canning was down the pathway and by the beloved spot at 4 A.M. I do not know how he will bear the separation from it, when the time for leaving comes.

“The new Order for Legislative Councils is just beginning. According to the new system, some principal natives are invited to attend, amongst others the Puttiala Rajah, a prince and man of ancient family, and it was necessary to show a little difference between him and the others; wherefore the Governor-General was to receive a private visit from him, but in the presence of the members of the Supreme Council. There was no room where he could be received but the one always used on such occasions—Lady Canning’s drawing-room: all the others would have had too official an appearance. All the Councillors, in mourn-

ing, waiting in the room, formed, Bartle said, indeed a sad assemblage, and when Lord Canning came in, the sight of them, and of the room, looking cold and bare, without all the pretty curiosities that used always to be there, seemed quite to unnerve him—he looked so white and wretched, and his lip shook.”

LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD, to
MRS. BERNAL OSBORNE.

“*Highcliffe, Dec. 26, 1861.*—This new grief has come as suddenly, though not so heavily as the last. Still, my mother and myself are bowed down with sorrow to know that we can never meet on earth again one on whom our hearts were set. We had hoped for days and days that the first telegram was false, but a second followed, and confirmed all: and now we have letters from my poor brother-in-law himself, written on the very day of his utter desolation, and, though broken-hearted, with courage and kindness, telling every detail of the fever—a dull and deadened state of unconsciousness, without pain and without recollection. This was God’s mercy, for in her perfect preparedness He spared her any terrible feeling of parting for ever from those she loved. We have received letters and copies of letters from numberless persons anxious to tell us every detail about her, and a general feeling of grief for her has been felt throughout the land, such as has seldom been shown for a woman. My poor mother is well. Providence alone led me here at the very moment I was most wanted, and I remain with her till one of my aunts can take my place in six

weeks' time. What I am likely to do this year I cannot tell, as to see poor Canning is my first object. Oh, what a terribly sad meeting it will be!

"The Queen's most grievous calamity I can well feel for. I hear from one who saw her that it was 'heart-rending to see her in her calm, eloquent sorrow.' This beautiful resignation must endear her more than ever to her people."

To MRS. JOHN LESLIE.

"*Highcliffe, Dec. 30, 1861.*—Thank you and your husband for remembering me in a time of such deep distress. My mother and I are grateful for your sympathy. It is a terrible wound, and one that has followed very quickly on my first and heaviest. The details we have just received have added no bitterness to the trial. There is something soothing in knowing there was absence of pain, and that a deadness of recollection stifled so much that would perhaps have pained her last hours, away from so many she loved, and would never see again on earth. She had, however recollection to know *him*, and smile when he spoke to her, and she died in his arms!

"We cannot yet think of her as passed away from earth, but surely no one was more fitted for another world, more ready to be summoned.

"It seems, after my first and terrible loss, as if I felt almost accustomed to suffer, and now my only near relation left is Mama, whom I feel I can soothe and comfort: otherwise I am quite alone. God knows what is best for us, and He may lead us near to Him by taking away, one by one, *all* we loved on earth."

To THE REV. CANON PARKER (of Kilmacthomas).

“*Highcliffe, Dec. 30, 1861.*—I received your kind letter yesterday, and must thank you for your sympathising and comforting words. I read it to my poor mother, and she was pleased with the passages of Scripture you suggested as soothing and appropriate.

“My dear sister’s loss is to us a most heavy one, but we feel that she trusted in the Lord, and that, in her preparedness, she was ready to obey God’s summons whenever it came. In His tenderness and mercy He gave her an illness without pain of body or mind, and a state of unconscious slumber seemed to deaden all recollection of those she was leaving to mourn her; but she recognised and smiled on her husband, and then, in a gentle sleep, departed to be for ever with the Saviour, in whom *alone* she trusted, to enter the joy of heaven.

“I thank you for your kind promise of sending me a book. There is always some good thing to be found in such an one. But the fountain of Life is in the Book of God, from which *now* flow the living waters which refresh and strengthen the sad and sorrowful soul.”

Lady Stratford de Redcliffe had written:
“Lord Stratford wished himself to have given you these lines. It has been a comfort to him to express his own feelings for one so loved, so worthy of all praise :—

‘Blest from her birth ! for no light ends design’d,
With ev’ry grace of feature, heart, and mind ;

And through her youth by love without a taint,
 And through her years, in excellence a saint;
 And when her life, no further could she rise,
 And when that light which bore her to the skies
 Had left her here, what vow to Heav'n address'd
 Could save her soul from the Saviour's breast?

—December 1861.

WATERFORD, 12
 DECEMBER 1861.

My dear friend, Dec. 11, 1861.—The lines you have
 written for me are beautiful. My mother was deeply
 moved in hearing them read, and at the same time
 they expressed *exactly* the truth. I think the
 goodness of God's dealings is everywhere visible in
 the details we have received of my dearest sister's
 death—in the painless, peaceful end, and the gentle
 recognition of Canning, undisturbed by the recollections
 of home, or those she would never see again on earth,
 the sleep of death to wake in glory through the merits
 of Christ alone—all this seems to me God's goodness
 and love. And I think it beautiful and prosperous to
 have been spared a period of sickness, pain, loss,

and to have been brought so gently to that all-wise
 Father who has led her step by step unto



Swan Electric Engraving Co.

*Reading Prayers at Highcliffe.
From a sketch by Miss A. Dixon.*

X.

THE COMPANIONSHIP OF ART.

“Talent is the result of human labour and culture ; genius is God’s direct and spontaneous handiwork.”—A. GALLENGA.

“Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille.”—GOETHE.

“Knowledge means,
Ever-renewed assurance by defeat
That victory is somehow still to reach.”

—BROWNING.

“Every painter paints himself. However varied his subject, his works bear the sign-manual of his thought.”—SAVONAROLA, *Sermon on Ezekiel*.

“Elle avait une entière uniformité entre son caractère et son talent, ainsi le talent a dirigé le caractère, et le caractère a fait valoir le talent.”—RIVAROL.

LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD, to
MRS. BERNAL OSBORNE.

“*Ford Cottage, March 11, 1862.*—I came back here ten days ago, and, though all in confusion, I have much in hand in the way of building and planting. It is sad to think how different the pleasure of doing all this is compared to what I used to have of how my sister would like this or that. Some day my nephews may be glad I made this place comfortable for them, but it is not quite the same thing.

“I hear better accounts of the Queen, but with what

painful feelings she must have revisited Windsor. Did you see some lines that appeared in the newspapers at the time of the Prince's death (next to Tennyson's), and



THE CHEVIOTS FROM FORD.

which appeared to me excellent? I never could find them again, but they began—

‘Toll, great bell of S. Paul’s,
Toll thro’ the midnight air ;
Bid all the people fall
Upon their knees in prayer :
Prayer for the Lady left
Upon her glittering throne,
So utterly bereft
So hopelessly alone.’

And there were many other stanzas which I cannot remember.

"I am beginning a great experiment on a large drawing-board. It is to paint some compartments at the school in fresco, but I doubt if I can accomplish it. I intend returning to be with my mother at the end of next month, when we expect poor Canning back. What a terrible meeting it will be."

The subjects which Lady Waterford executed—mostly during solitary months at Ford—were of the most varied kind. Here are some of them, partly taken from her own lists, partly from the catalogue of her exhibited drawings.

Child and Ducks.

Boy minding Crows.

Putting on and taking off Armour.

King Arthur and the Seashore.

Apples of Sodom.

Abimelech.

"A Time to Sow."

Child and the Saviour—"I have been dreaming."

The Joyful Harvest.

The Cradle and the Mother.

Luther and the Choristers.

The "lad with five barley-loaves" (John vi. 9).

"He prayed—a great while before day."

"The shepherds watched their flocks by night."

"Man goeth forth to his labour till the evening" (Ps. liv. 24).

* Baccalauri and Spinsters.

Bachelors are supposed to be "*bacca laurie*," *i.e.* crowned with a wreath of laurel as the reward of diligence and application in the schools of learning; spinsters are those who spin. On the tomb of one Spellman are represented eleven sons (battalors) bearing swords, and eleven daughters (spinsters) with spindles.

Soap-Bubbles.

“Three children leaning from a window blowing bubbles—
the bubbles floating down the street, of every colour, round
and trembling, like the dreams of life which children dream.”
—*Symonds, “Italian Sketches.”*

Children and Flowers.

From a Poem by Dante G. Rossetti.

Rose-Crowned Youth and Withered Age.

Watching and Waiting.

Gethsemane.

Children Reading.

Mistletoe.

Old Man, Woman, and Child.

Hope.

A Woman Singing.

Autumn.

“Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,
And silver birch, and maple yellow-leaved,
Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
By the wayside a-weary.”—*Longfellow.*

Reading a Love-Letter.

The Sixth Standard—a scene in Ford School.

A Page.

A Lady Reading.

The Forge—at Ford.

“Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor
sleep” (Psalm cxxi. 4).

Little Red Riding-Hood.

A Garden Scene.

Loyalty.

“Behold my squire, Sir Loyalty,
A goodly youth he was and true,
Like one who dares with single might
Oppose a myriad banded foe
In battle for his lady’s right,
Or for the faith of Christ, who trod
Our simple earth, a suffering God.”—*Vidal’s Vision.*

Drawing in the Nets at Highcliffe.

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper—a scene in Ford Church.

“Lo, there entered then into the church the Reverend Teacher,
 Father he hight, and he was in the parish: a Christianly
 plainness
 Clothed from his head to his feet the old man of seventy
 winters. . . .
 Now went the old man up to the altar;—and straightway
 transfigured
 (So did it seem unto me) was then the affectionate Teacher.”
 —*Longfellow.*

Ford Night-School.

The Rev. Delaval Knight.

A Triolet.

Children waiting to Cross the Street.

“A year or two before her death, Lady Waterford received an account from a cousin of having seen in Portman Square three children waiting to cross the street, and describing the careful motherly attitude of the elder girl, the clinging trust of the younger, and the impatiently arrested movement of the boy. She seemed at once to realise the whole scene, and made this drawing, which is an example of a very rare gift—that of making the figures seem to be really alive. The three little ones have evidently been scared by some passing vehicles when on the very edge of the kerbstone, and have only just drawn back in time to escape the danger. She sent the drawing to her cousin with the simple question, ‘Is this like what you tell me you saw the other day in Portman Square?’”—
E. M. Woolward in “Atalanta.”

Vere Cochrane (Lady Waterford's Cousin and God-daughter).

Old Man Reading.

Three Sisters.

The Forest of Arden—a scene from *As you like it*.

Dressing up.

Woman gathering Sticks.

Palm-Plaiting at Mentone.

A Mentone Fisherman.

Le Laboureur et la Mort.

“ A la sueur de ton visage
Tu gagneras ta pauvre vie
Après long travail et usage,
Voici la mort qui te convie.”

“ But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for
Christ ” (Phil. iii. 7).

The Evening Hymn.

John Oliver.

“ They that sow in tears shall reap in joy ” (Psalm cxxvi. 5).

Boys carrying Rooks.

Mrs. Heslop, the old Housekeeper at Ford—a Portrait.

Mrs. Heslop feeding Peacocks.

Child and Dog.

A Knight in Armour.

“ I am an unknown knight,
Three modest maidens have me bedight.”
—*Longfellow*.

Winter.

“ This is a charming example of Lady Waterford’s power of expressing her meaning in a few masterly touches. The old man bending under his load of faggots ; the rooks, tamed by hunger, advancing in their own peculiar bow-legged fashion over the deep snow—all this seems scarcely more than little dark subdued colour on a large sheet of white paper. Yet how telling and forcible it is ! ”—*E. M. Woolward* in “ *Atalanta*.”

“ Putting his hand to the plough and turning back ” (Luke vi. 62).

Sunset at Highcliffe.

Carol-Singers at Ford.

Child and a Peacock’s Feather.

Offering Bread, Wine, and Oil to Saul.

A Yoke of Roman Oxen.

A White Dog.

Harmony.

"The wild boar out of the wood doth waste it" (Psalm lxxx. 13).

"And when the morn came dim and sad,
And white with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed : she had
Another morn than ours."

—*Hood.*

The Hill over Nazareth.

"Here, with His feet among the mountain flowers, and the soft breeze lifting the hair from His temples, Jesus must often have watched the eagles poised in the cloudless blue, and have gazed upwards as He heard overhead the rushing plumes of the long line of pelicans as they winged their way from the streams of Kishon to the Sea of Galilee."—*Farrar's "Life of Christ."*

Lilleth, Adam's first Wife.

Sir Galahad.

He is riding through the snow-covered forest, led by the shining cross and angels.

"And they brought unto Him all that were diseased" (Matt. xiv. 35).

"All her household are clothed in scarlet" (Prov. xxxi. 21).

"The memory of the time when my mother used to take my hands in hers, and cause me, on my knees, to say, 'Our Father.'"

"When the fowls came down upon the carcasses, Abram drove them away" (Gen. xv. 11).

"And when the sun was going down, a deep sleep fell upon Abram" (Gen. xv. 12).

Bunyan working on his Kettles at the flaming Forge, and his Wife sitting over her Book. "At some point of her reading she would look up, and their eyes would meet."

"Youth is a garland of roses,
Age is a crown of thorns."

—*Talmud.*

Andromache.

“Hasten to thy tasks at home :
There guide the distaff and direct the loom.”

—I *Iliad* vi. 43.

Sunbeams.

Musicians.

Girls Singing.

Two Saints.

The Holy Family.

Three Fishers.

“They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night wrack came rolling up heavy and brown.”

Oranges.

Children and a Rabbit.

A Little Queen.

Children crossing a Stream.

A Lady with a Peacock Fan.

Fishers.

The Singers.

“God sent His singers upon earth,
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.”—*Longfellow*.

Street Brawl at Verona.

The Balcony Scene—Romeo and Juliet.

Romeo kills Tybalt.

Juliet found Dead.

Romeo.

Juliet.

Studies of Sky.

„ of Ploughed Fields.

„ of Briars, Weeds, and Thistles.

„ of Rocks and Stony Places.

„ of Gnarled Trees.

„ of Footpaths and Tracks.

„ of Crows and Distant Hills.

„ of Figures—outline and anatomy.

„ of Expression.

Studies of Drapery.

„ of Baskets.

„ of Hands and Feet.

„ of Contrasts of Light and Shadow.

Judith crowned with Olives.

The Ox-Plough.

Vanity and Modesty.

Sketches of Horses—for Phaeton.

Ophelia.

The Father and Mother of Tobit.

A Scene from Milton.

“ But now an aged man in rural weeds,
Following, as seem'd, the quest of some stray ewe,
Or wither'd sticks to gather . . .
He saw approach.”—*Paradise Regained*, Book 1.

A Scene in Venice.

“ It was nearly dark, the windows carefully closed with dark-blue blinds, excepting one which had been set wide open. . . . On the floor, in front of this window, and on the balcony without, five or six pigeons, beautiful in their soft opal plumage, were picking up bits of bread and cake, and among them, with bare feet and shoulders, sat the dark-eyed little child Felicita. The pigeons were coming all around her, some venturing even to hop on her tiny feet, causing her to crow with delight.”—*Gianetto*, p. 120.

Gianetto's Child.

“ A glorious stream of yellow light was flooding in, and there, in the light that shone like a glory, knelt one little child.”—*Gianetto*, p. 196.

The Twelve Daughters of the Year.

“ November, the most doleful month of the twelve daughters of the year.”

The Woodman.

“ And the Reapers are the Angels” (Matt. xiii. 39).

Children and Palms.

The Spinning-Wheel.

Autumn Leaves.

"They besought Him that they might only touch the hem of His garment" (Matt. xiv. 36).

Don John and the Crossbow.

Don John a Beggar—giving to Beggars.

Arrival at a Convent.

The Battle-Prayer before Lepanto.

Eve and the Flower (from the Talmud).

Death at the Head of the Bed.

Studies in a School.

The Seven Ages of Man.

The Sick and Wounded of Bourbaki's Army.

"The sick and wounded refugees have been the object of most tender solicitude and care from the very moment of their arrival, when even young girls were to be seen washing the feet of every sufferer in the churches, where they were first congregated."—*Dr. Franks' Letter, Neuchatel, February 16, 1871.*

Hope painting the Future in the Brightest Colours.

King Arthur and the Child.

The Child's Christmas Carol.

The Bondagers.

The Child Jesus—"He was subject unto them."

Boreas and Leaves.

The Little Bird—Summer and Winter Scenes.

Sickness and Health.

Portraits from Nature.

Landscape near Lowick.

From "The Lay of the Last Minstrel."

Agea the Dane.

"It is well with the child."

"I have painted little Williams as if simply lying asleep, the poor little hands crossed."—(*See Letters.*)

A Young Girl carried to her Burial.

The Good Samaritan (repeated).

Naomi, Ruth, and Orpah.

The Flight into Egypt.

The Finding of Moses.

Child with an Apple.

The Blue Girl.
 Child studying her Mother's Portrait.
 Boy with a Lily.
 A Girl gathering Flowers.
 The Gleaners.
 The Cardinal Grand Penitentiary at St. Peter's at Rome.
 The Baby King of Spain receiving the Homage of his
 Sisters, 1889.
 The Student crowned by Death.
 Music.
 An Old Man bearing a Sheaf of Corn.
 A Child in a Yellow Frock.
 Children Reading.
 A Lady gathering Flowers.
 Mother and Angel watching over a Dying Child.
 Two Saints.
 The Turkey-Cock—a Sign for an Inn.
 The Card-Players (in oils).
 From a Novel by Mme. Augustus Craven.

“La mère Madeleine était sur la terrasse qui du haut du cloître donnait sur la campagne. En la voyant debout, les bras croisés, immobile à cette place, à cette heure du soir, les traits de son noble visage et les longs plis de son vêtement se détachant sur le fond bleuâtre des montagnes et sur l'azur pourpré du ciel, on l'eût facilement prise pour l'une des visions apparues dans ces contrées, à ceux qui les ont fait revivre pour nous, et pour toutes les générations. L'illusion n'eût point été détruite par l'aspect de celle qui, assise, sur le petit mur d'appui de la terrasse, lui parlait les yeux levés, et dont l'expression et l'attitude eussent parfaitement convenu à l'une de ces jeunes saintes, placées souvent par ces peintres inspirés, près de l'image divine et majestueuse de la Mère de Dieu.”—
Fleurange.

Child in Elizabethan Dress.
 Child dressed in Gold Brocade holding Roses.
 Playing at Kings and Queens.
 Esther.
 Cold Spring and Hot Autumn.
 The Vale of Misery.

The Cavalier's Children.

Elisha ploughing with Twelve Yoke of Oxen (1 Kings xix. 19).

Ruth and Naomi.

“And they came to Bethlehem in the beginning of barley-harvest” (Ruth i. 22).

Sarah sending away Ishmael.

“And devout men carried Stephen to his burial” (Acts viii. 2).

Joseph sent to his Brethren.

“And Joseph went after his brethren, and found them in Dothan” (Gen. xxxvii. 17).

Samson.

“And the cords that were upon his arms became as flax that is burnt with fire” (Judges xv. 14).

The Anointing of David (1 Sam. xvi. 13).

David playing on the Harp (1 Sam. xviii. 10).

A Mother and Child.

The Witch's Briar—a Northumbrian Legend. Mrs. Heslop, the aged housekeeper at Ford, was the model in this, as in many other pictures.

“The great meadow hedge—the highway of the birds—where it approaches the ha-ha wall of the orchard, is lovely in June with the wild roses blooming on the briars which stretch forth into the meadow, and then, bent down by their own weight, form an arch crowned with flowers. There is an old superstition about these arches of briars hung out along the hedgerow. Magical cures of whooping-cough and some other diseases of childhood can, it is believed, be effected by passing the child at sunrise under the briar facing the sun. This had to be performed by the ‘wise woman.’ There was one in every hamlet but a few years ago, and indeed, here and there, an aged woman retains something like a reputation for witchcraft still. The ‘wise woman’ conducted the child intrusted to her care at dawn to the hedge where she knew that there was a briar growing in such a position that a person could creep under it facing the east, and there, as the sun rose, passed the child through.”

Angiola.

Scene at Inkermann.

“The words had a brave welcome sound—‘Carry high the colours.’”—*Kinglake*, Ch. vi.

A Child with Yellow Daisies.

A Lady with a Green Parrot.

May-Day.

In the Green Room—preparing for the Pantomime.

The Dead Child.

The Bairnies.

Autumn with a Winnowing Sieve.

“Not the usual glowing rich grape-crowned woman, but a haggard toiling matron, middle-aged, who has passed her spring, her summer, and well-nigh her autumn too. She shakes the grain from her half-empty sieve; the chaff is nearly blown away, the rough winter winds encompass her figure and blow her drapery into fantastic forms, while the sky is charged with clouds, and rain is descending over the blue and amber hills. The yellow leaves are sweeping past in a wild dance, and winter is fast approaching to each—the dying leaves, the woman, and the reddened branches of bramble that cut across the figure (the only bit of brilliant colour in the picture).”—*From Lady Waterford's Notes for her designs.*

Mariana.

Christ raising the Dead.

The Three Monks.

“Behold, a Sower went out to Sow” (Matt. xiii. 3).

The Wheel of Fate.

Christ in the Cornfield (Matt. xii. 1).

Excelsior.

“A youth, who bore ’mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior.”—*Longfellow.*

She watched the Falling Leaves.

Christ among the Doctors (Luke ii. 46).

“The clear outlines and high lights of the bald heads of the old Jewish Rabbis are a wonderful lesson in drawing.”
—*Atalanta*.

The Sister.

The Heavenly and Earthly Choirs.

Blind Bartimeus (Mark x. 46).

Chorus-Singers.

Old Woman and Children.

The Judgment-Seat.

The Avenging Angel.

The floating angel bears a flaming sword with both hands, to strike with power.

A Black Page-in-Waiting.

Lady in a Riding-Dress.

The Sleeping Child.

“L'Enfant qui dort à l'ombre du lit maternel, et les anges qui savent d'avance le sort des humains, et baissent avec larmes ses petites mains.”—*Munich Exhibition Catalogue*.

The Chess-Players.

“And when He was twelve years old, they went up to Jerusalem” (Luke ii. 42).

Child in Yellow with Poppies.

Dame Marjory.

Alice Lisle.

A Martyr.

The Virginals.

“My love doth sit,
Playing alone, careless,
On her heavenly virginals.”—*Spenser*.

The Red Lily.

Vanity and Cruelty.

(Cruelty with a fierce hound straining against the collar.)

The Progress of Time.

Don Carlos throwing his hat into the Sea. (From Lord Harvey's Memoirs.)

"Flowers, take them to the lonely-hearted
In the times of grief and care."

Dora.

Love whispering to a Shepherd (often repeated).

"Cupid, behind the sleeping youth, is quietly and cautiously preparing to wound him with Love's fatal arrow. In composition, in drawing, and in colour, this picture is perfect."—*E. M. Woolward in "Atalanta."*

Girls in Church.

Spinning.

Study of a Girl with a Spinning-Wheel.

Portrait of Henry, third Marquis of Waterford.

The Chess-Players—two Lovers.

A Sleeping Child.

"His arms fall down ; sleep sits upon his brow,
His eyes are closed ; he sleeps, nor dreams of harm.
Were not his cheek the apple's ruddy glow,
Would you not say he slept on Death's cold arm?"

—*Longfellow.*

Poverty.

Eve leaving Paradise.

Eve snatches, as she leaves, a branch of the loveliest roses of Paradise to take with her.

Girl with a Milk-Pan.

Head of a Blood-Hound.

Helen Pattinson.

Lady and Dog.

An Irish Peasant.

A Girl with a Slate.

War.

War marches in front, regardless of the train of poverty, sickness, famine and death which follow.

Peace—

With the blessings which follow it.

Schoolboys in Church.

Hope and Fear.

“The herald Hope, fore-running Fear,
And Fear, the poursuivant of Hope.”—*Longfellow*.

A Study in Reds.

Moses.

My Dream.

Scene from the Life of Jean Paul Richter.

“And the dogs came and licked his sores” (Luke xvi. 21).

“And they put on Him a scarlet robe” (Matt. xxvii. 18).

“He continued all night in prayer to God” (Luke vi. 12).

The Young Tobit.

The Chairs and those who worked them.

Amy Todd—aged five.

Children and Palm-Branches.

Christmas.

Christmas must have its offering as on its first day: the Lord of the Season always sends His representatives to receive our homage and our offerings.

Spring.

“By the rivers of Babylon we sate down and wept”
(Psalm cxxxvii. 1).

“Yellow, yellow leaves,
All grown pale with sighing,
How the parting grieves!”

Angels with Lilies.

The Four Elements.

Sunflowers.

The White Lily.

A Funeral in the Catacombs.

A Minstrel Gallery.

Cholera Knocking at the Door.

The Angel of Death leads the Cholera—a terrible old woman—down a street by moonlight, and points out the door she is to knock at.

Gathering Sticks.

Gathering Grapes.

Coming Home from School.
School Treat at Highcliffe.
Little Boy carrying Flowers.
The Children's Kingdom.
S. Owen of Gloucester.
Fabiola.
Music—a Study in Black and Yellow.
Young Bacchus starting to Fight.
The Blackberry Gatherers.

“Do as little children do, who with one hand hold fast by their father, and with the other gather hips and haws and blackberries along the hedges. So you, gathering, and managing with one hand the things of the world, must, with the other, always hold fast the hand of your Heavenly Father, turning gently towards Him from time to time to see if your actions and occupations be pleasing to Him. But, above all things, take heed that you never let go His hand, thinking to gather more ; for should He forsake you, you will not be able to go a step without falling to the ground.”

A Child Breakfasting.
A Boy Reading.
A Child and Dog.
A Group of Women Singing.
Study from a Novel by Mme. C. Reybaud (twice repeated).

“Au-dessus du trumeau de la cheminée était un pastel tant soit peu pâli par le temps, et dont la bordure ovale était endommagée en plus d'un endroit. Il représentait une femme dans toute la splendeur de la jeunesse et de la plus éclatante beauté : son ajustement était à peu près celui des bergères de Watteau.

“Ma place à table était en face de la cheminée, et je ne pouvais lever la vue sans voir cette ravissante personne, mais si mes yeux s'abaissaient, ils rencontraient inévitablement le visage sec et rechigné de Marion, qui, debout derrière le fauteuil de dom Gêrusac, changeait nos assiettes et nous servait silencieusement à boire. Ce contraste me faisait toujours une certaine impression.”—*Mademoiselle de Malepeire*.

The Shunamite and her Child (2 Kings iv. 26).

A subject frequently repeated with variations.

The Three Fates (as Old Women) deciding the Future of a Sleeping Child.

The Fates are all taken from Mrs. Heslop, housekeeper at Ford.

A Child with Young Fates.

“The sleeping child, with young, beautiful, hopeful Fates.”

—*Memoir.*

Children in a Balcony.

Children dancing in a Bluebell Field.

Boy and Butterfly.

Mignon and the Blind Harper.

Children gathering Flowers.

John xii.—The House at Bethany.

„ “There they made Him a supper.”

„ “And Martha served, but Lazarus sate at the table with Him.”

„ “Mary took a pound of ointment of spikenard.”

Matthew xxvi.—Bethany. The House of Simon the Leper.

„ “A woman having a box of very precious ointment, poured it on His head.”

Mark xiv.—“And she brake the box.”

Acts xxii. 3.—“Brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, and taught according to the perfect manner of the law of the fathers.”

“When the palace ladies, sitting
Round your gittern, shall have said,

‘Poet, sing those verses written
For the lady who is dead.’

Will you tremble,

Yet dissemble,

Or sing hoarse, with tears between,

‘Sweetest eyes were ever seen.’”

—*Mrs. Barrett Browning.*

Child Dancing.

The Balcony.

The Death of Marmion.

A Child and Dogs.

A Girl carrying a Sick Child.

A Group of Child Angels.

Danger.

All Hallow's E'en.

Helpless, Homeless, Hopeless.

Boy with a Crossbow.

A Saint with a Lily.

Meditation.

Sunrise.

St. John in Extreme Old Age.

“Little children, love one another.”

A Girl with a Fan.

The Young Joseph.

A Monk Reading.

Spring.

“Gentle Spring, in sunshine clad.”

—*Longfellow.*

Summer.

Ophelia.

Abraham and Isaac.

The Presentation of the Infant Samuel.

The Dream of St. Helena.

St. Catherine.

Irish School-Girl.

The Cottage Door—a scene in Ireland.

The Child and the Bulrush.

A Pauper's Deathbed.

Under the Olives.

Hyperion.

The Infancy of Jesus.

“Now in the month of Adar, Jesus assembled the boys as if He was their king; they strewed their garments on the ground, and He sate upon them. Then they put on His head a crown wreathed of flowers, and, like attendants waiting upon a king, they stood in order before Him on His right hand and on His left. And whoever passed that way, the boys took him by force, crying, ‘Come hither and adore the King, and then proceed upon thy way.’”—*From the Arabic Gospel of the Infancy.*

The Knight and Death.

My Ornaments are Arms.

Venetia.

The Six Virtues and Six Vices.

"And when they had sung a hymn" (Matt. xxvi. 30).

The Child Christ.

St. Peter.

Elkanah, Hannah, and Samuel.

The Death of Abel.

The Disciples.

"He found them sleeping for sorrow" (Luke xxii. 45).

St. John the Baptist.

A Book of Ten Scripture Subjects.

The Wise and Foolish Virgins.

The Holy Family (modern representation of).

"That disciple took her to his own home" (John xix. 27).

"The Sifters (at St. Mary Overy), sleeping deeply, with their rakes and prongs over their shoulders, while waiting for the great final harvest."—*Walks in London*.

"She sitteth at the door of her house" (Prov. ix. 14).

"He knoweth not that the dead are there" (Prov. ix. 18).

Proverbs xii. 10.—The righteous man feeding an ass. The cruel man with a horse. In the first scene, two children in the background are tending a hurt dog: in the second, a boy is pinioning a raven.

Proverbs xii. 25.—*Evening*.—Stormy twilight. A woman is seen alone—dead leaves and a closed book. *Morning*.—The same woman in a church: early service at Advent time.

Proverbs xv. 17.—*First Scene*.—A family in a cottage; a child saying grace; a picture of the Last Supper on the wall; tea on the table, with fruit, celery, and radishes. *Second Scene*.—*Diner à la Russe*; not one of the ten guests smiling; lapdogs snarling, and a pug on the table.

Proverbs xvi. 16.—*First Scene*.—A nineteenth-century family in a wood; the father shows a bird's nest to his children, whose hands are full of daffodils; the mother shows woodsorrel to a child. *Second Scene*.—At a gold-field;

men fighting and drinking, flowers trampled, birds flying away.

Desdemona.

Dulce Domum.

Studies for Watts's Hymns.

Man and Rake.

Child and Dolphin—yellow draperies.

Reading the Bible in Russia.

“Even in parties which met to drink whisky and play cards, some neighbour would produce his Bible, when the company gave up their games while an aged man read the story of the Passion and the Cross. That story spoke to the Russian heart.”—*Free Russia*, ii. 209.

The Lady of Shalot.

Venus and Shell.

Subjects from Marmion.

Expectation (two groups).

Queen Mary's Child-Garden.

The Queen's Maries—as Children.

Blowing Soap-Bubbles.

Hagar and Ishmael.—“And she cast the child under one of the shrubs” (Gen. xxi. 15).

Hagar and Ishmael.—“And she gave the lad drink” (Gen. xxi. 19).

Hagar and Ishmael.—“And God was with the lad” (Gen. xxi. 20).

Choir-Boys.

Fortune.

Two Angels' Heads.

Ruth.

“Be near me when my light is low.”

A Child driving Goslings.

Justice.

(A tall figure with sword and scales.)

The Bird's Nest.

A Child in a Velvet Dress.

The Gleaners.

A Mother and Child.

Marguerite.

The Four Seasons.

La Rochefoucault.

“It is the duty of youth to obey.”

A Boy in Red.

“Hosanna.”

A Lady with a Fan.

The Shunamite's Son (often repeated).

“‘Is it well with thee? Is it well with the child?’ And she answered, ‘It is well.’” The Shunamite on her knees. Her attendants and animals. Bright colours. Gehazi in a white bournouse as an Israelite of the Desert. (Suitable for a stained window.)

Leonardo da Vinci playing before the Duke of Milan.

Leonardo da Vinci, “child of grace and persuasion,” was a wonderful musician. He was sent for to play to the Duke of Milan on the lute and improvise Italian canzone. The lute he carried was silver, fashioned like a horse's head. (See Sismondi.)

The Sick Boy's Dream.

“Father, I have been a long way. I saw in my dream a great hill, and there was a narrow path up it, and I wanted to go along it, but there were so many bushes on both sides, I could not get along it, and I saw Christ at the top calling me to Him, till He held out His hand and helped me.”—*Memorials of a Quiet Life.*

Preparing for the Ball.

“Vite, Anna, vite : au miroir
Plus vite, Anna. L'heure s'avance,
Et je vais au bal ce soir
Chez l'ambassadeur de France.”

—*Casimir de la Vigne.*

Watchers by the Duke of Suffolk.

“And they laid his (the Duke of Suffolk's) body on the sands of Dover . . . and his men sit on the land by great circumstance and pray, and the Sheriff of Kent doth watch the body.”—*William Lirmer, 1450.*

The Trance of Hillel.

“Hillel, called the second Ezra, was born in Babylon. Thirst for knowledge drove him to Jerusalem. He was so poor, the legend tells us, that once when he had not money to fee the porter of the Academy, he climbed up to the window-sill. One bitter winter's night, as he lay there listening, the cold gradually made him insensible, and the snow covered him. The darkness of the room first called the attention of those inside to the motionless form without. He was restored to life.”—*Talmud*.

The King's Supper.

- All Things are Ready.
- They had bought Land.
- Had married a Wife.
- Had bought a Yoke of Oxen.
- The Return of the Messengers.
- The Messengers sent to the Highways.
- The Wedding Furnished with Guests.
- The King seeing a Man without a Wedding Garment.
- Bind him Hand and Foot.

The Holy Family.

The Ten Virgins.

Samuel with the Sword.

Hope and Memory—two Studies.

The young Hope looking brightly into the future, and the aged Memory striving to recall the past.

Charity.

A woman with her lap full of loaves, giving one to a child, who stretches his arm out for it across leafage.

Charity (Giotto's arrangement).

A woman with a circular glory round her head and a cross of fire crowned with flowers, presents with her right hand a vase of corn and fruit ; with her left she receives treasure from Christ, who provides her with the means of continued beneficence, while she tramples under foot the treasures of earth.

Mendelssohn wishing “Good-night” to Goethe after playing to him.

An Infanta of Spain.

A Bookworm.

Young Lochinvar.

A Cornfield.

Three Ages of Life.

On the top of a long flight of steps are young lovers, tenderly clinging together. Half-way down the stairs they are seen again, still hand in hand, yet half-drifted apart, he engrossed in literature or politics, she occupied with her children : at the foot of the staircase they are once more all in all to each other, and the aged husband is helping the feeble wife into the boat, in which an angel is about to row them over together to the eternal shores.

St. Paul borne by the Soldiers.

St. John Baptist, with Landscape and Group.

A little Princess.

Othello.

“Two blind men sitting by the wayside” (Matt. xx. 30).

“This picture is thought by some critics to be spoilt by the perhaps abnormal height of the principal figure. But it is a most noble piece of composition and colour, and the rendering of the distant mountains, and the sky above and beyond them, is worthy of Titian at his best.”—*E. M. Woolward in “Atalanta.”*

Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter.

At the Feast of Tabernacles.

The Child from Nazareth following the sheaf of first-fruits amongst pilgrims bearing the long boughs of willow which they carried in procession to the Temple (see Geikie’s “Life and Words of Christ,” i. 211).

The Advent of Spring.

Feeding the Five Thousand.

St. Peter and the Fish (high narrow subject).

The Woman of Samaria.

David taken from the Sheepfold (Psalm lxxviii. 78).

Abraham and Isaac.

The Sheep that know their Master.

The young Prophet.

The Good Samaritan.

Child, with a background of leaves.

“Lullaby, fatherless, evening is come ;
When the sun sets it is time to be home ;
When the day's ended, our day's work must end ;
Lullaby, fatherless, God is our Friend.”

A Child feeding Doves.

The Reveller.

Children gathering Sticks.

Children with Instruments of Music.

Study of a Water-Carrier.

An Old Knight of the Garter and a Child playing with his
Order.

The Choir.

Wilhelm Meister.

The Prodigal with the Swine.

The Prodigal, in an anguish of remorse, is kneeling, his face hidden in his hands, in a desolate landscape, where the well-fed swine are wallowing in a stagnant pool. The sun is setting behind in a stormy sky. The scene is one of unutterable dreariness.

Poverty and Age—an Ill-Matched Pair.

Winter chasing Autumn.

Decoration.

Christ and Little Children.

The Angel Choir.

Watching for those at Sea.

St. John.

The Five Sisters.

“Common honesty is as necessary and needful in kingdoms and commonwealths that depend upon trade as discipline in an army. Where there is want of common honesty in a kingdom or commonwealth, from them trade shall depart ; for as the Honesty of all government is, so is the Riches ; and as their Honesty, Honour, Riches are, so will be their Strength, and as their *Honours, Honesty, Riches, Strength*, so will be their *Trade*. These are five sisters that go hand in hand, and must not be parted.”—*Andrew Goranton, 1670.*

(Lady Waterford's drawing of this subject was placed over Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's chimney-piece at Frant.)

Children Dancing.

A Harmony of Blue and Yellow.

The Woman of Samaria at the Well.

The Home at Nazareth.

Cherries.

Children gathering Plums.

A Girl and Child with a Toy-Boat.

Children reading the Bible.

Group of Children.

Children's Heads.

Group of Three Children.

The Story of the Prodigal Son (often executed, the last time when the artist was seventy-two).

"He divided unto them his living."

"He took his journey into a far country."

"He wasted his substance with riotous living."

"He would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat."

"Father, I have sinned."

"Bring forth the best robe."

The Elder Brother.

"His Father entreated him."

But these water-colour paintings, carefully studied as many of them are, were by no means the more serious art-work of the years which Lady Waterford spent at Ford. It was to the frescoes for Ford school, illustrative of the "Lives of Good Children," that she chiefly devoted herself. In these the models were the actual children of the place, with their parents and grandparents. In the principal fresco

many other well-known residents at Ford are introduced. For several years little Cain and Abel might be seen, slate-pencil in hand, seated beneath their own portraits. The school is thus a village portrait gallery, as well as a precious memorial of its Lady. The frescoes represent—

1. Cain and Abel.
In the medallions, Adam and Eve. Ornaments, apple in flower and fruit.
2. Abraham and Isaac.
In the medallions, the angel and the ram. Ornaments, branches of the thicket.
3. Jacob and Esau.
Medallions, Isaac and Rebekah : Ornaments, oak leaves.
4. Joseph and his Brethren.
Medallions, the Chief Baker and Chief Butler. Ornaments, sheaves of corn.
5. Moses in the Bulrushes.
Medallions, Moses and Aaron. Ornaments, bulrushes.
6. Samuel lent unto the Lord.
Medallions, Eli and the child Samuel. Ornaments, grapes, corn, and olives (the first-fruits).
7. David the Shepherd.
Medallions, Saul and David. Ornaments, vine.
8. Josiah made King at eight years old.
Medallions, Huldah and Hilkiah. Ornaments, the cutting down of the groves.
9. The Three Children.
Medallions, Daniel and the Hand on the Wall. Ornaments, tree in life and death.
10. Christ Blessing Little Children.
This large painting occupies the whole of the end wall.

THE LIVES OF TWO NOBLE LIVES

Lady Waterford undertook her great work of painting the walls of the school at Ford with pictures of life-size figures—first Scripture history, she was very careful about her drawing, making all the people come and sit to her as models. In the first picture, covering one end of the building, of 'Christ Disputing with the Doctors,' the village carpenter, schoolmaster, parson, and others, sat for the portraits of the living. While the school-children were the models for the scenes of pictures on the long side-wall of the school, to the Bible relating to children. Lady Waterford told me that when she was painting the picture of 'David the Shepherd,' she even had a live sheep brought specially into her sitting-room to paint from. It was a great interest to the school-children to sit for their portraits, but I remember hearing that there was some difficulty in getting a model for David, as some of the boys liked to be immortalized as David the Shepherd.

The pictures were not actually painted on the walls of the school. Lady Waterford had large sheets of paper pasted in wooden frames; the paper was painted with distemper, and the painting in distemper was done in a very large, bold manner on the paper, so as to give very much the effect of fresco. Some of these pictures were brought as specimens to the exhibition of Lady Waterford's drawings in the House of Commons, but they did not show to advantage. The painting on distemper was very much more brilliant colours of the other



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The Sacrifice of Cain and Abel.

First idea for the Fresco at Ford.

From Lady Waterford's Note Book.

pictures, and in the school each cartoon is surrounded with a beautiful framework of foliage and fruit, which no doubt helps to set it off. The finest picture of all, 'Christ Blessing Little Children,' was much too large to be removed, so could not be exhibited. A very striking feature in these large compositions is the artist's wonderful knowledge of *draperies*; for though the villagers at Ford sat as models, they must have been arrayed in very different garments from the Jewish Rabbis, &c., whom they represent. The same characteristic may be observed in all Lady Waterford's paintings. Even in her most hasty sketches, and with every variety of attitude and colour, the folds of the sleeves never look wrong. Whether they are stiff brocades or light materials blown about in the wind, they always express what they are meant to express, and with a simplicity of touch that is often marvellous. In early life Lady Waterford used a good deal of body colour, but she quite gave it up in later years. She always, however, kept by her, when she painted, a little lump of common soft white chalk—not white crayon bought at an artist's colour-shop, but a simple lump of chalk—and when she wanted an exceptionally high light, she would rub the chalk on the paper, and often drew a wash of colour over it to soften it.

"There were plenty of opportunities for seeing how Lady Waterford worked, for she always painted in the evenings after dinner, and it was extraordinary how much she could do by candlelight. She made no fuss about her drawing, and was always as ready to join in the conversation that was going on round her as those who were sitting idle. She did not require any special

arrangements; she merely had her small sketch-book, paint-box, and glass of water by her where she usually sate, and would quietly sketch any one in the room, without asking them to sit, and sometimes without their knowing that she was drawing them: or she would paint a flower-vase or piece of furniture that took her fancy, generally throwing into the simplest details some striking effect of light and shadow or brilliant bit of colour. Sometimes also these after-dinner sketches would consist of some little incident that she had happened to notice in the course of the day, done from memory—either a figure seen on the road or in the fields, or some peculiar effect of sky or landscape; and if that day there was nothing that she wished to note down from memory, she would draw something out of her head, but in one way or another the paint-box was in requisition every evening.

“On one of her visits at Ossington, during the sermon in church on a Sunday, I was struck by the rapt attention she was paying to the preacher. It surprised me, as the sermon happened to be an exceedingly dull one; but in the evening the mystery was solved, for in her sketch-book appeared a striking likeness of both clergyman and clerk, together with all the details of pulpit and reading-desk, most correctly drawn from memory.

“Lady Waterford was always ready to be interested in any idea or subject suggested by other people, and would often compose an effective drawing after their descriptions. One day, as my mother and I were driving through Bournemouth, we saw a picturesque-looking little boy, about five years old, crossing the street, leading by the hand a little baby-sister of about

two, dressed all in white, while in his other hand he was dragging along a big branch from a tree, with all its leaves on, and evidently too heavy for him to lift. Thinking it a subject for Lady Waterford, my mother mentioned it to her, and soon after received from her a lovely little drawing of the two children as she imagined them to have looked.

“When Lady Waterford was living at Highcliffe, we often used to drive over from Bournemouth and spend an afternoon with her—days to be looked back upon as not only pleasant but profitable, for the influence of her charm was such that it was impossible to be with her, and talk to her, without feeling the better for it. Unlike most people who live constantly alone, her conversation was most varied, interesting, and delightful. She read a great deal, and liked talking of and discussing the books she had been reading, and her ready sympathy made her willing to enter into and share all the interests of others.

“On these occasions she always let us look over her portfolio, and showed us whatever drawings she was occupied upon at the time. One day we found her making a sketch of ‘Hope Painting the Future in the Brightest Colours.’ I suggested ‘Memory Recalling the Past’ as a pendant. She did not take to the idea at first, but ended by making a very remarkable sketch of Memory, though it was never worked up into a finished drawing. One of the pictures we saw in Lady Waterford’s portfolio was ‘The Christmas Offering,’ the idea of which was taken from some legend she had read of a poor woman arriving exhausted with a starving child at an almshouse on Christmas morning.”

People have often blamed Lady Waterford's pictures because they were not finished more highly. It was not in her to finish them. She painted as the birds sing, because she could not help it. The thought, the impression, the inspiration, it may be, came to her, and she felt impelled to transfer it to paper. Beyond that she could not go. What was said was said, and what was thought was thought. Her pictures were her words and her thoughts.

Lady Waterford was never unoccupied. In her note-book we find :—

“Time there was, but it is gone :
Time there may be—who can tell ?
Time there is to act upon :
Help me, Lord, to use it well.”

To MRS. BERNAL OSBORNE.

“*Ford Cottage, April 17, 1862.*—I have been almost entirely alone here since the 1st of March, except for two days at one time of Shrewsbury's company with Gertrude and Adelaide Talbot, and two days at another of Lady Ely's most *gentle*, kind companionship. I always liked her, but feel even more interest from seeing her alone in that quiet way, and finding her so very kind and *womanly*. I do not wonder at her popularity ; hers is that soothing influence (especially a woman's department) which all the cleverest of man-

kind desire to find, and I could not help thinking of her as the 'humble violette' La Vallière.

"I wonder if you are tired of all the fine things you are seeing at Florence. How often I have wished I could have been allowed to carry away any one *chef d'œuvre* and keep it a year (through the dreariest winter months), and honestly would I send it back. I am sure one has no idea of the real enjoyment of such a thing, and all one sees hurriedly is scarcely remembered. By the way, do go to the Badia, a church in Florence, and look at the Filippino Lippi there—a Virgin appearing to, I think, S. Bernard. The angel heads grouped around her are quite exquisite, and the whole picture is a wonder of beauty. Then look at all the pictures in the S. Spirito Church; there are so many that are perfect there.

"I am going to Highcliffe next week to meet my poor brother-in-law. I can scarcely imagine it, nor the possibility of seeing him thus and alone. He wrote to me just before leaving India. Time seems only to deepen his very great sorrow, and he dreaded leaving the place where she reposes, a lovely spot consecrated in a garden, under beautiful trees, and bathed by the river.

"I am very busy here. Occupation is all I have now, and I am beginning my great experiment of painting my schoolroom in fresco. I have nearly done one compartment, in water-colours with white. It is the Sacrifice of Cain and Abel. I have children to sit to me, for I should say that all the subjects are to concern children. The largest will be our Lord blessing the little children. It is very rough work, but I hope I shall accomplish it."

To MISS HEYLAND.

"*Ford Cottage*, 1862.—In my picture of Abraham and Isaac I must take great pains with the feet, for it happens that they are the most conspicuous object when the fresco is up, thus: (an illustration).

"I certainly get no 'incense' here. I think not one of my neighbours has ever even observed whether a fresco is up or not in the school. I work entirely without encouragement.

"As for my picture of Joseph and his Brethren, I have to sit on the floor to do it, because if I was to stand up, the perspective of the group of models would be all wrong. Then at other times I am straining on highest tiptoe. So this is bodily labour.

"I walked to Heathershaw to that poor crazed Jane Thompson. She is worse. I met her, and we had to walk a good bit *tête-à-tête*, and I own I did not much like it. She looked like this (illustration), with straws in her hand. I never saw her before half so odd, and rambling, and singing, yet with a dreadful cough. When we reached her mother's house, she began turning over my clothes, and saying, 'You must give me gowns and petticoats;' then 'I *must* have this,' and seized my hat and put it on her own head."

To MRS. BERNAL OSBORNE.

"*Ford Cottage*, April 26, 1862.—I call that a happy life which has had strong and stirring interest, great affections, and great objects—of course all chequered as human life must be. . . . My sister's was the



if I have to be honest
I say I am not a
man of letters
but I am a man of
the world



in body . because . I must sit
on the floor then .



if I were to stand up the perspective
of my group w^d be all wrong .

Then at other moments I am
so



see this is bodily labour -

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Painting the Frescoes at Ford.

From a page of a letter to Miss Heyland.

happiest life I ever knew, married at eighteen to the one man she ever cared for, never losing a friend (and not one relation but my father), with great interests for her husband, with health, intellect, power, and the will to do good, and a very varying life in *seeing*—a thing she always wished for. Beautiful, without a particle of woman's vanity, I think no one I have ever seen was either so gifted or happy as she."

Lord Canning, made a Knight of the Garter, arrived in England on April 26th, and on the 29th had a sad meeting at Highcliffe with Lady Stuart and Lady Waterford.

Mrs. Stuart wrote to Lady Campbell, who had lived for two years in the Cannings' house in India :—

"*Hoburne, May 13, 1862.*—There is not much to tell of Lord Canning's visit. The grand pale *sad* face met us all, with evident suffering but wondrous self-restraint. . . . When he first met me, and I spoke, he shook from head to foot, his very face quivered, but he said nothing, nor ever alluded to the past. . . . I have much reason to think that the last two years had been happier to both than they had known for many, many past ones. . . . I feel that he will never speak of the past. Twice friends tried to speak of her, and he burst into tears, and could not do it. He has named her, and quoted her opinions to Lady Stuart and Lady Waterford casually, but never could dwell upon any particulars."

“Canning did not look ill after the first agitation of arriving,” was Lady Stuart’s report to her sisters, but from the time of his return to London on the 5th of May, he grew rapidly worse. He saw once more the friends who were dearest to him—Lord Granville, Lord Harris, Lord de Tabley, Lord Sydney, &c., and on the 17th of June he died at his house in Grosvenor Square, tenderly watched over to the last by his sister, Lady Clanricarde, and her daughter Emily.¹

¹ The only survivors of the line of the famous George Canning are the children of Lady Clanricarde. Of these, Emily, Countess of Cork, erected in Marston Church a monument inscribed—



IN MEMORIAM.

CHARLES JOHN, EARL AND VISCOUNT CANNING, K.G.,
First Viceroy of India,

Who died in London, June 17th, 1862, shortly after his return from
that country,

Having lived only 49 years.

Enough for his Fame and Happiness,

But too little for his Country, his Family, and Friends.

This Tablet is placed by One of Those

Who knew and loved him best, and who sorrowed for him most,

His eldest surviving Niece.

The Righteous and the Wise and their Works are in the Hand of God.

Also of CHARLOTTE,

His beloved Wife and faithful Companion in Trials of no Common Order.

Who died in his arms at Calcutta, Nov. 18th, 1861, aged 44 years.

“SO THEY REST FROM THEIR LABOURS.”

THE HON. MRS. STUART *to*

LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD.

“Thursday Night.—I hope you are not vexing that you have not seen him again. I fear you will, and yet you were so right not to hurry up, when there seemed every reason to hope! . . . It is so much better that dear Lady Stuart should go quietly to Tyttenhanger, and you remain where you are so useful, and settle all quietly in your new cottage.”

Lord Canning was buried on the 21st, by his father's side in Westminster Abbey, Lady Stuart and Lady Waterford seeing the sad procession pass beneath their windows in Grosvenor Place. “The funeral was the most sad and solemn of ceremonials: almost all his old friends *cried*,” wrote his former A.D.C., Major Bowie, to one who had long been an inmate of Government House. General Stuart and General Sir James Lindsay, as two of Lady Canning's nearest relations, followed the coffin. General Stuart's journal says—“It was a touching sight to see Lord Clyde supporting Outram, as they followed Lord Canning's corpse up the aisle of Westminster Abbey.” They had been long and often hostile and rivals to one another in India, but “had grown to like and esteem one another,” and both soon

followed Lord Canning to the grave : indeed, the exertion of attending his funeral probably accelerated Outram's death.¹ Many were the saddened hearts Lord Canning left behind him both in England and in India, where Bishop Cotton described him as "a very mirror of honour, the pattern of a just, high-minded, and fearless statesman, kind and considerate, without any personal bias against opponents."

¹ "It is no slight testimony to Lord Canning's conduct as Viceroy of India that he should have been maintained in his high and responsible office by Lord Derby's Ministry, and that, in spite of all political differences, he should not have been recalled till the embers of the Indian conflagration had been fairly trampled out and extinguished. This Lord Canning lived to effect ; for, in spite of all the difficulties raised at home by Lord Ellenborough's resignation of his Indian portfolio, and the consequent rupture with his colleagues, Lord Canning held on to his course of consistent firmness, through evil report and good report, content to perform his duty, and leave the issue of events to the hands of that Providence who alone can control them, in firm faith that ultimately his policy would be approved by the consciences of his countrymen. But Lord Canning lived to effect more than this. Before he quitted India, he did his best to hand over the surface of the country, with a full, free, and indefeasible title, to its rightful owners and proprietors ; to have the mischiefs arising from too strict a system of centralisation negatived by the establishment of local legislatures ; and to obtain the admission of the natives to a share in the work of legislation, thus giving them not only a sense of their own responsibility, but also a more direct interest in the permanence and stability of our Eastern Empire.

"Having faced such unexampled dangers, having grappled with such enormous difficulties, and having accomplished such wonderful triumphs, Lord Canning came home for a little repose only two months before his death."—*Annual Register*, 1862.

LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD, to
LADY JANE ELLICE.

*"London, June 20, 1862.—*Alas! I was too late to see Canning again! Early in the week I had telegraphed for an account, and, as it was better, was deluded into thinking the danger was past. When Tuesday's apparently hopeless account came, I telegraphed, and heard all was over, and came up as soon as I could to be with poor Mama. It is such a dreadful pang that I did not see him again, and not even in death! It breaks my heart to recall his tenderness and kind little words to me, so fully realising that he felt he was my protector and brother, and though he seemed ill, I never thought him alarmingly so, for the doctors spoke confidently of his recovery. His last hours were calm and without pain. He received the intelligence that he could not recover (through Lady Clanricarde) with calmness, and when they asked 'Are you happy?' he said, 'I hope I may be.' I had said before that he trusted in his Redeemer.

"Dear Jane, I do feel this additional sorrow very heavily. One by one all are called home from Mama and me, and all that we looked to as the remaining happiness on earth is passing away. I am glad I can still be Mama's comfort, which I know I can. How one sees the mercy of God in taking away dear Char. before this great loss came, and causing him to follow before the deep and holy impression of her loss had in any wise faded away. He lived his great and useful life and is gone to join her. When Lady Clanricarde said 'You are going to Char.,' his whole countenance brightened up."

To MRS. BERNAL OSBORNE.

"*Ford Cottage, June 28, 1862.*—You never fail in your kindness towards me, and I wish I could express how much I feel it, for you can scarcely know how precious all kind words and feelings become, as one is the more left alone in the world.

"The death of my dear brother-in-law, besides being so great a public loss is a peculiarly great one to me.



THE HEATHPOOL LYNN.

He had spoken so much and so kindly of being as a real brother, counsellor, and guide, that I know how much I individually have lost by his death; my poor mother also counted on him as the link with and remembrance of my sister, and all seems snapped and broken—a volume closed. How much there is we shall never know now! This makes me especially

regret my confidence in his state, and belief in the reports I had from his doctors, and I left him a few weeks ago, that I might return the sooner and go with him to Carlsbad. Alas ! I never saw him again."

"*Ford Cottage, August 9, 1862.*—It was particularly kind of you to write to me from Armagh, which is so connected in my mind with my dear Uncle and with Waterford too. . . . I have heard the precious last words of the Primate¹—'All my thoughts are love and joy in Christ Jesus,' and that he repeated this several times ; I thought it did sound *such* happiness.

"I have little to tell you from hence, having seen no one, but I have greatly enjoyed discoveries of walks and scrambles in the Cheviots. They are so beautiful, though perhaps too park-like ; no heather, but grass and tall fern (bracken), and natural oak and hazel. There is a lovely spot about six miles off, called the Heathpool Lynn, and there the Ford village church choir had a picnic lately, and the Hundredth Psalm, sung amongst those glorious hills, was as charming as anything I can remember for long.

". . . I so agree with you in delighting to see people's places ; it is a sort of *cadre* or framework to their portraits."

"*Ford Cottage, Sept. 6, 1862.*—I am going next week to see my niece, Lady Lothian, at Blickling in Norfolk. Watts the painter is there, making studies for a portrait of Conzy (Lothian) and her two sisters, Gertrude and

¹ Lord John George Beresford, Archbishop of Armagh, died July 19, 1862.

Adelaide Talbot. What a beautiful thing it ought to be—three handsome sisters. Do you know Sir Joshua's picture of the three Ladies Waldegrave working? It is charming, and seems to carry one home to their life, so far back altogether—young and happy. What will 'Portrait of a Lady,' with a white satin gown, red curtain, and column, tell one of her history? By the way, though it exactly fits, I am not alluding to my own portrait by Grant,¹ but to the many meaningless compositions (and that is one) that one sees. Sir Joshua never did that. Even his three beautiful sisters sacrificing to the statue of friendship is a *grand* thing. What would he have made of yours, Edith, and Grace?—something, I am sure, that would have expressed both their character and tastes. Do you remember his Lady De Grey and Lady Grantham?—the elder a *Penserosa*, while the *Allegra* comes bounding forward as if she would jump out of the picture. I have heard Mama say Lady Grantham never lost that step, even when an old woman, but always seemed to bound forward."

"*Blickling, Aylsham, Sept. 15, 1862.*—I am with my niece, Lady Lothian. Mr. Watts is here, painting the three sisters, and I think will produce a *chef-d'œuvre*."

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE to HIS MOTHER.

"*Ford Cottage, Nov. 5, 1862.*—This is a charming little house, nestling at foot of the castle hill, and it has

¹ This portrait, a full length, in a square-cut red velvet dress, belonged to Lord Ossington, and long hung in the drawing-room of the Speaker's house at Westminster.



Agatha's father. When I mentioned that to my mother, she said, "You must be sure to tell her that I am not allowing her to go to the Continent by herself, but to the great advantage of her education (and that is one) that one should never be alone." Even his three beautiful children, offering to the state of friendship is a great advantage. I feel sure that would have surprised both her character and tastes. Do you remember his Lady de Grey and Lady Grantham?—the latter, Penelope, when the Allegra comes bounding forward as if she were to leap out of the picture. I have heard Maria and Lady Grantham never lost that step, even when they were alone, but always seemed to bound forward.

Grantham, Sept. 13, 1862.—I am with you, my dear. Mr. Watts is here, painting the picture, and I think will produce a *chef-d'œuvre*.

HARE to my MOTHER.

Grantham, Nov. 3, 1862.—This is a charming picture, resting at foot of the castle hill, and it has

been painted in a square-cut red velvet dress, and long hung in the drawing-room of the

August 3-1868



Ford Choir at the Heathpool Lynn.

From Lady Waterford's Note Book.

Swan Electric Engraving Co.

been an amusement to Lady Waterford to fit up temporarily with the most interesting contents of the castle: the walls are hung with beautiful pictures and the rooms furnished with ebony and ivory cabinets, quantities of old china, tall glasses filled with ferns and flowers, old-fashioned tables and deep velvet arm-chairs. She will be here for another year probably, and thoroughly enjoys the life, saying she never knew what it was to have a garden before.

“Dear old Lady Stuart is here in her deep mourning, and Lady Waterford, now her only remaining child, has been more closely united to her mother than ever, since Lady Canning’s death.

“Lady Waterford is indeed perfectly delightful, brimming with originality and enthusiasm, and with the power—which so few people have—of putting all her wonderfully poetical thoughts into words, and so letting others have the benefit of them. Sometimes she will sit down to the pianoforte, and sing in the most thrilling way, Handel or Beethoven, or old Spanish ballads, without having written music or words before her. At others, she will draw, suddenly and at once, the beautiful inspirations which come to her. Last night it was a lovely child, crowned and sporting with flowers, and four other sweet little maidens dancing around her with garlands—an idea from the childhood of Mary, Queen of Scots, and her four Marys. She is never tired of hearing of *people*; she says she sees so few and knows so little of them now: places she does not care to hear about.

“In the afternoon we went up to the castle, which is entirely changed since I saw it last, having gone back

from a gingerbread gothic house to the appearance of an ancient building. The drawing-room is beautiful, with its ceiling and ornaments copied from that at Winton. Another, 'the Labyrinth Room,' is from an old palace at Mantua. Lord Durham was drilling his volunteer corps before the castle, and a mock siege was got up, with a storming of the new bridge over the dene. Then we walked to a new lodge which is building. All around are improvements—church restored, schools built, cottages renewed, gardens made, and then the castle."

"*Nov. 6, Evening.*—The hard frost last night precluded a bright, beautiful day. Lady Waterford let me have the pony-carriage with two white ponies to go where I liked, and I went to a ruined peel at Howtell Grange, and then through the hollows in the Cheviots to Kirknewton, where Paulinus baptized his Northumbrian converts. 'Oh! if my Lady were only here, for it is quite lovely,' exclaimed the coachman, as he turned the corner of the mountains. He told me about Lord Waterford's death, how he was riding by his side over the mountain, when his horse stumbled. He got up safely, and then suddenly overbalanced himself, and falling heavily on his head, broke his neck.

"Lady Waterford cannot bear a horse now: she has only this little pony-carriage.

"This afternoon I have been with her to the school. She is covering it with large pictures, which have the effect of frescoes. All the subjects are Bible incidents from the lives of good children: in the first, of Cain

and Abel, the devout Abel is earnestly offering his sacrifice of the lamb, while careless Cain, attracted by the flight of some pigeons, looks away and lets his apples fall from the altar. All the children are village portraits, and it was interesting to see the originals sitting beneath the frescoes, slate and pencil in hand.

"It seems to me as if Lady Waterford had become strangely spiritualised this year since Lady Canning's death. She is just what she herself describes Miss Boyle to have become—'a calm seeker after good, in whatever way she may find it.'"

LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD, to
MRS. BERNAL OSBORNE.

"*Ford Cottage, Sept. 20, 1862 (?)*.—I am still living very quietly here in the flowery little cottage, my mother and I very happy together, and able to receive one friend at a time, or two by a considerable compression of lady's-maids. So we have had Lady Jane Ellice, my old, old friend, and her ward, Miss Chaplin, who is very pretty and charming, and sings delightfully, with a voice of rich power, with sobs and tears, or playful runs and ornaments—in short, a happiness to hear. After these came Lady Louisa Percy, who is as delightful a woman as you can conceive, rather of the graver sort. To-morrow we have the Speaker and Lady Charlotte; after that Lady Marian Alford, &c.

"When I can move into the castle I know not, and do not feel in a hurry to do so, unless it was to prepare for Lord and Lady Waterford, and I don't look for

them for a very long time, if at all this year. Meantime we have lovely weather, and can scarcely realise the calamities of disease threatening us on all sides. It reminds one of the account of the plague in Florence, when a set of people lived apart in enjoyment, trying to forget the miseries around them, and this beautiful autumn fills me with a foreboding of some great reverses and calamities for the later and winter time of year.

"How are your daughters? You have a charming companionship in those two—your Minna and Brenda."

To MRS. JOHN LESLIE.

"*Ford Cottage, Jan. 10, 1863.*—I want to do a *modern* representation of the Holy Family, represented by a real poor cottage mother and child, who have taken refuge in a snowy barn, and are found and comforted by the love of poor neighbours, who bring their offerings, as the shepherds and kings of old—taking the composition of the old masters exactly as a model, and trying to treat modern dress and rags as picturesquely as I can."

To MRS. BERNAL OSBORNE.

"*Ford Cottage, Jan. 14, 1863.*—Month after month passes by at this very little cottage, varied by summer, autumn, winter, and I very seldom leave home. About Christmas, Grace Fairholme and Mr. F. and Miss Armstrong spent some days here, and we had a concert in the school for the choir. Miss A. was

prima-donna, and Mrs. F. very kindly took some parts. I assure you it went off as well as possible, and Miss A. could not have been more applauded had she been Jenny Lind. I believe in truth that such good singing had never been heard here before. Then I had a Christmas-tree for the school, and so ended my festivities.

“I spent some days after that between Lady Lothian and Lady Ruthven, and at the latter place met some clever artists, and enjoyed it all very much. That is my whole history. I am now quite alone, and that in no modified sense, for I have no near neighbours, and so work away at my own resources very happily, free from cares, drawing, singing, reading, walking. It seems a selfish life, only I know that while here I am more useful than in a strange place, and only fear I like the solitude too well.

“I am reading S. Jackson’s Life. How like one of the old Covenanters—a grand character, but I don’t fall in love with him, as I generally do with a hero.”

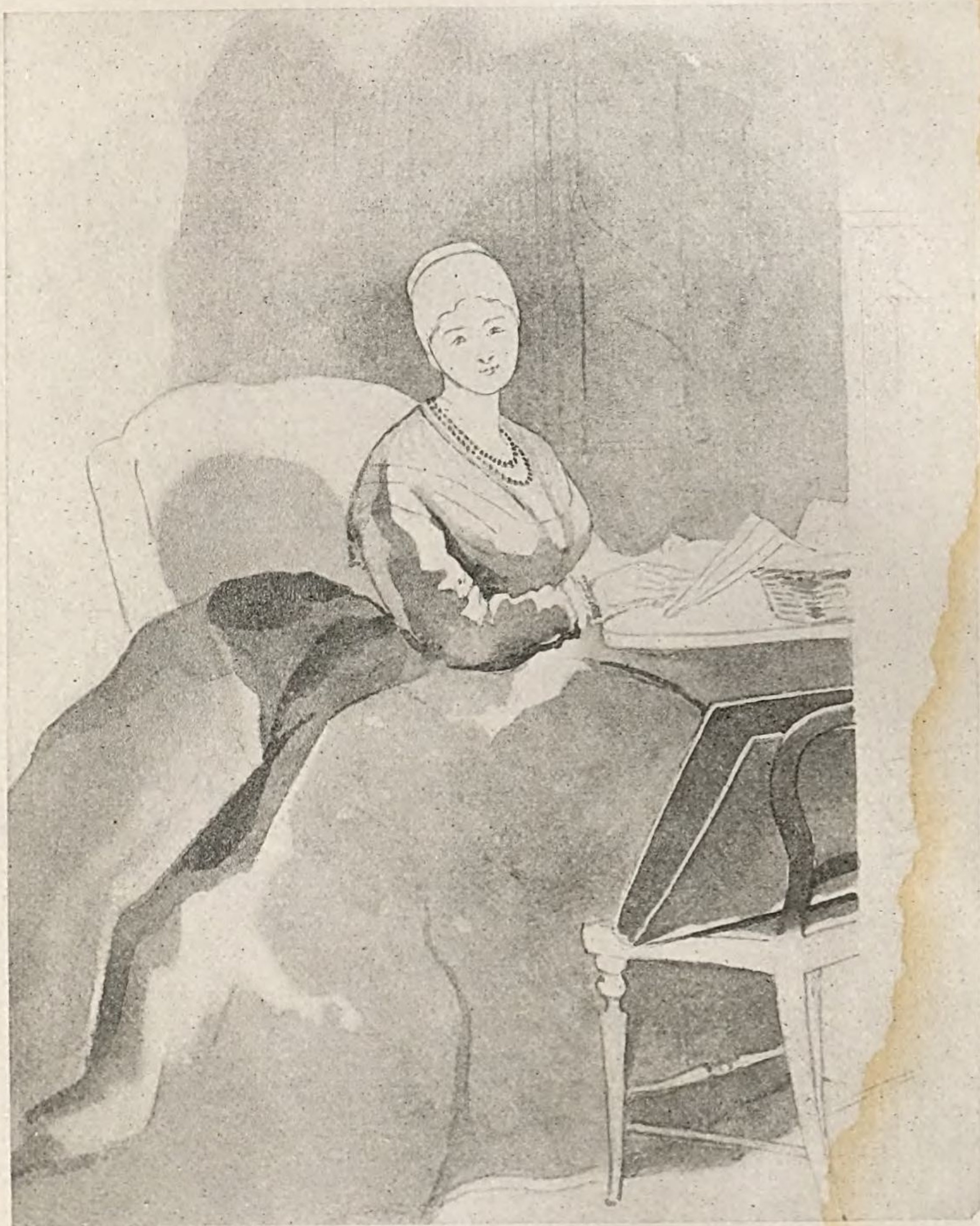
“*Ford Cottage, Jan. 16.*—Thank you much for your letter. I was afraid you looked on me—politically—as a black sheep. I will say nothing about it, but I hope *time* will show what is good and true, and that, far from destructive measures, there will be measures of true, sound, and Christian policy, acted on from principle, and not from ambition, or from such ambition as is the ambition of righteous dealing. I hope and pray this, and feel confident of it too.

“Tell me of your daughters and their occupations. I envy you your daughters; without any, life is all past

at my age—I mean the sort of thing of it. No one cares much for me. The world forgets it, and it is no one's duty to care: all one can do is to try and be interested in others, but one does not care about one that was once so natural. This must always be so when one has neither relations nor descendants. Do tell me of yourself and your neighbours, all those I know and remember (in Ireland). I do love details of people and what you describe so well—their characters.

Lord Clonville, Feb. 19, 1863.—I have been alone since Christmas and yet so well amused and so busy that I cannot bear to go away. Yet what can I write but of my own concerns, how I am planning a garden, how altering the castle, pulling down cottages, throwing down fences, putting half-tops, imagining all finished which I may never live to see, and sometimes thinking to myself, after all miseries whether this place is more or less beautiful?—The probably this idea comes to one when one wants a blue pill, and bright sunshine and a good digestion clear it away.

I have read several of the new novels, and am disgusted and struck with the bad line of heroine these new writers have adopted. I cannot see the use of writing these captivating wicked women. It has almost even the misfortune of real life that the good are not always by any means the charming, and I do think that one of the really difficult things in life is to hate sinners. We are inclined to hate the sinners and love the good, and our Lord loved the sinners and hated the Pharisees. He hated them, not even for their ill deeds,



Louisa. Marchioness of Waterford.

From a Sketch by Miss A. Dixon.

I fear, but for something that may jar on our own selves.

"I have been working slowly on my 'Jacob and Esau,' and find many difficulties, but studying all the subject from nature teaches me much as I go on. My poor models have to take off shoes and stockings and bare their arms, and the opportunity of drawing limbs from nature is a great help. I have also in hand some illustrations of 'Romeo and Juliet,' but I doubt going on with them: I have begun them on vellum.

"I hear none of the gossip of the royal marriage, and shall see nothing of it.¹ I should like to have had the opportunity, for any historic event is a thing to see and remember, and of late years I have been unlucky in this respect. My cousin, Lady Caledon, walks in the procession with the Duchess of Wellington—she (Lady C.) will look well in it: 'our Juno,' as the poor Prince called her.

"I have never told you of Nap, who is in great beauty and health here, and has shown great jealousy of the deerhound that has been lent to me to draw. It is so odd to see this feeling in the dogs that have lived petted and alone in the house. A little creature, that has been a spoilt child here, has shown a jealousy I could not have believed, exhibiting temper and growling that would never have been discovered but for this accident. The very *name* of the deerhound puts it in a frenzy, and the deerhound itself entirely ignores the little dog; even the growls and barks are as nothing: this I imagine must be provoking."

¹ The Prince of Wales was married to Princess Alexandra of Denmark, March 10, 1863.

"*Ford Cottage, March 3, 1863.*—I wrote on the spur of the moment to say what a *tête reposée* I should scarcely have dared, that A.'s feeling was wrong, that he was doing what is wrong in murmuring: but I feel all the time what can one say to one who knows so much?—knows the tree of knowledge and the tree of good and evil too. Nothing, I think, could help him but an illness which would prostrate all this intellectual fabric and leave him as a little child.

"I long to see your story. I want to see your ideal, and wonder if he exists, or could exist, in real life. I have an ideal, but reality is at war with it, and I generally am captivated *against* it in the most contradictory way. I find myself in the *ideal* for all the poetic and intellectual, but in the *real* I always like the rough and manly. Ruskin is the reverse of the man I like, and yet his intellectual part is quite my ideal. Pray forgive all this.

"I am full of my fête for the schools here on the marriage-day, and have three hundred to entertain, and bonfires, and bands, and favours."

"*Highcliffe, March 25, 1863.*—At the Friday reception I saw the graceful, charming young Princess (of Wales), and she in no way disappointed me. There was something charming in that very young pair walking up the room together. Her graceful bows and carriage you will delight in, and she has—with lovely youth and well-formed features—a look of great intelligence, beyond that of a mere pretty girl. She wore the coronet of diamonds which I saw drawn in the *Illustrated News*, and a very long trained gown of

cloth of silver trimmed with lace, pearl and diamond necklace, bracelet, and a stomacher, and two love-locks of rich brown hair floated on her shoulders.

“I agree with you in admiring the character of the Yorkshire squire in ‘Aurora Floyd:’ it reminds me a



KING JAMES'S ROOM AT FORD.

little of dear Waterford; that sort of guilelessness and unworldliness is *very* like him.”

“*Ford Cottage, April 18, 1863.*—I was much grieved to hear of the death of your excellent old friend, Dr. Woodward. A privilege indeed it was to have known that admirable man so well, and to feel that his closing hours, like those of our own dear Primate,

seemed but the foretaste of eternal happiness. This is the result of a lifetime of love and trust and faith in God, and is what David expresses in the words—‘My soul is *athirst* for the living God: when shall I come to appear before the presence of God?’”

“*Ford Cottage, April 23, 1863.*—I do hope you will come here some day, but you must not expect a Curraghmore, with park and lodges, &c.—nothing of the kind! I am getting as many hedges down as I can to make a sort of lawn with trees, and in time there will be a pretty (a very pretty) drive up to the castle, but at present there is no drive or lodge or anything; and immediately behind is the village, and behind that a common, which I hope to get the right to plant, for at present there is no background to the castle, and the pert Rectory looks like an interloper between the grey castle and the grey church, or, as I often think, like a clergyman in his white surplice standing between a well-assorted couple.”

TO HER COUSIN, THE COUNTESS OF CALEDON

(after the death of her mother, the Countess of Verulam).

“*Ford Cottage, April 24, 1863.*—I have thought of you incessantly in all your grief and continuing anxiety. Yet, in the first, it seems to me there must have been comfort in those last kind words and in your dear mother’s calm, peaceful, painless sleep of death. You can, I hope, feel this.

“I have never had *one* last word in all my many



Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford.

From a Sketch by Miss A. Diacon.

losses. Each and every one has come as a sudden and terrible shock, almost without a moment's preparation, and I think that the calm awaiting of the end, without fear or dread (as in your mother's case), with fervent faith, must be a blessing—surrounded too by so many she loved and who loved her. I trust that your brother is better."

To MRS. BERNAL OSBORNE.

"*Ford Cottage, July 31, 1863.*—Thank you for writing to me from Armagh. I feel to know it all so well, even the 'Beresford Arms,' where I remember we stayed one day on our way here, in the Primate's absence.

"My last visit was one I shall always remember with a melancholy pleasure. It was in 1861, and the dear kind Primate seemed such a comfort and prop to me then, entering into all my affairs like a father, and doing all he could to make my visit agreeable. He was so very well too at that time, and used to delight in showing his new offices, and going in a wheeling-chair to his gardens.

"I have enjoyed this lovely bright summer weather; indeed it has been comforting, while hearing so many, many sad things—the death of my dear Aunt;¹ and of poor old Mr. Frazer; of Major Powys, only lately married to Mrs. Stuart's sister; then the appalling catastrophe of the poor Duke of Hamilton's death

¹ Catherine, widow of the second Earl of Caledon, who died July 8, 1863, had been almost as a second mother to Lady Waterford, and still more so to Lady Canning.

(whom I had seen so lately in London in perfect health). All this is very distressing, but would be less bearable alone in cold rainy weather: there is no doubt that weather influences one, though I don't think people like to own it."

"*Ford Cottage, Sept. 8, 1863.* . . . How it amuses me to hear about people, and people I don't know, and you describe them perfectly. I remember long ago the pleasure I had in going from house to house in the country, and the lottery of who would turn up. It is very odd that, liking it as I do, I scarcely ever now go to pay a visit, and never see people at all. I think it is an effort and a plunge to do it, though it never fails to amuse, and sometimes more than amuses; it becomes a lasting pleasure. I think I have a distinct recollection of every country-house visit I ever paid, and all the people I met, as a sort of picture in the mind's eye, as literal as seeing a play.

"My mother is here and Miss Heyland. Our days pass as quietly as possible, reading, singing, and drawing: the sole event the arrival of letters and newspapers, at the inconvenient hour of half-past one.

"Grace Fairholme and her husband came to see us last week: she well and charming as usual."

"*Ford Cottage, 1863.*—I was, with my mother, at Alnwick last week, and saw that Windsor of the North in all its magnificence. All is now finished, and it is very beautiful, but not quite artistically so. All that workmanship can do is there: but I think it wants a

painter's pictorial eye as to effect. I am struck with some charming pictures—the Giorgione's that were in the Manfrini Palace, especially one mentioned by Lord Byron, that is perfect."

"*Ford Cottage, Oct. 17, 1863.*—I have been away from home paying a few visits, my most northern point being Balcarres, which, as the land of the Lindsays, interested me much, and Sir Coutts Lindsay has done all that an artist's eye can do to make it beautiful, and riches have made it comfortable. On my way westward I saw Hamilton Palace again for the first time for about twenty-five years. How sad and gloomy it looked to my older eyes, the atmosphere as thick as London, and the beautiful pictures impossible to see; and then the mausoleum—that monument of pride put up by the Duke's grandfather—in which he reposes alone (the rest in a vault below) under an immense dome, in the sarcophagus of an Egyptian queen.

"I am just off to offer my congratulations to Lady Durham on her brother Lord Hamilton's marriage to, I think, the nicest girl in England."

"*Ford Cottage, Oct. 22, 1863.*—I returned home on Saturday, having spent four very pleasant days at the Speaker's.¹ The party there consisted of the Duc and Duchesse d'Aumale and Prince de Condé, Lord and Lady Carmarthen, Lord Stanley, Mr. and Mrs. Card-

¹ T. Evelyn Denison, Speaker of the House of Commons, and afterwards Viscount Ossington, was one of Lady Waterford's most valued friends. His wife, Lady Charlotte Denison, was first cousin to Lord Canning.

well, the Bishop of Oxford, Miss Mary Boyle, Lord Dunkellin, and Lord Naas. We had some delightful days driving in Sherwood Forest, and I could have listened for ever to the Bishop of Oxford's stories: in short, the ball of conversation (for the listeners like myself) was worth a great deal. I thought Mr. Cardwell so agreeable too; and as for the Duc d'Aumale himself, he is by far the pleasantest and most liberal Frenchman I ever met, and has, to my mind, a delightful face, full of character and intelligence.

"Condé is a nice boy, full of intelligence, and very fond of England. But I thought the want in the party was *youth*, and I am sure in a well-balanced society there ought to be a little youth and nonsense, for people cannot, after a certain age, work themselves up into that frothy state required for *petits jeux*, and it only flows naturally from the young. The middle-aged delight to see and hear it, but can no more recall it than their real youth.

"I went to see two very fine modern houses. One, built by Mr. Manners Sutton, is the work of Gilbert Scott: the other, Harlaxton, built by a Mr. Gregory, was for thirty-four years of his life his hobby and delight, but that life ended before he could thoroughly inhabit it, and this I thought sad, a moral like the old experience of Solomon—'I builded me houses, and all was vanity and vexation of spirit.'

"I hurried home to meet my mother and my cousin Lady Caledon, who is on her way to London and to Windsor for her waiting. My nephew Tyrone is also here, and so charming and pleasant; he is winning all hearts, so unspoiled and frank, and with such a charm-

ing happy expression. I am glad to have a ball to send him to this evening—at Floors Castle, the Duke of Roxburgh's, and he goes with a real delight in dancing, and nothing *blasé* about him. I hope you heard of his brother Charlie's feat in saving a man's life at Liverpool (who had fallen overboard): his modesty equalled his gallantry."

"*Ford Cottage, Nov. 29, 1863.*—The wretched little sketches I enclose badly fulfil my promise to you, and their gold ground is an experiment which has failed. The figure with the cross is the legend of Andernach which Longfellow describes in 'Hyperion.' The rough sketch is the Virgin embroidering a lily; and the third an idea of a dying figure soothed by a concert of angels. Oh, how good the subjects and how bad the result!

"My mother is gone, and I miss her dreadfully, and am entirely alone. I believe, however much accustomed to it, it is very bad for one; one becomes so despotic and unable to bear contradictions, and one never knows it till tried: besides, one is a fish out of water when in society again. Solitude is full of bad things, but I have no choice, and must only try to remember the weeds that are springing up."

The healing hand of time, and feeling the duty of constant cheerfulness that she might the better comfort her mother's declining years, had, in these last few months especially, brought great peace to Lady Waterford, and gradually

much of her old buoyancy and enjoyment of life. She had acted upon lines which are copied about this time into a note-book, the only journal she ever kept now :—

“Come to the pleasant byeways,
I’m weary of the strife
In the hot and dusty highways
Of the thoroughfares of life.

Yet not in rash seclusion,
For duty still is ours ;
Nor yet in fond delusion
To lap ourselves in flowers.

Till stronger grown and calmer,
We’ll rest awhile, and then
We’ll buckle on our armour
And face the world again.”¹

To MRS. JOHN LESLIE.

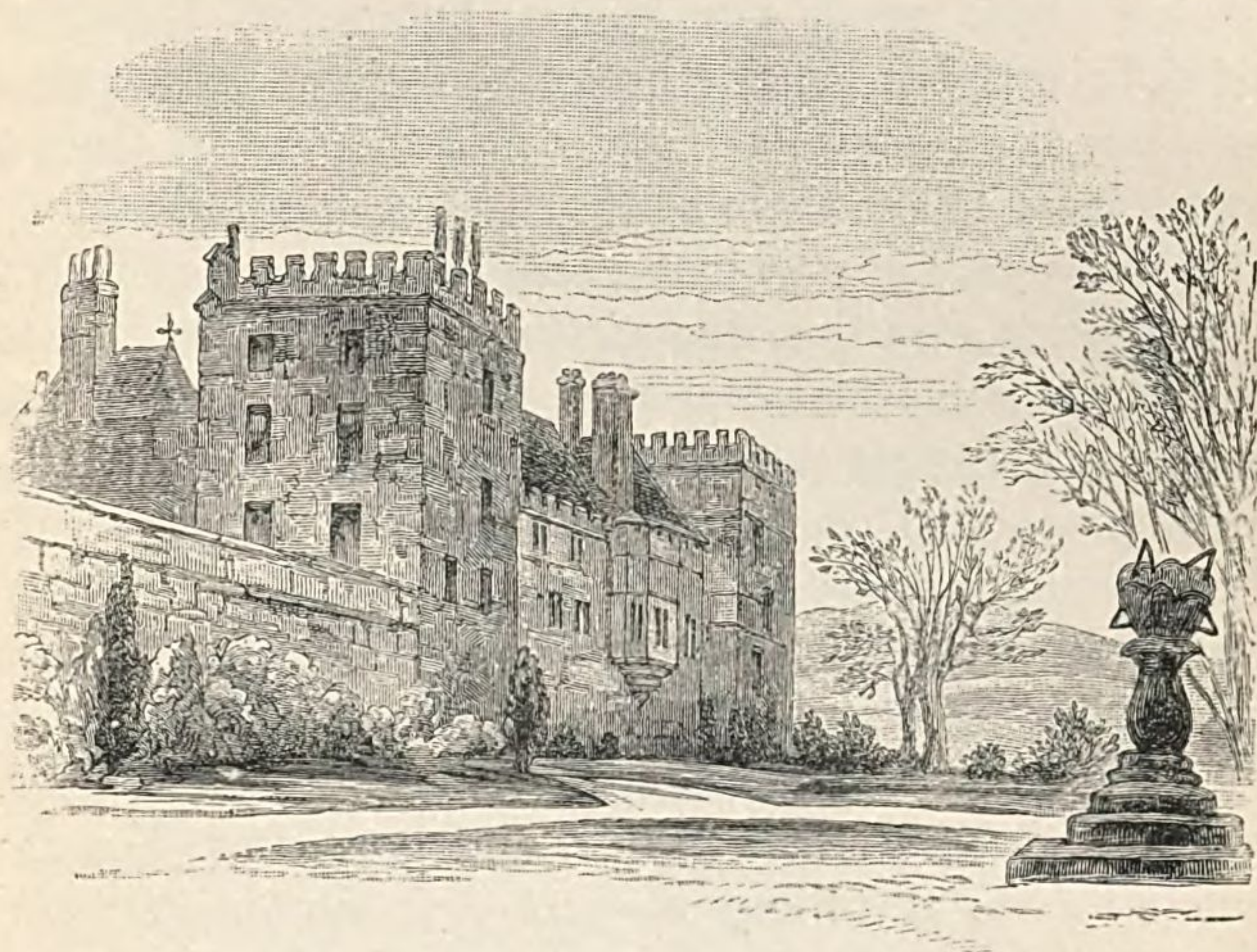
“*Ford Cottage, Jan. 2, 1864.*—I wish you could have been here the other night at a ball given in the new drawing-room at the Castle to celebrate Mrs. Heslop’s fifty years’ residence. The light within and bright moonlight without was really a *scène d’opera*. I have been singing violently with a little singing-mistress lately.”

To MRS. BERNAL OSBORNE.

“*Ford Cottage, Jan. 30, 1864.*—Day after day I have meant to write, but morning work has come as

¹ Rev. G. Smithers.

an interruption. This is my third large fresco, which I am doing for the school—Jacob and Esau and the mess of pottage. It occupies me a good deal, and I hope I shall succeed in it. It is a venture. I put in two large deer-hounds, and have represented Esau leaning on his bow, wearied out, while Jacob is on his



THE SUNDIAL GARDEN, FORD.

knees stirring the pottage and making his bargain. I find thousands of difficulties, and see something in my mind's eye which I cannot attain.

“I hope to remain here (though quite alone) more than a month. Still, what with drawing, laying out ground, planting, and building, I feel as if I could not go away.”

"*Ford Cottage, March 17, 1864.*—How can I thank you gratefully enough for the beautiful photographs you have sent me. Through them I have suddenly found myself in your drawing-room. It is such a strange feeling. I know many pieces of furniture, and feel ready to exclaim, 'But this is new!' You must have a new Aubusson carpet! I am reminded of a feeling which every one knows, but which I do not think I remember hearing noticed—seeing a person after one has been very long away and thought of them a great deal: to see them in the flesh seems impossible, and yet there they are, just as one has thought of them! I suppose it is only a dim picture of what it will be to see those one has loved in a future life. But I am wandering from your room. There is the sofa I remember so well, and I can imagine the pleasant visit I am going to pay you. I see (or imagine) Dr. Woodward and Miss Woodward and then Edith and Grace coming in, and you in your usual place. I think Edith reading under the yucca a lovely picture altogether. What a perfect Italian profile, and how charming the whole scene; and the yucca and your mother's temple, how well it all looks, so perfectly backed by thick verdure, as she wished it to be. The girl with the eggs is a perfect thing too, but is it Edith? and is that her too, that handsome grave young lady who disdains the box of jewels and likes looking out at the view far better? I am so delighted with all these.

"The infant Prince¹ roared in the Queen's arms, and was quite quiet in those of the Archbishop, who

¹ H.R.H. Albert-Victor, afterwards Duke of Clarence.

said he was glad to see how happy H.R.H. became when received into the arms of the Church."

To MISS SPALDING.

"*Ford Cottage, March 21, 1864.*—I am getting on with a fresco, which, thanks to Mr. Ruskin's useful critique, I am making of a much warmer colour. The border is of sheaves of corn, with a few crows flying about, ready to light on the chief baker's basket (who, by the way, is only an accessory in grey in the lunette). Then I am arranging a little school-concert of choir—half sacred and half profane, and am also going to have a lecture on rural architecture from the clerk of the works; and a Volunteer dinner, which I only *give*, but have nothing to do with; so you see I am busy enough.

"I have such a lovely drawing beside me. It is Swinton's perfect portrait of my dear sister. I can look at it for hours. It is far more beautiful than the other with the wreath, and the expression is marvellous."

To MRS. BERNAL OSBORNE.

"*Ford Castle, May 23, 1864.*—You must miss your country life. It always takes quite ten days to get to *bear* London—the bustle, the nervous fear in a carriage (from which I suffer so dreadfully), the going out at bedtime, and the unwholesome dinners. A doctor might preach there's nothing so unwholesome as an irregular life, for it certainly overturns all the settled system.

"But it will interest you to take your Minna and

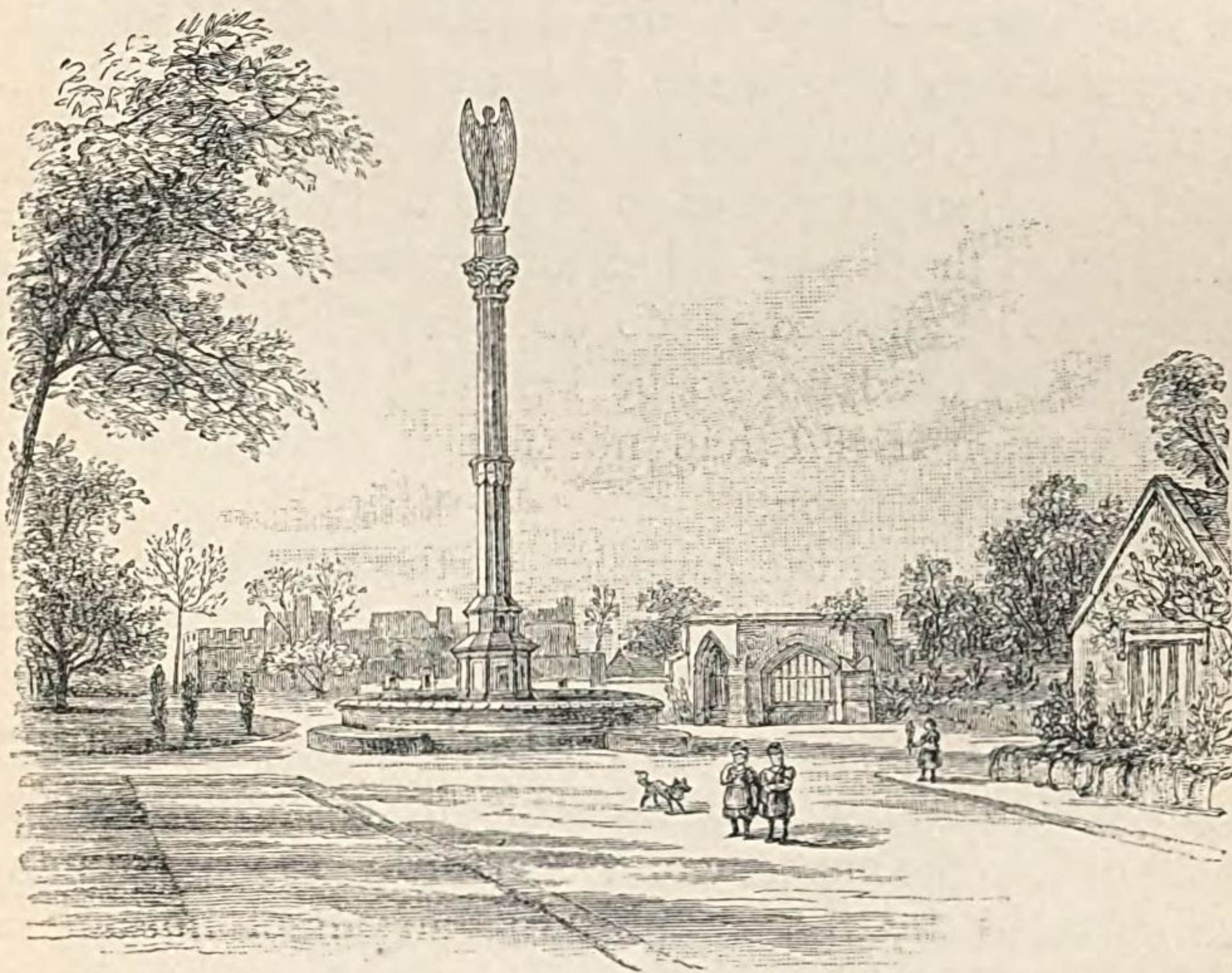
Brenda out together, and how much the contrast will be appreciated. I envy you your daughters: it must give a zest to everything to see something so fresh and new growing up by you. I want you to have them painted—a miniature of the two by a fishing-stream, Edith with her rod and basket, and Grace *hanging on*. I see a lovely picture in my mind's eye."

"*July* 4, 1864.—I met Carlyle at dinner last night at Lord Ashburton's, and sat listening to him as if I had been at a play, listening to such a *torrent* of strange eloquence pouring out in the broadest Scotch. He was expressing himself on the American question, but I lost the beginning, and had scarcely the thread of his argument, so his language and words were all I could try and retain.

"I like to hear of Lady Waldegrave. I met her once at Bowood, and had a country walk, and was quite captivated: it was such a fresh feeling I had of her."

"*July* 19, 1864.—I was so interested to hear of Mrs. T. I believe in her, and in her being purified in the sight of God by the cleansing blood of Christ, and far more believed in by Him than her virtuous detractors, who are lukewarm, and will be spit out at the last day. I often think that though *merits* are of no avail, great *love* to Christ is imperative; and if that love was our real guiding-star, we should have none of the doubts or troubles about what is harmless or what is harmful, for we should love nothing that *He* did not love."

"*Ford Cottage, Sept. 22, 1864.*—How I thank you for writing to me of Curraghmore. I can see it all in my mind's eye, as the seasons pass, knowing it through every day of the year. I long to hear of the monument being placed and seen; I think it must be thought very like. I am arranging for a memorial fountain



FORD VILLAGE.

here, for the use of the village. Mr. Gilbert Scott has sent me the design, and it is begun, but will not be ready to be placed for some time. It is to be a granite column and pillar in remembrance of a verse in the last chapter I read to Waterford on our last morning. The verse occurs in the middle of that striking chapter — 'O Absalom, my son, my son!'

"Ruskin's visit was only a morning one, as the cottage was quite full. He condemned (very justly) my frescoes, and has certainly spirited me up to do better.

". . . I cannot bear not believing what a person says. Not long ago I wrote to an acquaintance, who sent me back my letter with comments underlined, one of which was—'This is all nonsense, and not honest.' Now the lady who wrote is a very religious woman. I believe her to be good and sincere, and I had merely said that I only 'wished to live to God's glory; that I truly loved those who did so unreservedly, and humbly prayed to be allowed to do the same.' I felt as if I was hardly used not to be believed, for I would not have written it if I had not felt it true. So I can sympathise with you.

"I am to meet the Aumales at the Speaker's house in October."

"*Ford Cottage, Nov. 9, 1864.*—I have been putting up the Memorial Fountain in this village, which I long intended, to the memory of Waterford. It is a column, surmounted by the supporters—an angel holding a shield. On the base are appropriate texts, and the name and objects are on the front. It is by Gilbert Scott and Philip, and I must say very beautiful. The remarks of the people here on it are very good. They are delighted with the angel, who looks 'so young, and yet so manly,' and with the flowing garments, 'so loose-like.'

"I hear no news that is not in the newspapers, so I tell you of my home affairs, which, I must own, become a very chief interest, seeing so very few people,

whilst I inhabit this tiny cottage. My mother is still here, but goes south in a fortnight. I have devoured a good many books lately. . . . Newman's 'Apologia' is a sad picture of a great intellect going into a wrong channel from want of the simple truth of Scripture—looking to councils and Church history, antiquity and development, instead of the sincere milk of the Word."

"*Ford Cottage, Nov. 15, 1864.*—Grace and Mr. Fairholme drove over here on Friday, twenty-eight miles and back, in these short days! They were both very pleasant, and their visit only too short. She always *suggests* so much in books, drawings, music, &c."

To MISS SPALDING.

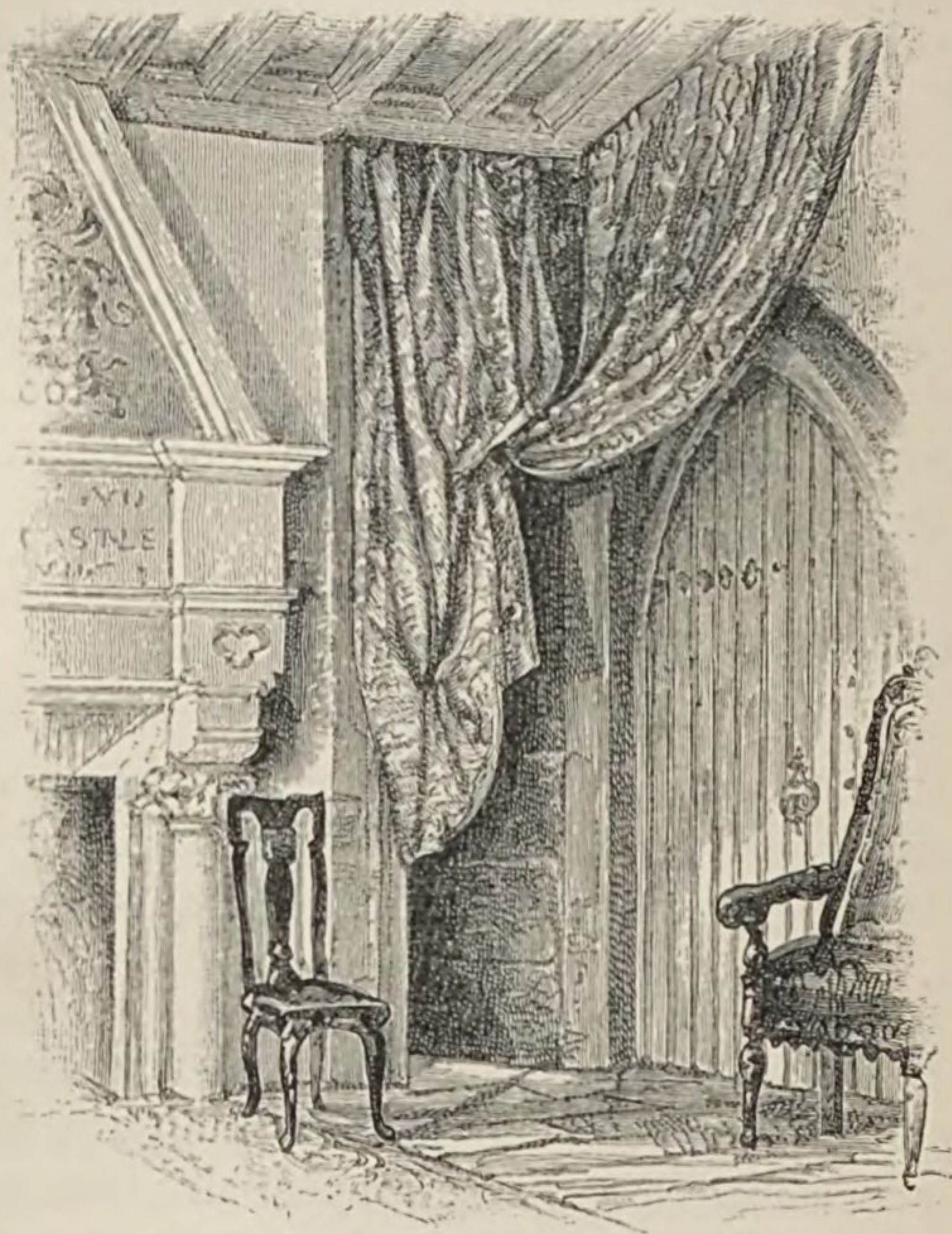
"*Jan. 5, 1865.*—It can only be the sense of difficulty and impossibility which makes people care to see a one-legged dancer. It reminds me of a line of Racine, 'Que ne peut la faiblesse sur l'esprit des mortels.'"

"*Feb. 8, 1865.*—I am puzzled with my discovered staircase. It has been so carefully built up, that the opening becomes a very serious affair; but there is something so like the 'Mysteries of Udolpho' in it, that I cannot bear to shut it up again.

"I am reading Lord Derby's 'Iliad,' and delight in it. Lothian follows it in Greek, while Conzy reads it out to him, and criticises words and phrases."

"*Feb. 21, 1865.*—I have been interested in Ruskin's

beginning of his new book on Art, which has the pedantic name of the 'Cestus of Aglia.' One thing strikes me in it apropos of Art: I believe it is so true. He says careless work is a proof of something wrong



THE SECRET STAIR, FORD.

in a person's whole moral character. Now, in smaller ways, one knows the different mood one is in when 'taking pains' or not, and hating and hurrying over work is surely a bad sign."

To MRS. BERNAL OSBORNE.

"*Ford Cottage, Jan. 30, 1865.*—The front of the castle is now restored to what it had been before the changes of the trumpery Gothic style of a hundred years, with a good deal of mock work, which was only screens, but intended to look like walls."

"*Ford Cottage, Feb. 22, 1865.* . . . Apropos of letters, some one sent me an extract yesterday from Dean Swift's 'Letters to Stella,' so playful, so tender, and so refined! it astonished me. I have never seen more than this extract, but it is quite charming. The snow has been odious, yet I have never known what real cold is in this very snug one-storied cottage, but find a bright warm little drawing-room, like a friend, every evening, full of snowdrops and violets; and books, drawing, and music to vary the evenings. . . . There is a charm in Ruskin's writing that I find in no other, though he often provokes me, and I sometimes disagree: but he is right in saying all careless work is a proof of something morally wrong: I am sure nothing truer was ever said."

To MISS SPALDING.

"*Ford Cottage, May 18, 1865.*—I am enjoying as much as possible this lovely weather, and the village is a bower of white and coloured lilacs: I never saw prettier. Laburnums promise to be fountains of gold this year, and the enjoyment of this is ever new and ever delightful to me. When people say to me, 'How late you come to town,' it seems rather, 'Why do I go at all?' when this is really the picked month of the

whole year. If I could collect a few friends here instead, how much pleasanter it would be.

“I have just finished my fresco, and have come to the usual phase of thorough dissatisfaction; one has so many inconveniences and troubles about it, that when it is done, and the great imperfections which arise from these very inconveniences become manifest, one is disgusted: and then I daresay but for terrible impatience it would be better. Think of Herbert’s patient seven years at his great work, which I long to see. The article about it in the *Times* has given me such a curiosity about it—how Cobden, who professes no knowledge of Art, said it had given him quite a new idea of it and its powers. What praise!”

To MRS. BERNAL OSBORNE.

“*Ford Cottage, July 11, 1865.*—A month in London left much that I could not accomplish, indeed everything which interfered with my mother’s daily drive, which she enjoyed and counted on. I delighted in getting home, but thought it was a little like the sudden changes of a Turkish bath to plunge from London into complete solitude, and there ought to be a tepid room between. I liked it all very well, and I saw and admired a great deal, but never got quite into the full swing required. I suppose no one is more moderate: for instance, I was home from the Aumale ball before one, including losing my way three times between Twickenham and London.

“I am still in my little cottage, and much interested in settling the furniture for the castle. I only mean to inhabit a small part this year. It is rather distracting

pondering over greens and reds, and thinking one's choice is 'for better for worse' or 'till death us do part.' Meantime there is no contest in this county, and all the turmoil of other places is null here; but at any rate, I always meant to do one thing—to influence no vote of my tenants: I cannot think how it is tolerated and—avowed and expected!

"How has your beautiful Edith liked London?"

"*Ford Cottage, July 18, 1865.*—Your letter suggests so much that, if I began, I couldn't stop, and stop I must, for I have two little sitters coming to be drawn, two choir-boys in their white robes, of whom I am trying to make a careful study.

"Have you read Ruskin's 'Sesame and Lilies,' his two last lectures? The book sent me to bed so unhappy, that all was wrong and out of joint, and he does not help one to mend it.

"I commend Lady Waldegrave for her portraits of herself and her friends;¹ that sort of picture becomes historically valuable in another generation."

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE *to HIS MOTHER, and Notebook.*

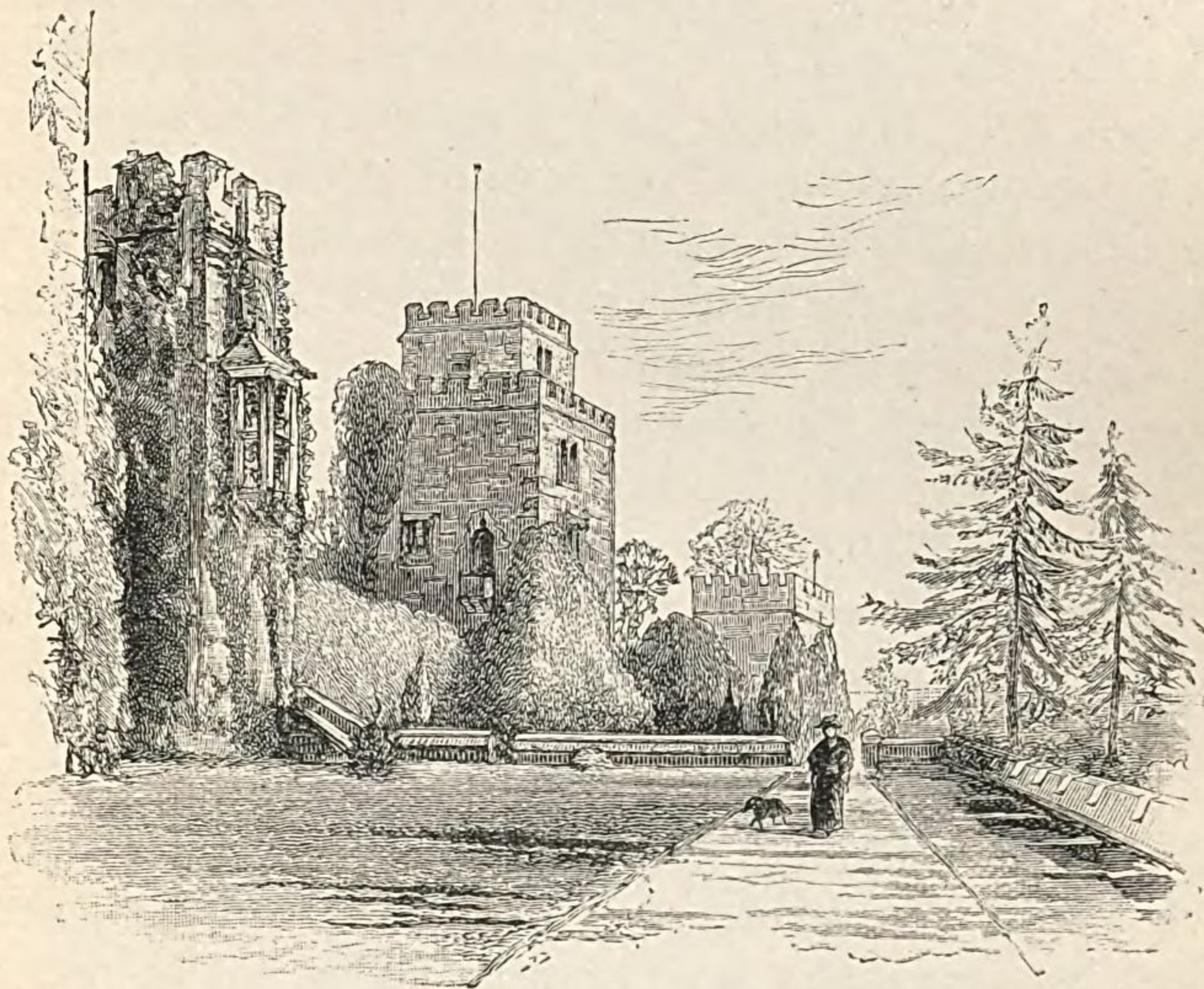
"*Ford Cottage, August 22, 1865.*—I find Ford quite changed. The gingerbread castle of Udolpho has marched back three centuries, and is now a grand massive building in the Audley End style, but with much older towers. The ugly village has moved away from its old site to a hillside half a mile off, and picturesque cottages now line a broad avenue, in the

¹ A gallery at her residence of Strawberry Hill was thus adorned by Lady Waldegrave.

centre of which is a fountain with a tall pillar surmounted by an angel. Schools for boys and girls have sprung up, a school for washing, adult schools, a grand bridge of three tall arches over the dene: it is quite magical.

"The cottage is radiant—gorgeous beds of flowers, smoothly shaven miniature lawns, and large majolica vases, while raised stands of scarlet geraniums look in at the windows. Dear old Lady Stuart received us, and then Lady Waterford came in, and all the cousins from Bamborough were completely fascinated by her beauty, her kindness, and her goodness. . . . The castle will be magnificent inside. The ghost-room is opened, and a secret staircase found at the very spot from which the ghost was said to emerge. The Bamborough party went away after tea, and we had a delightful evening, Lady Waterford singing and talking by turns. 'Here are my two little choristers,' she said, showing her last picture. 'I painted them against the grass in early spring: it has all the effect of a gold ground. They like coming to me. They are the only children who have come to me who have not been sick: after the first hour, all the others used to turn perfectly livid and say, 'I'm sick.' It was something in the room, and having to look fixedly at one object. Lady Marian Alford says it was just the same with the children who came to her. . . . I have often seen skies like this, but I suppose others don't. I asked a little schoolgirl that came to me if she had ever seen anything like it. 'No, *never*,' she said. . . . I should like my fountain drawn either with a black cloud behind the angel, or with a deep blue sky. I have

seen it both ways. . . . That is a sketch of a French town we went through, where the arms of the town are three owls. We asked a woman what it meant, and she said it was on account of a sermon. Some one betted the priest that he would not bring an owl into his sermon. So he preached on Dives and Lazarus,



TERRACE AT FORD.

and, after describing the end of the rich man, said, 'Il bou (hibou), il bou, il bou!' . . . When Ruskin came here, he said I would never study or take pains; so I copied a print from Van Eyck in Indian-ink: it took me several months. When I took Ruskin into my school, he only said, 'Well, I expected you would have done something better than that.'

"But, in spite of Ruskin, my mother would be perfectly enchanted with the schools, which are glorious.

"The upper part of the walls is entirely covered with large pictures, like frescoes, by Lady Waterford, of the 'Lives of Good Children,' Cain and Abel, Abraham and Isaac, Jacob and Esau, Joseph and his Brethren, &c., all being really portraits of the Ford children—so that little Cain and Abel sit underneath their own likenesses, &c. The whole place is unique. The fountain in the centre of the village is worthy of Perugia, with its tall red pillar and angel figure standing out against the sky. All the cottages have their own brilliant gardens of flowers, beautiful walks have been made to wander through the wooded dene below the castle, and miles of drive on Flodden, with its wooded hill and Marmion's Well. The whole country is wild and poetical—deep wooded valleys, rugged open heaths, wind-blown pine-woods, and pale blue distances of Cheviot Hill: and Lady Waterford is just the person to live in it, gleaning up and making the most of every effect, every legend, every ballad, and reproducing them with her wonderful pencil: besides which, her large income enables her to restore all the old buildings and to benefit all the old people who have the good fortune to be within her reach."

"*August 24.*—I have been walking in the dene with Lady Stuart to-day: she is quite inexhaustible in her anecdotes of old times and people: here are some of them:—

"'Yes, we were at George the Fourth's coronation. A great many other ladies and I went with Lady Castle-

reagh—she, you know, was the Minister's wife—by water, in one of the great state barges. We embarked at Hungerford Stairs, and we got out at a place called Cotton Garden, close to Westminster Hall. Lord Willoughby was with us. When we got out, we were all looking about us to see where all the Ministers lived, &c., when somebody came up and whispered something to Lord Willoughby. He exclaimed 'Good God!' and then, apologising for leaving us, went off in a hurry, looking greatly agitated: Queen Caroline was at that moment knocking at the door of the Abbey. She had got Lady Anne Barnard, who was with her, to get her a peer's ticket, which was given her, but it was not countersigned, and they would not admit her. She was in despair. She wrung her hands upon the platform in a perfect agony. At last Alderman Wood, who was advising her, said, 'Really your Majesty had better retire.' The people who had tickets for the Abbey, and who were to go in by that door, were all waiting and pressing for entrance, and when the Queen went away, there were no acclamations for her: the people thought she had no business to come to spoil their sport.

"She had been married twenty-five years to the King then. They offered her £100,000 a year to stay quietly abroad, but she would come back, and assert her rights as a Queen. She died of that coronation day. She went home and was very ill. Then came a day when she was to go to one of the theatres. It was placarded all about that she was to appear, and her friends tried to get up a little reaction in her favour. She insisted on going, and she was tolerably

well received, but when she came back she was worse, and she died two days after.

"The Duchesse de Berri thought of marrying George IV. after *her* Duke was dead. People began to talk to her about marrying again. 'Oh, dear no,' she said, 'I shall never marry again; at least there is only one person—there is the King of England. How funny it would be to have two sons, one King of France and the other King of England; yes, and the King of England the cadet of the two.' I never had courage to tell George IV. what she said, though I might have done it. He once said to me, when his going to France was talked of, 'Oh, dear no, I don't want to see them. Poor Louis XVIII., he was a friend of mine, but then he's dead; and as for Charles X., I don't want to see him: the Dauphine, yes, I pity her, and the Duchesse de Berri, she's dreadful ugly, ain't she?' I wish I had said to him, 'Yes, but she does not wish your Majesty to think so.'

"I went down one day to S. Cloud to see the Duchesse de Berri: she had been pleased to express a wish to see me. While I was there her son walked in. 'Come now,' she said, 'kiss the hand of Madame l'Ambassadrice. But what have you got there?' she said. 'Oh, je vous apportais mes papillons,' said he, showing some butterflies in a paper case, and then with an air of pride, 'C'est une assez belle collection!' The Duchesse laughed at them, and the boy looked so injured and hurt, that I said, 'But it is a very nice collection indeed.' Many years afterwards, only three years ago, Loo and I were at Venice, and we went to dine with the Chambords. He remembered all about

it, and laughed, and said, 'Après, je regrettais mes papillons.' For it was only a fortnight after I saw them that the Revolution took place, and the family had to fly, and of course the butterflies in their paper case were left behind in the flight. We were in the Pyrenees then, and indeed when the Duchess sent for me, it was because she heard I was going there, and she wished to tell me about the places she had been to, and to ask me to engage her donkey-woman.

"When they were at Venice, the Chambords lived in one palace—a very fine one—the Duchesse de Berri in another farther down the canal, and the Duchess of Parma in a third. I did not see the Duchesse de Berri, though I should have liked to have done so. She was married then to a Marchese Lucchesi, by whom she had a quantity of grown-up sons and daughters. They were dreadfully extravagant—not Lucchesi, he never was, but she was, and her sons-in-law. The Comte de Chambord paid her debts over and over again, but at last her things were obliged to be sold.

"When we went to dine with the Chambords, we were warned that we must not allow anything to pass, or we should not get any dinner. We went at half-past four, and the soup came, and the Duke (de Bordeaux) was talking to me at that time, and, while I was listening, the soup was carried away, and so it was with nearly everything else. The party was almost entirely composed of French exiles: Loo wrote down their names at the time, but I have forgotten them now. At seven our gondola was ordered, and it came too late; they were so punctual. The Duke and Duchess got up, and saying, 'I wish you a pleasant

evening,' went out, and then we had nothing for it but to go away. An old Venetian gentleman helped us out of the scrape, and gave us a lift home in his gondola, and very much aghast our gondoliers were when they met us in another boat upon the canal, while they were rowing with all their might to fetch us away. The royal family used to go in the evening to an island, which the Duke had bought for them to have exercise upon.

"They would never do for France: they have not the manners. She is ugly, and then she dresses so badly. No, she would never do. The only one who would do out of both sets is Aumale: he is really a fine prince. The Comte de Paris would of course come first, but the Duke of Orleans used to say, 'I will never be a king by anything but popular election,' and that is against his family succeeding. All the members of the family look up to Aumale.

"Later in the evening Lady Stuart talked much of the old Duc de Coigny, whose wife was Henrietta Dalrymple-Hamilton, who brought him large estates. Her parents were miserable at her marrying a foreigner, from the idea that the estates would certainly then go out of the family, but of all his children only two daughters survive: one is Lady Manvers, and the other married Lord Stair, and thus brought back the estates to the elder branch of the Dalrymples. The Duc's sister married Maréchal Sebastiani, and had five daughters: one of them was the murdered Duchesse de Praslin.

"Madame de Praslin was one of a society that there was in Paris then who used to laugh at anything like spiritualism or warnings from another world. Madame

de Rabuteau was her great friend and partisan in these opinions. One day Madame de Praslin went with her husband to Choiseul-Praslin. Her room was magnificent, and she slept in a great velvet bed. In the middle of the night she awoke with a sense of something moving in the room, and, lifting herself up in the bed, saw, by the expiring embers of the fire, a figure, and, as it turned, she saw, as it were, something green. She scarcely knew whether she was asleep or awake, and, to convince herself, stretched out her hand and encountered something cold, hard, and which felt like steel. Then, widely awake, she saw the figure recede and vanish out of the room. She felt a thrill of horror, and began to reason with herself. 'Well,' she said, 'I have always opposed and laughed at belief in these things, and now one of them has come to *me*. Now what can it mean? It can only mean that I am soon to die, and it has come as a warning.'

"Soon after, Mme. de Praslin returned to Paris, and, at the house of Mme. de Rabuteau, she met all her former intimates. 'Oh,' said Mme. de Rabuteau, as she entered the room, 'I am so glad you have come to help me to laugh at all these people, who are holding forth upon revelations from another world!' 'Indeed, I think we had better talk of something else,' said Mme. de Praslin; 'let us talk of something else.' 'Why, my dear, you used to be such an ardent defender of mine,' said Mme. de Rabuteau, 'are *you* going over to the other side?' but Mme. de Praslin resolutely refused the subject, and '*parlons d'autre chose*' was all that could be extracted from her. When the rest of the company were gone, Mme. de Rabuteau

said, 'Well now, what is it? what can have come over you this evening? why do you not laugh at their manifestations?' 'Simply because I have had one myself,' replied, very gravely, Mme. de Praslin, and she told what happened, saying that she believed it to indicate her approaching death. Mme. de Rabuteau tried to argue her out of the impression, but in vain. Mme. de Praslin went home, and a few days after she was murdered in the Hôtel Sebastiani.

"When the Duke was taken, search was made, and amongst his things were found a green mask and a dagger. He had evidently intended to murder the Duchess at Choiseul-Praslin, and it had been no spirit that she saw.

"Another day Lady Stuart told us how Madame de Feuchères was originally a Miss Sophia Dawes, the daughter of a Mr. Dawes, who was a shipbuilder at Ryde, and a very respectable man. The Duc de Bourbon¹ saw her somewhere, and took a great fancy to her, and, to facilitate an intimacy, he married her to his aide-de-camp, the Baron de Feuchères. But M. de Feuchères was a very honourable man. When the marriage was proposed to him, the Duke paying the dowry, he took her for a daughter of the Duke, and when he found out the real state of things, he separated from her at once, leaving all her fortune in her hands. It was supposed that Madame de Feuchères was in the Orleans interest, and that therefore the Duke would

¹ Louis Henri Joseph, Duc de Bourbon, father of the Duc d'Enghien, and the last member of the house of Condé, who fought a duel with Charles X. in 1776. He married Marie Thérèse d'Orleans in 1770.

leave everything to the Duc d'Aumale. I must say for the Duchesse de Berri that she was exceedingly good-natured about that. When there was a question about the Feuchères being received at the palace, she advocated it for the sake of '*ma tante*,'¹ and Mme. de Feuchères came. But when the Revolution took place, and Charles X. fled, the feelings of the Duc de Bourbon changed; all his loyalty was roused, and he said that he must follow '*son roi*.' Nothing that Mme. de Feuchères could say could change this resolution. They said that he hung himself (August 27, 1830) immediately after hearing of the King's flight, but few believed this; most people thought Mme. de Feuchères had done it, thought so unjustly perhaps, because, on arriving at an inn where they were to sleep, the Duke observed that the landlord looked very sad, and, knowing the cause, said, 'I am afraid you have had some sad trouble in your family besides all these terrible public events.' 'Yes, Monseigneur,' said the man, 'my brother hung himself yesterday morning.' 'And how did he do that?' said the Duke. 'Oh, Monseigneur, he hung himself from the bolt of the shutter.' 'No, that is impossible,' said the Duke, 'for the man was too tall.' Then the landlord exactly explained the process by which his brother had effected his purpose, raising himself upon his knees, &c., and it was precisely in that way that the body of the Duc de Bourbon was found in the château of S. Leu. Still most people thought that Mme. de Feuchères murdered

¹ Marie Amélie, Duchesse d'Orleans, afterwards Queen of the French, was daughter of Ferdinand I., King of the Two Sicilies, and sister of Francis I., father of the Duchesse de Berri.

him in his bed, and then hung up his body to avoid suspicion.¹

"It was said that the Duke could not have hung himself because he had hurt his hand, and could not use it, and so could not have tied himself up; but Lord Stuart always said that he was very thankful his evidence was not called for, because he had met the Duke at a dinner-party a little while before, when he showed that he could use his hand by carving a large turkey beautifully. That dinner-party was at S. Leu. Mme. Adelaide had wanted to buy S. Leu, but the Duke said, 'No; yet never mind, some day it will come into your family all the same.' The Duke sate by Mme. Adelaide at dinner and carved the turkey. 'Pray do not attempt it, Monseigneur,' she said, 'for it will be too much for you,' but he was able to do it very well.

"In consequence of the Duke dying when he did, the Duc d'Aumale got the Condé property. Mme. de Feuchères came to England, and her brother, Mr. Dawes, took a place for her near Highcliffe. I never called on her, but Lord Stuart did. I remember Bemister, our carpenter, being sent for by her, and coming to me afterwards. He told me—'I felt very queer when she told me to hang up a picture of the Duke on the wall of her room, and before I thought what I was about I said, "And where will you hang *he*?"' 'And what in the world did she answer?' I asked. 'Well, he said, 'I was looking very foolish, and she said,

¹ The Duc de Bourbon left Mme. de Feuchères two million francs, the château and park of S. Leu, the château and estate of Boissy, and all their dependencies; also a pavilion at the Palais Bourbon, valued at fifteen million francs.

“Why, you don’t think I really did it, do you?”
‘And what did you really think, Bemister?’ I said. ‘Why, I don’t think she *did* it,’ answered Bemister, ‘but I think she worried of him into doing it himself;’ and I suspect this was pretty near the truth.

“These glimpses of conversation will give you a better idea of the people than any description. I sleep at the castle, and at 10 A.M. go down to the cottage, which looks radiant in its luxuriance of flowers and shrubs, with a little burn tossing in front. Lady Waterford reads the lessons and prayers to the household, having already been to church herself. Then comes breakfast in the miniature dining-room opening into the miniature garden, during which she talks ceaselessly in her delightfully poetical way. Then I sit a little with Lady Stuart, then draw while Lady Waterford has her choristers and other boy-models to sit to her. At two is luncheon; then we go out, Lady Stuart in a donkey-chair. Yesterday we went all over Flodden; to-day we are going to Yetholm, the gipsy capital. At seven o’clock we dine. Then Lady Waterford paints, while I tell them stories or *anything*, for they like to hear everything; and then Lady Waterford sings, and tells me charming things in return. Here are some snatches from her—

“‘I wish you had seen Grandmama Hardwicke.¹ She was such a beautiful old lady—very little, and with the loveliest skin, and hair, and eyes, and she had such beautiful manners, so graceful and gracious.

¹ Elizabeth, widow of Philip Yorke, third Earl of Hardwicke, and daughter of James, fifth Earl of Balcarres. See *ante*, vol. i. p. 6.

Grandmama lived till she was ninety-five. She died in '58. I have two oak-trees in the upper part of the pleasaunce which were planted by her. When she was in her great age, all her grandchildren thought they would like to have oak-trees planted by her, and so a row of pots was placed in the window-sill, and her chair was wheeled up to it, to make it as little fatigue as possible, and she dropped an acorn into each of the pots. Her old maid, Maydwell, who perfectly doted upon her and was always afraid of her over-doing herself, stood by with a glass of port-wine and a biscuit, and when she had finished her work, she took the wine and passing it before the pots, said, 'Success to the oak-trees,' and drank it. I am always so sorry that Ludovic Lindsay (Lord Lindsay's eldest boy) should not have seen her. Lord Lindsay wished it; he wished to have carried on further the recollection of a person whose grandfather's wife was given away by Charles II.; but it was Maydwell who prevented it, I believe, because she was too proud of her mistress, and did not think her looking quite so well then as she had looked some years before. The fact was, I think, that some of the little Stuarts had been taken to see her, and as they were going out, they had been heard to say, 'How *awfully* old she looks.'

"It was one of the family of her mother, Lady Balcarres, who was the original of Lucy Ashton in the 'Bride of Lammermoor.' The Master of Ravenswood was Lord Rutherford. She rode to church on a pillion behind her brother, that he might not feel how her heart was beating.

“In consequence of Grandmama Hardwicke’s great age, people used to be astonished at my Aunt, Lady Mexborough, when seventy-six, running upstairs and calling out ‘Mama.’ When my Aunt, Lady Caledon, was at Bath, she sent for a doctor, and he said to her, ‘Well, my lady, at your age, you cannot expect ever to be much better.’ ‘At *my* age!’ she said; ‘why, my mother only died last year!’ The doctor was perfectly petrified with amazement. ‘It is the most wonderful thing,’ he said, ‘that I ever heard in my life!’ My grandmother’s sisters were very remarkable women: one was Lady Margaret Lindsay; the other was Lady Anne Barnard. Lady Anne was the real authoress of ‘Auld Robin Gray,’ though some one else has always had the credit of it.’

“We have been walking this afternoon through the cornfields towards Etal. Lady Waterford recalled how Lady Marian Alford had shown her that all the sheaves leaning towards one another were like hands praying. To-night Mr. Williams dined at the cottage. Asking Lady Waterford about him afterwards, she said—

“I do not know if Mr. Williams is old or young. I think he is like the French lady of whom it was said, ‘Elle n’avait pas encore perdue l’ancienne habitude d’être jeune.’ Apropos of this, Lady Gifford made such a pretty speech once. A little girl asked her, ‘Do tell me, are you old or young: I never *can* make out.’ And she said, ‘My dear, I have been a very long time young.’

“The story of Mr. Williams is quite a pretty one. When Lord Frederick FitzClarence was in India, there

was a great scandal in his government, and two of his aides-de-camp had to be sent away. He wrote to his brother-in-law to send him out another in a hurry, and he sent Mr. Williams. When he arrived, Lord Frederick was very ill, and soon after he died. After his death, Mr. Williams had the task of bringing Lady Frederick and her daughter home. Miss FitzClarence was then very much out of health, and he used to carry her up on deck, and they were thrown very much together. I believe the maids warned Lady Frederick that something might come of it, but she did not see it. Before the end of the voyage, Mr. Williams and Miss FitzClarence had determined to be married, but she decided not to tell her mother as yet. When the ship arrived at Portsmouth, the coffin of Lord Frederick had to remain all night upon the deck, and Mr. Williams never left it, but walked up and down the deck the whole time, which touched Lady Frederick very much. Still, when her daughter told her she was going to marry him, she was quite furious, contrary to her usual disposition, which is an exceedingly mild one, and she would not hear of it, and sent Captain Williams away at once.

“It was the time of war, and Captain Williams went off to the Crimea, but Miss Fitz-Clarence grew worse and worse, and at last the differences between them made her so uncomfortable with her mother, that she went off to her grandmother; but while there she continued to get worse, and at last it was evidently a case of dying; and when her mother went to her, she was so alarmed that she begged her to marry any one she liked, she would consent to anything she wished, and would send for Captain Williams at once. So Williams

threw up everything, though it was considered a disgrace in time of war, and came home; but, when he arrived, poor Miss FitzClarence was dead.

“Then Lady Frederick felt she could not do enough for him, and took him to live with her as her son. But the relations were very angry, so much so, that at last she thought it would not do, and she got him an agency on Lord Fife’s property, and sent him to live alone. However, after a time, the agency somehow was given up, and he came back, and he always lives with Lady Frederick. At Etal, they always sit in church gazing into an open grave, which Lady Frederick will never have closed, in which his love is to be buried when she (the mother) dies and is laid there also; and at Ford he sits by his love’s dead head. I think he can be no longer young, because he is so very careful about his dress, and that is always a sign of a man growing old, isn’t it?

“The neighbours at Ford—most of them—seem to have stories, and are a perpetual source of interest. Lady Waterford says—

“‘Grindon is a fine old manor-house near Tillmouth. Mr. Friar lives there. One morning he was a carpenter working down a coal-pit, and in the evening he was the master of Grindon. I believe an uncle left it him.

“‘Then there was that Sir F. Blake, whose wife was a Persian princess, who afterwards left a fine diamond necklace and two most magnificent Persian vases to the family.

“‘Near Howtell is Thorpington, a farm of the Hunts. Sir J. Hunt was attainted for fighting in the Jacobite cause, and his property was all confiscated. His son

was so reduced that he was obliged to become a groom, but he so gained the regard of his master, that, when he died, he left him all his horses. From that time the Hunts have taken to selling horses, and their breed has been famous. They never sell a horse, however, under £200: if they do not get that sum, they either shoot their horses or give them away.'"

"*August 27.*—On Thursday afternoon I drove with Lady Waterford and Lady Stuart to Yetholm, twelve



THE RAVEN'S BURN, NEAR FORD.

miles from Ford. The way wound through wild desolate valleys of the Cheviots, and the village itself is a miserable place. I drew 'the palace' of the gipsy queen—a wretched thatched hovel with a mud floor; but royalty was absent on a tinkering expedition.

"Yesterday morning I made a sketch of the door of the cottage, with all its flowers, &c., which I gave to Lady Stuart, much to her pleasure. She told me about

Lord Waterford's death. On that day, as always, Lady Waterford read to him a chapter in the Bible whilst he was dressing, and on that day it was the lament for Absalom. It contained the verse in which a pillar is raised up to him, for 'he had no son to keep his name in remembrance;' so his widow determined to raise a pillar to his memory, and has done so in the beautiful angel-fountain at Ford."

LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD, to
MRS. BERNAL OSBORNE.

"*Ford Cottage, August 28, 1865.*—I cannot enough thank you for your interesting letter. I enjoy hearing about *people* so very much, and all the more people I don't know much: the variety of ways and characters would always be to me like seeing a play acted. I have not lived much among people, and so the zest for them has not worn off, and it is also perhaps because I enjoy being alone that I delight in the change. My mother is here, and an old family friend, Miss Heyland, and Mr. Hare, who has become perfectly enamoured of Mama and her endless stories of former days. He cares for everything that belongs to other times . . . but this, I think, is a taste that wants mixing up with a more onward march. I love old things too, but I rejoice in the *providence* of progress, without which England would be such a country as Spain—a blank among nations—and I can see a desolate waste made frightful (its beauty lost) with a most utilitarian delight. I love *heads* that have done such great things for England as her engineers, and think the romance of their useful lives greater than that of a knight-errant; but

then, you know (though sadly blamed by my family), I am not a Conservative. I am glad there should be *some* in the world as a drag to the wheel, but I do believe they are a drag."

To MISS SPALDING.

"*Ford Cottage, Sept. 8, 1865.*—I am sure if anything could do good, it is the fresh and fine weather of this glorious year: it reminds one of a beautiful passage in one of Hawthorne's books, where he describes a fine autumn so poetically, when one feels the enjoyment of *living*, and there is, as it were, a rest of happiness in the year, its work done, its flowers, its fruit, its promise, all gathered in—something like the peaceful close of a good man's life.

"We have Jane Ellice and pretty Miss Chaplin¹ here, both singing *perfectly*—the latter is so young and charming, it makes me feel young to have her here."

To MRS. BERNAL OSBORNE.

"*Ford Cottage, Sept. 13, 1865.*—My sister-in-law has given me three separate photographs of the tomb in Clonbeg Church, and how fine my Waterford does look! and how very like! He really is 'like a warrior taking his rest, with his martial cloak around him.'

"Landseer was here ten days ago, and was very encouraging about Ford and my frescoes."

"*Ford Cottage, Oct. 31, 1865.*—I have never thanked you for your letter on the death of Lord Palmerston—

¹ Afterwards Viscountess Folkestone and fifth Countess of Radnor.

the country's loss. I try to figure to myself poor Lady Palmerston's state, and can only imagine her drooping into the grave ; but still, what prosperity she has had. Can one conceive a marriage beginning at *fifty-four* and lasting twenty-four years in unbroken happiness ? I am sure it is unheard of, and like two lives—not one. I delighted in your account of the fêtes at Curraghmore.

“I have lately been to a grand ball at the Duke of Roxburgh's for the Wales's. Then I paid a visit to Raby Castle, from which I hurried to another visit to Floors Castle, to meet the Prince and Princess of Hesse. I think her so interesting and so agreeable ; evidently she has character and talent, and she seems so happy with her darling little children and her husband.”

“*Ford Cottage, Dec. 1, 1865.*—I am living in a bustle preparatory to moving into the castle, and am giving a choir-concert next week and various Christmas amusements, though I feel *flat* to do them all alone. My mother is gone south, and I cannot tell you how much I miss her. She is quite wonderful, with such buoyant spirits that I feel ashamed of myself not to be able to compare with them, and at her age I shall (if I live) be so different. However, now she is gone, and I can only think over our happy four months. I am going next week for a night to the Fairholmes', and to my niece Conzy Lothian, whilst my heavy baggage is moved into the Castle, and by Christmas I hope to be well established.

“Tyrone spent ten days here, and is charming—so frank and kind. I do not wonder all about Curraghmore are captivated with him.”

To Mrs. John 12. 1865.

Ford Castle, Dec. 27, 1865.—I had heard I was in *Bull's Life*, but could not conceive how. Now I fear it is written by old Mr. B., whom last year I met at a wedding-breakfast near this place, and he proposed my health, comparing me to Lady Meron, and then thought he had made a mistake, and could not flounder out of it. But I am, so far, in her very house, though it seems less lovely than here. I find it very warm and comfortable. I inhabit the morning-room and breakfast in the little red room, and have a business-room upstairs. I had a most triumphal entrance, with a torchlight procession, horses taken off. This was on my return from the Lothians, Lady Mary Hamilton's, and Boscill.

"We are getting up a thorough concert here. It is to improve the choir, but will really be very good. We mean to get up the old carol of 'The Boar's Head,' and a number of fine old things."

To Mrs. BERNAL OSBORNE.

Ford Castle, May 9, 1866.—Last Tuesday I rode twenty-eight miles to see Grace Fairholme, and returned in the evening, and found her very well, and very happy. She has two nice little girls, not neglecting their education, and enjoying everything altogether. I was very happy four hours with her."

In the autumn of 1866, Lady Waterford was very ill, her mother, who was in very failing health, and they had, however, a happy month.



Anne. Countess of Meaxborough.

From a Sketch by Lady Waterford.

at Richmond, where Lady Waterford enjoyed revisiting many scenes of her youthful days with "Grandmama Stuart," and where Lady Stuart de Rothesay was joined by her eldest sister, Lady Mexborough—"Aunt Mex."

LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD, to
MRS. BERNAL OSBORNE.

"45 *Grosvenor Place*, Dec. 4, 1866.—My poor sister-in-law's letters are the most touching I ever read,¹ bearing the impress of deep grief in their very simple eloquence. She has written to me as she never did before, and I feel my heart warm towards her with the greatest affection.

"I have been with my nieces paying several visits to studios, and we had one charming afternoon at Denmark Hill with Mr. Ruskin, who showed us beautiful pictures, drawings, &c., read us some Chaucer, and enchanted us all."

It was in this year that Mr. Watts and Mr. Burne Jones besought Lady Waterford to paint one of her designs on a sufficient scale and with a degree of completeness which should satisfy posterity that "in 1866 there lived an artist as great as Venice ever knew."

To MRS. BERNAL OSBORNE.

"*Ford Castle*, Jan. 15, 1867.—I left London and my mother the day after Christmas, paid visits to the

¹ John, fourth Marquis of Waterford, had died Nov. 6, 1866.

Speaker, Lord and Lady Foley, and Lord and Lady Grey, and arrived at home on New Year's Day, in the midst of snow; and now we are in colder weather and deeper snow than ever. I am quite alone, and likely to remain so; and if I am dull myself, I am at least happy that no guests are dull too, and that I have not to make superhuman efforts to amuse them out of my own dulness.

"Did you see the monument in Clonegam Church? also that of the Primate, the joint gift of Lady Waterford and myself? Marochetti is to make a marble tomb for poor Johnny.

"It is an evil not to be able to figure to oneself a great sorrow. If one can—if one can do it with startling vividness—it seems scarcely a shock when it comes, but almost as if one expected it. How well I know this! I felt inclined to say, 'Is it come—what I always expected?'"

"*Ford Castle, June 1, 1867.*—I am just home from a visit to Alnwick for Lord Warkworth's coming of age—so magnificently done, and such a *mise en scène* in that grand old castle—1650 tenants dining in one hall, of which part was a court covered over, then 900 school-children, and dinners of fifty every day in the Castle. The weather was fine, and all that could be prosperous and cheering, and the speeches excellent. Such a pretty one from Lord Percy to the absent Duchess of Northumberland (widow of the late Duke) was received with loud applause and emotion. I had felt for her, leaving the place she loved so well, and seeing others in her place, and childless herself. She must have

wished it had been a son of hers, but I think the tenderness of feeling shown towards her by the successors (not very near relations) has been touchingly beautiful.

“I am delighted that you sympathise with me in rejoicing in the life of Burke, &c., being granted. I did not dare say it to —, for she wrote that she hoped the Government would be ‘firm,’ and not grant their lives; but I all along hoped they would be granted, and thought of the day so long beforehand, and the festivities in one place, with the tears in the other. I never can bear to know of an execution; it haunts me, and I feel to enter into the very feeling of the condemned till it seems weakness.”

XI.

HIGHCLIFFE.

“The Founder of Christianity said, ‘The kingdom of God is within you.’ We may not only know the truth, but we may live even in this life in the very household and court of God.”—JOHN INGLESANT.

“I have seen looks that were Christ’s—who has not?—momentarily, on mortal faces.”—FANNY ANNE KEMBLE.

“We are justified freely by grace, instrumentally by faith, evidently by works.”—LADY WATERFORD’S *Note-book*.

ON June 23, 1867, Lady Stuart de Rothesay died peacefully at her residence in London,¹ leaving Lady Waterford more entirely desolate than from any of her other bereavements. From this time she passed several months every year in her paternal home of Highcliffe, near Christ Church, in Hampshire, of which she had now become the mistress.

When Lady Waterford succeeded to High-

¹ For the last few years she lived principally with her last surviving sister, Lady Somers, at 45 Grosvenor Place. Two of her sisters survived her—Anne, Countess of Mexborough, till 17th July 1870; Caroline, Countess Somers, till 27th May 1873. Her best beloved sister, Catherine, Countess of Caledon, had died 8th July 1863.

cliffe, the place was undermined by landsprings and threatened by the incursions of the sea. The site of the earlier house of Highcliffe, built by John, third Earl of Bute, had already perished in the waves, and it seemed likely that the later house of Lord Stuart de Rothesay would share the same fate. Lady Waterford, however, spent large sums of money in drainage and sea-barriers, which have proved quite effectual, and, like everything around her, the tortuous and rugged surface of the cliffs soon began to smile under a carpet of shrubs and flowers.

Her residence at Highcliffe brought Lady Waterford into closest companionship with her first cousin, General Charles Stuart, and his charming wife (Georgina, daughter of Admiral Sir John Gore, and formerly maid of honour to Queen Adelaide), who resided at Hoburne,¹ only a mile distant. After Mrs. Stuart fell into declining health, Lady Waterford scarcely ever allowed a day to pass without walking across the common between their houses to spend an hour or two with her; and she regarded her cousin himself as her best and most constant counsellor and adviser. "Lou's kindness, and her *happiness in being kind to me*,

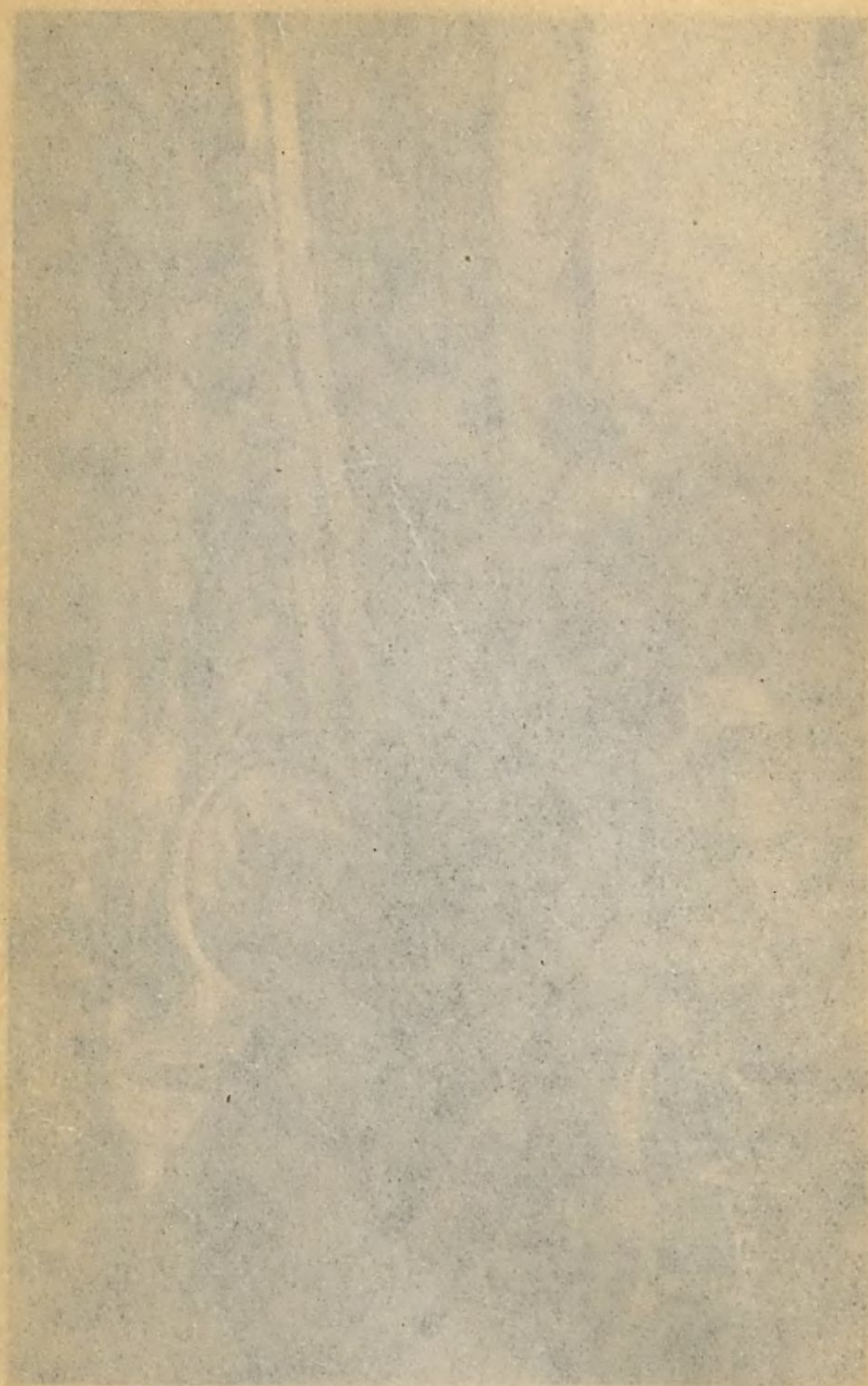
¹ Sometimes written Hubborne.

go to my very heart," often wrote Mrs. Stuart.

People were often surprised that Lady Waterford should henceforth arrange to spend her summers at Highcliffe and her winters in the North ; but not only was Ford Castle, with its immensely thick walls, the more comfortable winter residence of the two, but Lady Waterford found more duties and occupations there for the winter months. The life at Ford was, however, terribly isolated. At Highcliffe it was easy to have a constant succession of visitors—Lady Waterford had only to command them ; but in her grand old Border castle she was often many weeks without seeing any one whatever except the peasants around her. She was pleased with the description which a friend gave of her two homes : " Ford Castle is the husband, and Highcliffe is the wife."

To MRS. BERNAL OSBORNE.

" *Ford Castle, Jan. 29, 1867.*—I have a charming person here, Miss Dixon, a miniature painter and a most delightful companion—honest and independent, with great agreeability. Her works are admirable—children especially. Did you see the Princess Beatrice at the Exhibition this year by her ?—it was like a little Velasquez."





Swan Electric Engraving Co.

At a window in Ford Castle.

From a sketch by Miss A. Dixon.

years of loss and sorrow to her seemed to ripen and purify, and that her meek spirit passed away in quiet sleep, without consciousness and without pain: this is indeed a comfort to me, and I dwell on her happier state, trying to forget my solitude."

"*Ford Cottage, August 14, 1867.*—I am expecting my sister-in-law to-morrow, and hope that, from Ford being so changed since she saw it, she will not be so saddened as she would be if it did entirely recall our old happy days there, when they seemed the holiday of the whole year, and when poor Johnny himself was quite happy, without a care or annoyance. Tina's last visit here was in 1859, and I shall feel how much has happened to me too since we lived under the same roof.

"My life passes in the greatest quietude, and yet I am so busy in the way of business, that I often feel as if I ought to have a secretary.

"I read the novel 'Cometh up as a Flower,' and thought it quite charming; its very faults the faults of a very frank, warm, young writer. There were things she had better not have said, and that gave one just a little shock, but the story is so natural, so true, and then one loves the hero and heroine. I think it such an art to make your hero and heroine really lovable. One often reads good writers (such as Trollope) who don't do this, and who invariably make their good people odious and tiresome."

"*Ford Castle, Sept. 17, 1867.*—I am packing to go

south, first for sad business in London amongst my dear mother's things, and on to Highcliffe for some weeks—no less sad a time, living amongst the shadows of all who are gone, in those great rooms. I can see father, mother, sister, brother-in-law, husband, and remember all are gone: and yet I feel as young as ever, and (I must say it thankfully) as well and as strong, or stronger, than at Curraghmore, where the climate did not agree with me, though I never owned it to myself.

"Tina, Lady Waterford, has been here, and how I enjoyed her visit! and found in her the old friend of many years. She has so much one must love, that I do rejoice to have seen her again so comfortably."

"*Highcliffe, Sept. 26, 1867.*—I am now arrived here, and beautiful as it is looking, with the brilliant autumn sun shining on the bluest of seas, I feel sadly depressed here, where everything reminds me of other days and of my own family, now *all* gone. My father's room is entirely lined with boxes of his despatches, each date marked outside, all through the most eventful times of the Peninsular war, when he was quite *civil* governor of Portugal. Then there are his collections of portraits, mostly given by the remarkable persons themselves. One would interest you very much; it is of the great Napoleon as a very young man, and was given to my grandfather, General Stuart (Lord Bute's third son), when in Corsica. There are endless curious MSS., letters, books, &c., here. I think you would really enjoy seeing these things, but not more than I should to show them to you.

“While I am so full of the past, what stirring events in the present! Surely Garibaldi’s arrest is the only thing the unfortunate Italian Government could do, *pledged* to keep their covenants or to begin a frightful civil war. I don’t quite forgive Garibaldi for not con-



FROM THE PORCH, HIGHCLIFFE.

sidering the terrible alternative he put the friends of order to. I have always felt this since Aspromonte.

“I never can thank you enough for telling me of your visit to Clonegam.”

“*Ford Castle, Oct. 23.*—How your kind and affectionate thought of writing to me from Curraghmore has carried me back there.”

"*Ford Castle, Nov. 15, 1867.*—The name of Aonio Paleario is familiar to me since I bought his little tract, 'Benefizio della Morte de Christo,' from a certain Betto, who sold Bibles in Genoa. He was a real martyr to truth, and his tract, reprinted at Genoa, did more towards the conversion of the Roman Catholics than anything that has been written.

"I have begun some rough ideas for a series of 'Romeo and Juliet,' but probably shall be beat by the difficulties, and above all by the stage recollections of each scene."

"*Ford Castle, Dec. 13, 1867.*—I stopped two days with Lady Marian Alford on my way north, and two days with Lady Shrewsbury and my nieces at Alton Towers. I liked both my visits, and was astonished at the wonderful Alton Towers—the gardens and cypresses, and fountains and green pools of water—all like a fairy tale or a romance, and my two lovely nieces, such fit heroines for such a scene.

"I have been tearing up a number of my old letters to my mother. How sadly they remind me of days gone by; not always very happy days, but how strange it is to read them and remember."

"*Ford Castle, Dec. 29, 1867.*—Here I am quite alone, not having seen a creature, and, though busy, not busy in anything that can be worth detailing. I have been working at my school frescoes, and, in despair at my failures in 'David,' have begun a second time, and am doing the sheep from nature—a live creature having been (with difficulty) carried up into my room. This,

and studies for some 'Sleeping Disciples' that I am going to paint, are my drawing business.

"I am practising duetts and trios to sing with Grace Fairholme and Miss Armstrong, who are coming in about ten days. Then I am expecting Charlie Beresford here: I know him very little, but what I have heard I like very much."

"*Ford Castle, Jan. 19, 1868.*—My sister-in-law has been very unwell. The monument to her husband¹ by Marochetti is arrived. It is a recumbent figure in white marble. I often wish I could see it, and everything at Curraghmore again, but would like to come, as I remember hearing some one did, at night, and wander over the whole place like a ghost unseen. I do not think I am wanted in daylight, and it would be a great effort. Not that I ever forget it!"

"*Highcliffe, May 1, 1868.*—I am leaving Highcliffe to-morrow to pass a few days in town, and go back to Ford to try and settle some disputes, about which I am not the least competent, as to keepers, and game, and game arrangements. How little can women know or care about these! My only wish about game is to have it for my nephews, and to be able to send it to friends, and assure to my dinners an easy second course: this is the sum total of my game understanding.

"I have been quite alone here, and busy arranging a house (which belongs to this little property) to let, a place that has been ill-used by former tenants, and

¹ John, fourth Marquis of Waterford.

has to be repaired, and cleansed, and furnished, and the waste bit of ground about it improved. All this is troublesome enough and not amusing, and I am always ashamed of being busy *for myself* in the things I am compelled to do.

“I hope much that the Church of Ireland will live as valiantly without State as with it. If it is, as I believe, vital and holy, and not dependent on that protection, it will be as the Episcopalians in Scotland. I feel that I am treading on tender ground with you, but I do indeed hope much.”

“*Ford Castle, Dec. 24, 1868.*—I am again passing Christmas in total solitude, having just returned from London, where I had a good deal of business, but where I passed a very pleasant three weeks. I saw many friends. I was shown all the new Ministers at a small party at Lady De Grey's. I saw the Speaker elected and the House of Commons brimming with its beehive of members. I went to the Play, I saw my lawyer, got a new gardener, forgot many late troubles that have happened here, and came back to pass my winter quietly, and I hope usefully.

“I had an interview (by her appointment) with the Crown Princess at Windsor, and saw some very remarkable and beautiful drawings done by herself of distinguished Prussian soldiers, and was glad to see her again. She has a most charming manner, and the most engaging, kind expression I ever saw, with extremely agreeable conversation. She spoke of her children in the most motherly way, and of the poor little Sigismund that died while the war was going on.

"I took the opportunity, while in town, of seeing several winter exhibitions, and have in my mind's eye a pleasant remembrance of some beautiful drawings and pictures. John Leslie is engaged in painting a very fine large picture—a sacred subject, which promises extremely well. I dined one night with the Leslies, and met Sir Edwin Landseer, who was in great force and extremely amusing. He rallied me on being in the fashion (which I quite deny), and having altered what he termed 'the horizon of my waist.' The Spencers dined: how pretty she is, and what a popular vice-queen she will be.¹ I met, too, that evening, Colonel Probyn: what a heroic-looking man he is!"

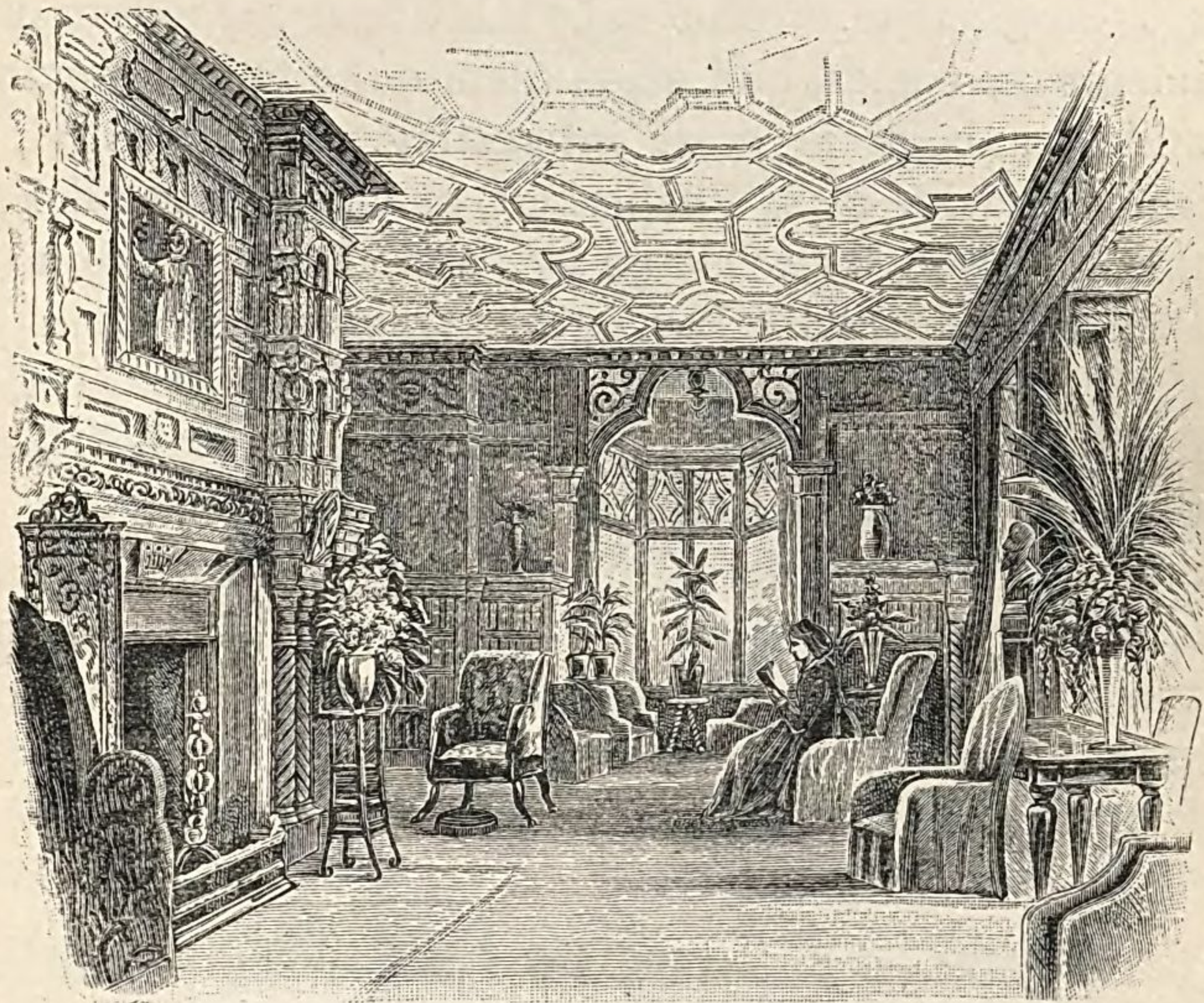
"*Ford Castle, Jan. 27, 1869.*—Have you read 'The Earthly Paradise' by Morris. I delight in the beautiful descriptions and the extraordinary picturesque way the old tales are brought before one: they are like beautiful old pictures."

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE to HIS MOTHER.

"*Ford Castle, Sept. 8, 1869.*—It was almost dark as I drove up the beautiful new road over the high bridge to the renovated castle, which is now all grand and in keeping. I found the beautiful mistress of the house in her new library, which is a most delightful room, with carved chimney-piece and bookcases, and vases of ferns and flowers in all the corners and in the deep embrasures of the windows. Lady Waterford is full of

¹ Earl Spencer was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland from 1868 to 1874.

the frescoes in her school. 'I want to paint "Josiah was eight years old when he began to reign." I think he must be a little boy on a step, with other children round him, a very little boy, and he must have some



THE LIBRARY, FORD CASTLE.

little regal robes on, and I think I must put a little crown upon his head.' ”

“ *Sept. 10.*—Every day of a visit here always seems to contain more of interest and instruction than hundreds of visits elsewhere. The great feature this time has

been Lady Canning's drawings, many hundreds of them, and all most beautiful. All yesterday evening Lady Waterford read aloud to us old family letters from old Lady Hardwicke and Lady Anne Barnard. 'My great-aunt, Lady Anne Barnard,' she says, 'wrote a book very like your Family Memoirs, only hers was too imaginative. She called all her characters by imaginary names, and made them quite too charming: still her book is most interesting. She was very intimate with Mrs. Fitzherbert, and describes all her first meetings with George IV., and the marriage, and then she went with her on her famous expedition to Paris. She got hold of all the real letters of the family and put them into her book, but she embellished them. Lady Anne Barnard wrote "Auld Robin Gray," and she used to describe how some one translated it into French, and how, when she went to Paris, she saw every one looking at her, she could not imagine why, till she heard some one say, 'Voila l'auteur du fameux roman de Robin Gray.'"¹

"*Sept. 11.*—We have all been to luncheon at Carham, sixteen miles off, and the latter part of the way very pretty, close to the wide reaches of the Tweed, with seagulls flitting over it, and Cuyp-like groups of cattle on the shore, waiting for the ferry-boats to take them across to Coldstream Fair. Carham is one of the well-known haunted houses; the 'Carham Light' is celebrated, and is constantly seen. We asked old Mrs. Compton, of eighty-three, who lives there now, about the

¹ Lady Anne Barnard died in 1825.

supernatural sights of Carham. 'Och,' she said, 'and have ye niver heerd the story of the phantom carriage? We've just heerd it this very morning; when we were waiting for you, we heerd it drive up. We are quite used to it now. A carriage drives quickly up to the door with great rattling noise, and, when it stops, the horses seem to paw and tear up the gravel. Strange servants are terribly frightened by it. One day, when I was at luncheon, I heard a carriage drive up quickly to the door: there was no doubt of it. I told the servant who was in waiting to go out and see who it was. When he came back, I asked who had come. He was pale as ashes, "Oh!" he said, "it's only just the phantom coach."

"And then there is the Carham Light. That is just beautiful! It is a large globe of fire in the shape of a full moon: I have seen it hundreds of times. It moves about in the woods, and sometimes settles in one place. The first time I saw it I was driving home from Kelso, and I saw a great ball of fire. I said to the driver, "What is a' that?" "Oh, it's just the Carham Light," he said. When Dick¹ came in, he said he did not believe it; he had never seen it, and that night it came bright as ever. All the gentlemen went out into the woods to examine it; but it moved before them. They all saw it, and they were quite convinced: it has never been explained.'

"We had tea with the charming old lady. 'I've just had these cakes made, Lady Waterford,' she said, 'because they were once very weel likit by some very dear to you, so I thought you would like them.'"

¹ Her son-in-law, Mr. Hodgson Hinde.

LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD, to
MRS. J. LESLIE.

"*Ford Castle, Jan. 17, 1870.*—I have *nothing* to write from hence. The yard has not had wheels or hoofs on it for just a fortnight, and I have not seen *âme qui vive*. I have nearly done Josiah,¹ and so have worked at nothing else. I daresay, when it is done and up, I may get on with a few other things before I come south.'

To MRS. BERNAL OSBORNE.

"*Ford Castle, May 10, 1870.*—It always amuses me how the world settles things for people according to supposition: 'This person has such and such a character, and therefore will do so and so.' Now, I know the character I have in the world, and how the key to it has never been guessed or admitted. It is not at all a nice character—'*cold*, proud, exclusive'—but it would not be possible to undeceive people. I only sometimes think that the '*cold*' is hard on one, for it prevents people liking one, and when one has not a soul belonging to one, it helps to isolate one more. I always remember a character by George Sand that used to appeal to me as being like my fate. I copied it years ago:—

"'Mme. D. était une personne glacée autant que glaciale. Ce n'est pas qu'elle ne fut aimable; elle était gracieuse à la surface, un grand savoir-vivre lui tenant lieu de grâce véritable.

"'Mais elle n'aimait réellement personne, et ne s'interessait à rien qu'à elle même.

"'Privée de santé et de courage, elle était aigrie

¹ The fresco of Josiah made king at eight years old.

interieurement. Je ne connais pas d'existence qui mérite plus de pitié que celle d'une personne riche sans posterité, qui se sent entourée d'égards qu'elle peut croire intéressés. . . . Etre égoïste par instinct avec cela, c'est trop, car c'est le complément d'une destinée sterile et amère.'

"How cleverly it is written, and what a sad character that is."

"*Ford Castle, August 20, 1870.*—What death, bloodshed, and calamity!¹ Certainly Mr. Gladstone, who foresaw the wholesale deaths, was right when he muttered '200,000 lives at least;' for so it is, and when will peace come! It must, as the *Times* says, soon. Really to France it will *faute de combatants*. But one must say it; the right has prospered, for Prussia did not desire war, and vainglorious deceived France *did*.

"I enjoyed my short visit in Holland very much, and found the Queen of Holland² most charming and kind, but all were sick at heart with anxiety, and it certainly was a moment of very great depression, just as that secret treaty appeared, in which one felt that *little* countries must tremble. The Queen of Holland's sympathies were towards France."

To THE HON. MRS. R. BOYLE.

"*Ford Castle, Nov. 11, 1870.*—Though you are a traitor, I won't behead you, because you are so for

¹ In the Franco-German war.

² Sophia of Wurtemberg, Queen of the Netherlands, called "La Reine Rouge," from her liberal tendencies. She was long separated from her husband, and died June 9, 1877.

me; and that is so pleasant, because one does love a traitor for one's own sake. I ought to say I will behead you; but no! you are charming, and I am delighted with you. . . . How I look back upon your being here, and wish it was *now*. How I do delight in you, for you have so much of the girl left, and I scarcely ever read a novel without finding you in it."

To MRS. BERNAL OSBORNE.

"*Highcliffe, April 21, 1871.*—Miss Gabriel has indeed a marvellous talent. I think everything she writes is beautiful. Do you know 'Weary,' and 'Life is Weary'? It is a subject on which she evidently feels, for her songs on the sad subject are most expressive. Among the printed collection of the private letters of the Emperor Louis Napoleon there is a facsimile of one from the Empress, written on her journey to Suez, in the midst of every kind of adulation and respect. It is truly on the 'Vanity, all is vanity,' of Solomon, for she speaks of having no illusions left, and as if life was ended for her. Such a dreary greatness as hers may give this feeling, but, old as I am, I have it not. I enjoy life in my own quiet way as much as ever I did, have all my illusions, and hope is as truly there as when I was sixteen. Yet I must own my pleasures are not people, but things, and the tastes that God has given me.

"I am reading a memorial, privately printed, of Edward Denison, who died last year. I wish it could be seen by other young men. It is such a beautiful account of a man who, without the smallest pretension, acted up to his idea of true religion. His immense

sympathy for all that suffered from poverty and from sin made him, at the end of a London season, while others were bent on their fishing and shooting, establish himself in the East End of London to teach the Bible simply to working-men. How this does strike one, and how few would do it!"

"*April 25, 1871.*—I am at Tittenhanger with my cousin Lady Caledon, remembering many, many old days spent with my grandmother and mother in this place, and saddened, yet pleased, to be here, feeling both old and young again.

"Oh! how terrible the account of Paris is."

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.—*Note-book.*

"In May 1871 I paid the first of many visits to my dear Lady Waterford at Highcliffe, her fairy palace by the sea, on the Hampshire coast, near Christ Church, which in later years has become more familiar to me than any other place except my own home, so that I am attached to every stone of it. The house was the old Mayor's house of Les Andelys, removed from Normandy by Lord Stuart de Rothesay; but a drawing shows the building as it was in France, producing a far finer effect than as it was put up in England by Pugin, who has added meaningless towers. In the original house, the really fine parts, especially the great oriel window, were much lower down, and more made of. In the room to which that window belonged, Antoyne de Bourbon, King of Navarre, died. The portraits, in the present room, of the Duchess of Suffolk and her second husband, who was a Bertie, and ancestor of

Lady Waterford, have the old ballad of 'The Duchess of Suffolk' inscribed beneath. They fled abroad, and their son Peregrine, born in a church porch, was the ancestor of the present Berties. I have myself always



THE KING'S ORIEL, HIGHCLIFFE.

inhabited the same room at Highcliffe, one up a separate stair of its own, adorned with great views of old Highcliffe and Mount Stuart by Callander, and with old French furniture, including a chair worked in blue and red by Queen Marie Amelie and Madame Adelaïde.

The original house of Highcliffe was built on land sold to Lord Stuart by a Mr. Penleaze, who had a legacy of bank-notes left him in the case of a cocked hat—it was quite full of them. Mr. Penleaze had built a very ugly house, the present ‘old rooms,’ which Lord Stuart cased over. Then he said that, while Lady Stuart was absent, he would add a few rooms. When she came back, to her intense consternation, she found the new palace of Highcliffe: all the ornaments, mouldings, and windows from Les Andelys having been landed close by upon the coast. It has always been an interest to go with Lady Waterford into the old rooms, which were those principally used by Lady Stuart, and contain a wonderful copy from Sir Joshua which Lady Waterford made when she was ten years old. There is likewise a beautiful copy of the famous ‘Lord Royston,’ also done by Lady Waterford herself long ago; a fine drawing of the leave-taking of Charles I. and his children—Charles with a head like the representations of the Saviour; and a portrait of the old Lady Stuart—‘Grannie Stuart’—with all the wrinkles smoothed out. ‘Oh, if I am like that, I am only fit to die,’ she said when she saw it.

“I have put down only a few notes of Lady Waterford’s conversation this spring.

“M. M. was remonstrated with because he would not admire Louis Philippe’s régime. He said, ‘No, I cannot; I have known him so well. I am like the peasant who, when he was remonstrated with because he would not take off his hat to a new wooden cross that was put up, said he couldn’t—‘parceque je l’ai connu poirier.’

"Some one spoke to old Lady Salisbury of Adam's words, 'The woman tempted me and I did eat.' 'Shabby fellow!' she said.

"Lady Anne Barnard¹ was at a party in France, and her carriage never came to take her away. A certain Duke who was there begged to have the honour of taking her home, and she accepted, but on the way felt rather awkward and thought he was too affectionate and gallant. Suddenly she was horrified to see the Duke on his knees at the bottom of the carriage, and was putting out her hands and warding him off, when he exclaimed 'Taisez vous, Madame, voila le bon Dieu qui passe!' It was a great blow to her vanity.

"Old Lord Malmesbury² used to invent the most extraordinary stories, and tell them so well: indeed he told them till he quite believed them. One was called 'The Bloody Butler,' and was about a butler who drank the wine and then filled the bottles with the blood of his victims. Another was called 'The Moth-eaten Clergyman.' It was about a very poor clergyman, a Roman he was, who had some small parish in Southern Germany, and was a very good man, quite excellent, and absolutely devoted to the good of his people. There was, however, one thing which militated against his having all the influence amongst his flock which he ought to have had, and this was that he was constantly observed to steal out of his house in the late evening with two bags in his hand, and to bury their contents in the garden, and yet when people

¹ Daughter of the fifth Earl of Balcarres and great-aunt of Lady Waterford.

² James Edward, second Earl of Malmesbury.

came afterwards by stealth and dug for the treasure, they found nothing at all, and this was thought—well . . . not quite canny.

“Now the diocesan of that poor clergyman, who happened to be the Archbishop of Mayence, was much distressed at this, that the influence of so good a man should thus be marred. Soon afterwards he went on his visitation tour, and he stopped at the clergyman’s house for the night. He arrived with two outriders, and two postilions, and four fat horses, and four fat pug-dogs, which was not very convenient. However, the poor clergyman received them all very hospitably, and did the best he could for them. But the Archbishop thought it was a great opportunity for putting an end to all the rumours that were about, and, with a view to this, he gave orders that the doors should be fastened and locked so that no one should go out.

“When morning came, the windows of the priest’s house were not opened, and no one emerged, and at last the parishioners became alarmed, for there was no sound at all. But when they broke open the doors, volleys upon volleys of moths of every kind and hue poured out ; but of the poor clergyman, or of the Archbishop of Mayence, or of the outriders and postilions, or of the four fat horses, or of the four pug-dogs, came out nothing at all, for they were all eaten up. For the fact was that the poor clergyman had really the most dreadful disease, which bred myriads of moths : if he could bury their eggs at night, he kept them under, but when he was locked up, and could do nothing, they were too much for him. Now there is a moral in this story, because if the people and the Archbishop had

looked to the fruits of that excellent man's life, and not attended to foolish reports with which they had no concern whatever, these things would never have happened.

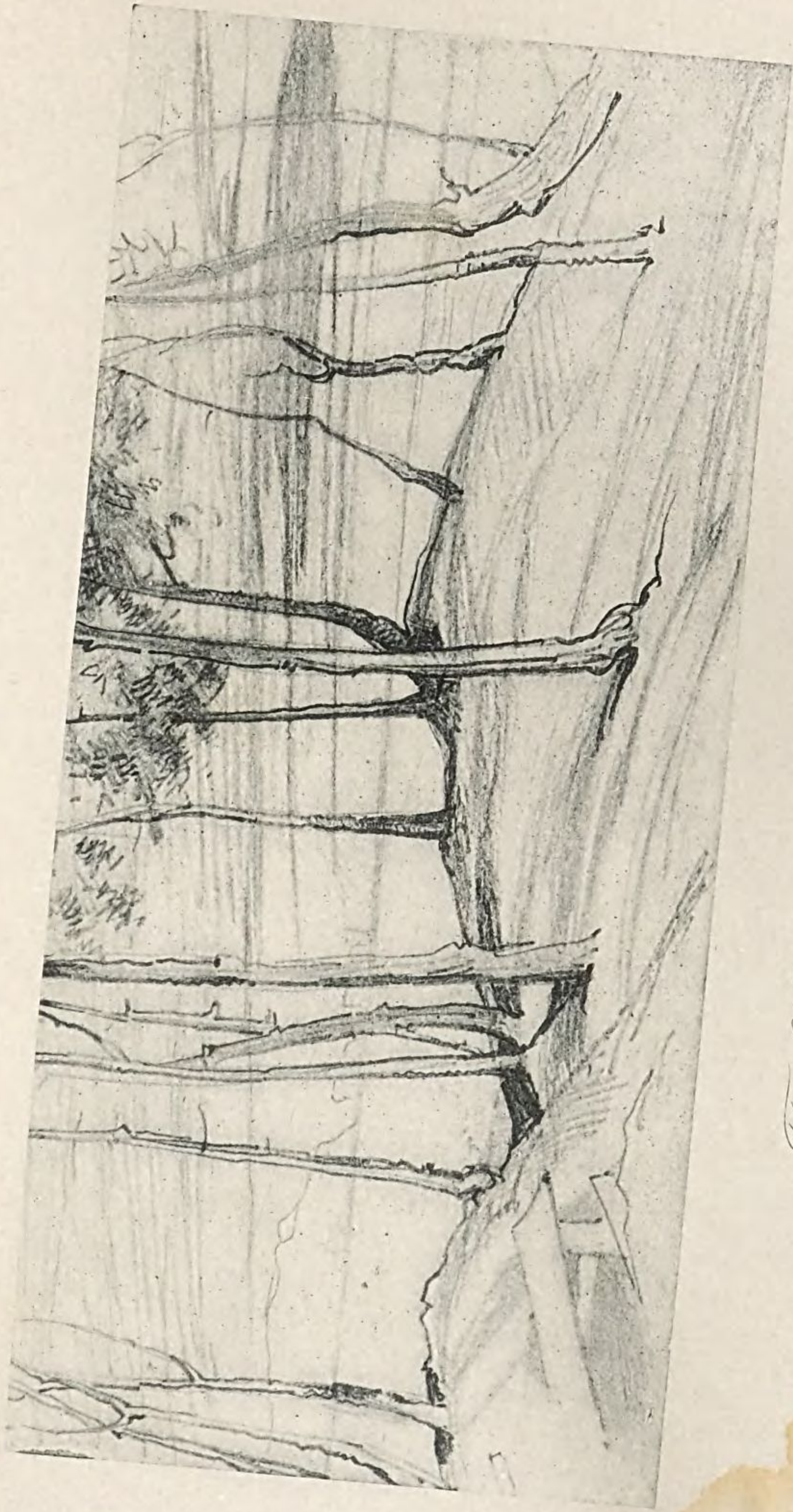
"These were the sort of things Lord Malmesbury used to invent. Canning used to tell them to me."

The days at Highcliffe passed in quiet but most happy routine. Every visit there was like the last visit going on still. Mr. and Lady Jane Ellice usually spent the greater part of the summer there, and completely shared Lady Waterford's life, sympathising with her in everything, especially in everything relating to religion. Lady Sarah Lindsay and her daughter Maude were constant and much-loved visitors. Others came and went, but it was almost always in the same circle, into which a fresh element most rarely penetrated. The late breakfast in the pleasant room which looks across the sunlit sea to the Isle of Wight through the leaves of large magnolia trees was always a happy meeting, at which Lady Waterford brimmed over with the anecdotes and reminiscences evoked by her morning letters. Immediately afterwards she would read aloud from the newspapers in the porch-room, then she went to write in her own room, and her guests dispersed till she summoned them

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...would never have

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...them to me."

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The Haven Wood near Highcliffe.

From Lady Waterford's Note Book.

back by playing and singing loudly with wide-open windows. Then all adjourned to the library, where one of the party read aloud, whilst Lady Waterford painted. After luncheon there was a walk; generally on the sands, often to the Haven House and its wild fir wood. Lady Waterford never went out in a carriage if she could help it, but four or five times a week crossed the little common which separates Highcliffe from Hoburne to sit with her cousin Mrs. Stuart, long an invalid. Dinner was at half-past seven, and afterwards the lady of the house never failed to take her seat in a high-backed chair of velvet and gold near the fireplace, beside which a little table with water and palette always stood ready for her. There—with intervals of singing—she painted all evening, wonderful inspirations which came to her, or sometimes groups of those she was with, whilst her visitors talked, read, or sang to her, feeling all that was best in them drawn out by her ready sympathy, her almost child-like pleasure.

One day, when she was reading aloud herself from Mrs. Kemble's "Records of a Later Life," Lady Waterford amused the little circle by coming upon a description of herself (in 1848), which she read through in absolute

unconsciousness, while all her listeners recognised it at once.¹

Morning prayers at Highcliffe is a memory which will often come back to those who were present at them. Miss Denison writes :—

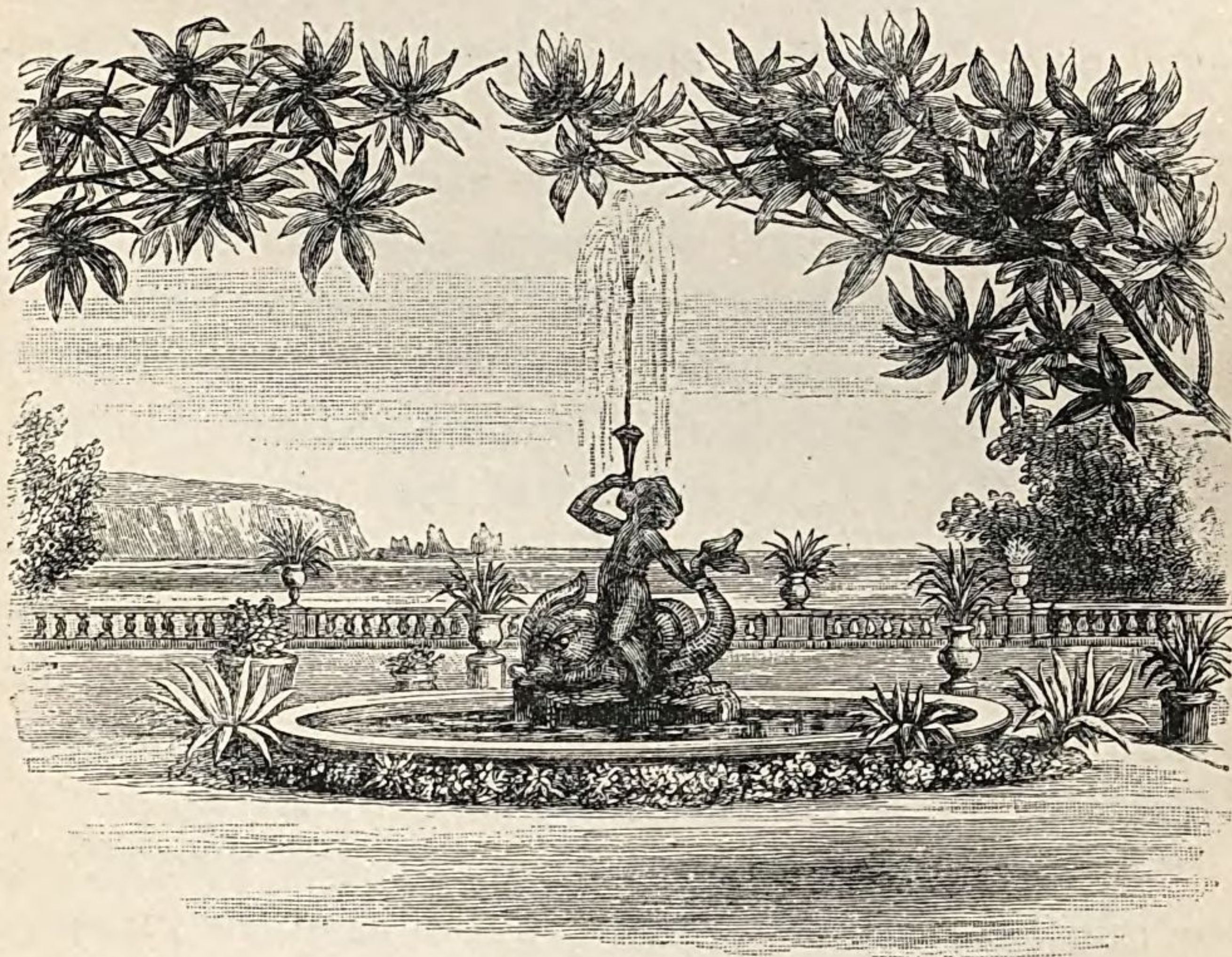
“I remember wishing that Lady Waterford could have been painted as I saw her one morning in 1877, when I had gone with Lady Ossington to spend a few days with her at Highcliffe. She was sitting in the

¹ “I have seen a good many handsome people, but there was a modesty, grace, a dignity, and an expression of deep latent sentiment in her countenance, that, combined with her straight nymph-like figure, and the sort of chastity that characterised her whole person and appearance, fulfilled my ideal of female beauty. You will perhaps wonder at my use of the word ‘chastity,’ as applied merely to a style of beauty, but ‘chaste’ is a word that describes it properly. Of all the Venuses of antique art, the Venus of Milo, that noble and keenly intellectual goddess of beauty, is the only one that I admire.

“The light, straight-limbed Artemis is lovelier to me than the round soft sleepy Aphrodite ; and it was to the character of her figure, and the contour of her head and face, that I applied the expression ‘chaste’ in speaking of Lady ——. Her sister, who is thought handsomer, and is a lovely creature (and morally and mentally as worthy of that epithet as physically), has not this severely sweet expression, or sweetly stern, if you prefer it, though this implies a shade of volition, which falsifies the application of it. This is what I especially admire in Lady —, who adds to that faultless Greek outline, which in its integrity and justness of proportion seems the type of truth, an eye whose colour deepens, and a fine textured cheek, where the blood visibly mantles with the mere emotion of speaking and being listened to.

“The first time I met her was at a dinner-party at Miss Berry’s, before her marriage. She sat by Landseer, and her great admiration for him, and enthusiastic devotion to his fine art, in which she was herself a proficient, lent an interest to their conversation which exhibited itself in her beautiful face in a manner that I have never forgotten.”

dining-room in a high-backed old-fashioned carved chair, reading the Bible to the servants. Her back was to the window, outside which grew a magnolia, whose large handsome leaves spread half across it. They formed a beautiful background to Lady Water-



THE FOUNTAIN, HIGHCLIFFE.

ford's head, the greater part of which was in shadow, but the sunlight caught the edges of her hair and purple dress, while through and beyond the magnolia leaves one could see the blue sea with the white cliffs of the Isle of Wight in the distance.

"It was a delightful thing to hear Lady Waterford read the Bible. She had a beautiful voice, and her

manner in reading was so earnest and impressive, and at the same time unconventional, one could not help feeling how real it all was to herself."

LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD, to
AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

"*Ford Castle, Feb. 7, 1872.*—I liked so much to hear about all the new and interesting people at Hatfield. I, on the contrary, have really nothing to tell you, and the only people I have seen have been Lord and Lady Bloomfield, who were most friendly. She recalled ancient times, when, as Georgy Liddell, I knew her, and she made me read her my sister's journal of the Queen's visit to Eu and Louis Philippe, when she (Lady B.) was Maid of Honour, so that she remembered every incident of that memorable journey—the first visit of an English sovereign to France since Henry VIII. and the Field of the Cloth of Gold; for when Charles I. went with Buckingham and saw Henrietta Maria, he was only Prince of Wales.

"Since you were here I have only got through the top angels of my next fresco, but I have been making much acquaintance with the Nevilles, and I have been having letters from Ruskin, who is happy in a house at Coniston, from which he can walk miles without meeting any one. Denmark Hill and its built-up horizon quite disgusted him."

To MRS. J. LESLIE.

"*Highcliffe, July 20, 1872.*—Mr. and Mrs. Sartoris (Adelaide Kemble) are here, and we have sate in the porch listening to her with great delight; but I liked it

better when I got her more to myself, for a circle of silent listeners is very awful, though I had Somers to help.

"Mrs. Sartoris strikes me immensely. Her face is magnificent and her talk brilliant. I think it was very good of her to come here. This morning he has appeared at breakfast, and, solo, has been most agreeable. I hope she will let us have a great treat of music: I do so long for it. Boehm comes on Monday."

To MRS. BERNAL OSBORNE.

"*Farrance's, July 28, 1872.*—I was charmed with the beautiful concert last night, and the kind and gracious hostess; and the little violoncellist I thought a marvel, and wondered—looking at her face—where she could learn those passionate expressions she put into her playing. I must hear it all in dreams: it is a wonder, and I liked it better than the singing, all but Graziani. Mario's pronunciation always delights me.

"The poor Aumales! I do think and feel for them. I knew the Prince de Conde¹ well, and thought him so promising."

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE—*Notebook.*

"1872.—In the beginning of October I was at Ford with Lady Waterford, meeting the Ellices, Lady Marian Alford, and Lady Herbert of Lea—Lady Herbert full of her travels in Spain, Lady Marian of delightful recollections of Italy. Lady Waterford herself was more delightful than ever. As Marochetti said of her—'C'est

¹ François d'Orléans, Duc de Guise, afterwards Prince de Condé, younger and only surviving son of the Duc d'Aumale, died 25th July 1872.

un grand homme, mais une femme charmante.' Here are some scraps from her conversation.

" 'That is a sketch of L. H. She did not know I was drawing her. She looks sixteen, but is quite middle-aged. Mama used to say she was like preserved green peas: they are not quite so good as real green peas, but they do very nearly as well.

" 'I always take a little book with me in the train, and draw the things as I pass them. That is some railings against a sunset sky, when it was almost dark. I thought it was like a bit of Tintoret.

" 'How trying it is to be kept waiting for people. Don't you know the Italian proverb?—

'Aspettare e non venire,
Star in letto, e non dormire,
Vuol piacer, e non gradire.'

Miss Boyle had a much better one, though—

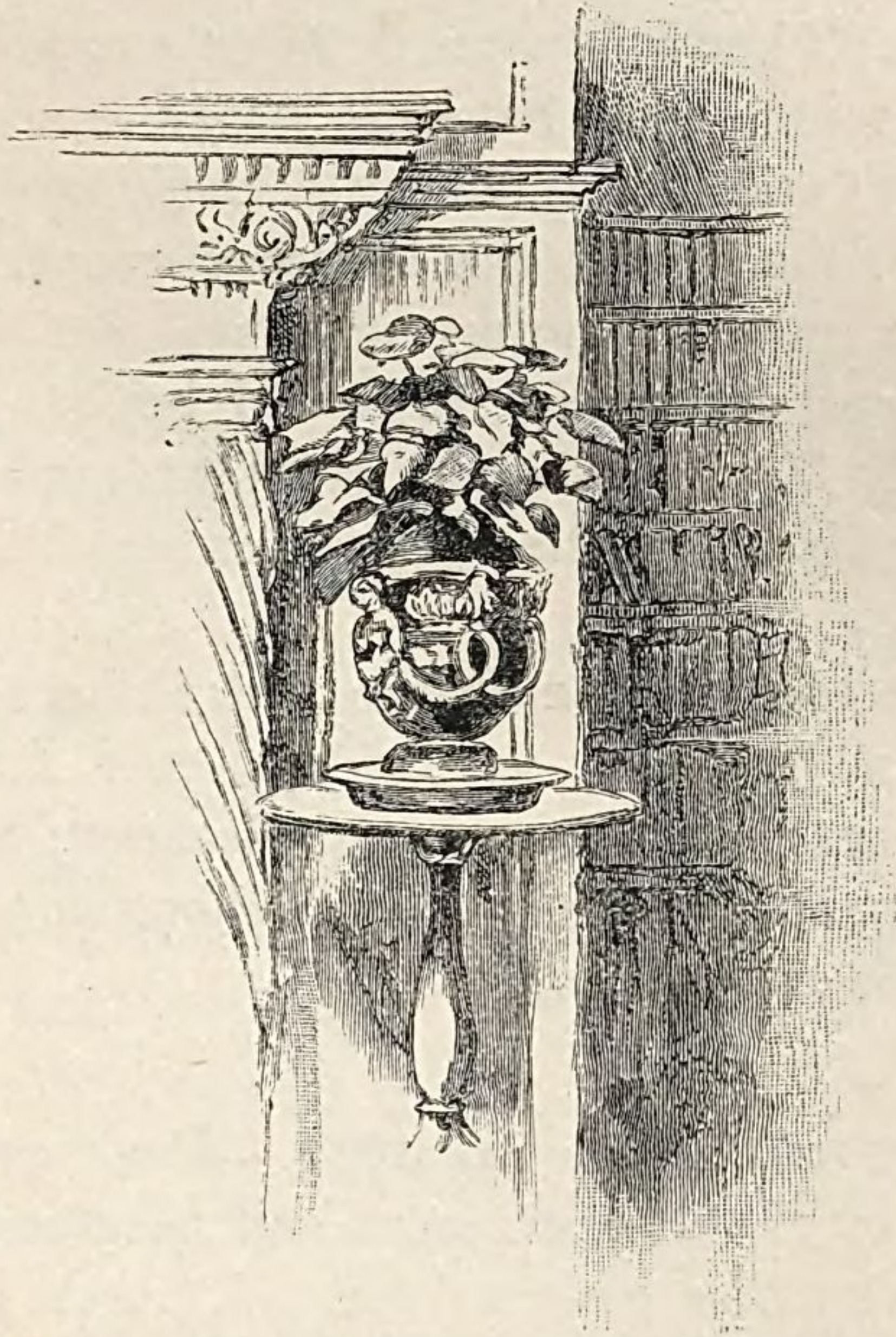
'To do, to suffer, is a glorious state,
But a more noble portion is to *wait*.'

" 'How beautiful the singing was in our young days—Grisi and Mario and Lablache, who went straight to one's heart and fluttered there.

" 'Some one, old Madame de Flahault, I think it was, asked what she should give as a present. It must be *très rare et pas coûteux*: and it was suggested that she should give a lock of her hair.

" 'You are like the old lady who said she had never had a ripe peach in her life, because when she was young all the old people had them, and when she grew old all the young people had them.

“ ‘I am longing to read “Marjory,” but I cannot when I have my house full—my novel *en action*. When people are here, and tell me their little stories, that is the way I like best to read.’ ”



IN THE LIBRARY, FORD CASTLE.

LADY WATERFORD to
AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

“ *Ford Castle, Oct. 23, 1872.*—I hope that what the lady-in-waiting writes is the right number of those

coming with the Queen of Holland to Ford—two ladies-in-waiting, one gentleman, four maids, six men-servants. I have provided for all these. The Queen's great box is more alarming, and I expect it will fill the whole dressing-room of the Yellow Room, and look like Cymbeline's box which contained Iachimo.

"You don't know how much nicer everything looks than last week, with hanging lamps and red cloth everywhere, and Lady Marian's lovely gold curtains draped over the door to the labyrinth-room, which has been made quite charming, with red damask chairs, more pictures, and a new carpet. I hope it will all go well. Lady Tankerville and daughter come one day, and Lord Home. The Queen comes Monday and goes Friday.

"I went to meet the Prince and Princess at Chillingham to luncheon on Friday, and found them extremely hearty and merry and pleasant; but I *hated* an amusement provided—pigeon-shooting; it was to my mind disgusting."

"*Ford Castle, Nov. 24, 1872.*—Most delightful is your history of the new places and people, which you always make one long to see. I know Lady Carnarvon¹ a little, and appreciate her a great deal. Long ago I remember her reciting to me some things of Edgar Poe's, and thinking her so unlike any other young lady: she was unmarried then.

"I have just returned from Alnwick, whither I went to meet Princess Louise and Lord Lorne. I found her

¹ Evelyn, first wife of the fourth Earl of Carnarvon.

most charming and sympathetic, and rejoice to have had the opportunity of knowing her. Lord and Lady Grey were there, and dear Lady Louisa Percy. You *must* make her acquaintance. I do not think you will ever have met anybody you can like so much: her information is so very charming, so full and—though unlearned—so accurate, and then she has such romance.”

To VISCOUNT STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE.

“*Ford Castle, Jan. 16, 1873.*—It is very kind of you to write to me, but I feel that all I can do is to thank you, because in my deep snow here I am imprisoned. And yet to-night nothing can be more beautiful than the old dark towers throwing a deep-cast shadow over the unbroken snow, and the distant view as clear as daylight. It is the scene for some wild old ballad, on which my thoughts will run, as I have been looking through a number of old poets for Chaucer’s ‘Legend of Good Women,’ and in my search was struck with one of Gray’s, translated, or rather taken, from a Norse legend. It is called ‘The Fatal Sister,’ and the refrain is—

‘Weave the scarlet web of war.’

It is very striking and picturesque.

“My whole days are passed in reading, writing, drawing, music, and walking through the snow. Outer things don’t reach me, though I gather what I can from newspapers.

“My greatest variety was a drive in Lady F. Fitz

Clarence's sledge, with its charming addition of bells, red feathers, and fur blankets."

To AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

"*Ford Castle, Feb. 6, 1873.*—How glad I am that you have seen Tittenhanger; but when it was first inhabited by my Grandfather Hardwicke, it was much less 'done up,' and I made a drawing of every room (which I think Caledon has). There was a housemaid's closet of old panelled oak, with the motto over the door, '*Hoc age*,' supposed to be Sir H. Blount's study, and it is now a dressing-room, and looks far more modern, and much of the oak, though painted, had patterns painted on it, some with *fleur de lys*; and the gallery at the top and the servants' rooms had a much less lumber-room look, and some very old moth-eaten furniture. Among Char.'s drawings here I have found that very view you meant to draw of the angle of the house. Dear old Tittenhanger! It is shadow-land to me, for all are gone I remembered so well there. But they were very happy days when my mother and I used to drive thither from London after some tiring balls.

"I should like to see Woburn, but the first thing I should 'make for' would (especially in winter) be the Evergreen Wood and its hundred wild peacocks: how *did* you miss it? The 'golden statue' was doing whilst I was sitting to Boehm, and he was rather troubled about it. Wouldn't it look better a little bronzed, with only golden high lights? I have very little to tell you of anything here, as I have been alone, except a pleasant visit from Charles Stuart and

his two nice nieces, who were much delighted with Ford.

"I am making a new walk from the kitchen-garden to the new village, shutting in the upper pond (and any curious ducks I can get) for myself. I feel a little like the child's puzzle of the poor men who had a pond and kept it to themselves till four rich men built a wall round it, and how did they keep it to themselves? But as the pond is deep and dangerous, and a little boy fell through the ice there last week, I hope mine is not a very crying piece of tyranny.

"Have you been to the Galleries? The old masters must have some interesting things. I have sent a Greuze you may remember here, which was specially noticed in the *Times*, to contrast it with a Velasquez."

To THE HON. MRS. R. BOYLE.

"*Ford Castle, March 11, 1873.*—I have literally nothing to tell of myself. The life I lead is quite without light and shade, but it does very well, and I feel much interest in the people I go and see in regular routine, carrying books, which I lend and they return, and we talk them over. Then I have estate things to see to and trees to thin, but humanity—in the shape of friends—I have none. People say, 'It is your own fault.' This I do deny.

"I am doing an enlarged drawing of the representation of 'The Holy Family' at Christmas. It is with snow, and the whiteness of the snow is utterly distressing to me.

"I am entering old age, and trying to make the best of it, but it is not a happiness unless one had chil-

dren and grandchildren, and then it might be very nice."

"*Ford Castle, April 13, 1873.*—How little of myself I have to write: just what some curate's wife might write, no more, of trotting about and being tired with it, and doing no drawing, and seeing no one. Oh, yes; I saw dear old Lady Ruthven, aged ninety-one, blind and deaf, and *quite* charming; and she invited painters, sculptors, &c., to meet me, and took me herself to see pictures at Lord Wemyss's, and drives near the place.

"Then I have four drawings at Sir Coutts Lindsay's gallery. I sent a choice, and he took them all, only think! All are old, except an enlarged 'Christmas.'"

To VISCOUNT STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE.

"*Ford Castle, June 31, 1873.*—I received to-day the Chaucer, which, with its glossary, is most interesting, and will be read with the pleasant remembrance of being your kind gift. I was so delighted the other night with 'The Clerk's Tale,' for though I had a something of Griselda's story, I had never read it. It is beautiful, and even the *exaggeration* is admirable, quite forgetting (in her case, not to break her oath) that she was abetting—or thought at heart it was so—the murder of her two children.

"I feel more disposed to hear and understand this sort of thing than a Reform Bill, for when one is out of the way of any discussion, it is difficult to follow up a subject keenly.

"It is warm and green and spring-like again here. Yesterday I had a visit from the Belhavens, who drove

over from Lord Home's. She was alert as a girl of fifteen, running up and down to see everything."

MISS MARSH *to*

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

"It was in the summer of 1873 that I first saw Lady Waterford, when her charm of manner and delightful countenance at once drew my heart to her.

"We met at Broadlands. She greeted me with cordial frankness. I sat beside her at luncheon, and we talked on many special subjects of interest, and afterwards she proposed that we should have a walk alone together. We bent our steps towards the river, which is the crowning charm of that attractive spot. There, whilst we rested, and spoke together under the shade of the trees near its bank, a sympathy of heart began, as true and changeless as any it has been my happiness to enjoy, amongst the many lovely blessings of friendship granted me during a long life. It was then that she unfolded to me something of the story of her past life, and especially of her religious views and feelings. She told me that she and her only sister had been brought up in strict attention to all duties and a scrupulous observance of religious ordinances, and that for a time this formal religion had satisfied her. But, she went on to say, a new life dawned upon her heart whilst she was reading the record of a noble young life,¹ consecrated first to the service of the Saviour, known as His own and loved and trusted in, and then laid down in the service of his Queen and country.

¹ Memorials of Captain Hedley Vicars.

“That which struck her most forcibly as she read was the contrast between her formal routine of religious duties, with her hopeless hope that in time it would make her good enough to attain to heaven, and the warmth of the young soldier’s grateful love, constraining him, from the moment when he first believed that his sins were pardoned by the atoning blood of Jesus Christ, to live thenceforth a life of glad self-sacrifice in his Saviour’s service.

“She resolved to do as he had done, and, acting on her resolve, she accepted with gratitude God’s free gift of eternal life through His Son. Then the burden fell from her heart, the peace of God filled her mind, and thenceforward—

‘It was her highest pleasure,
No less than Duty’s call,
To love Him beyond measure,
And serve Him with her all.’

“In many a happy meeting afterwards Lady Waterford would refer to that eventful time in her spiritual history, and to the varied interest which that ‘new departure’ had brought into her present life, as well as to the glorious prospect it had opened for the future.

“Later on, when I was staying with her at Ford Castle, and our friendship had deepened into loving confidence, one day, when she was showing me a portrait of Lady Canning, she told me how greatly her faith had been strengthened in its early days by a remarkable answer to her prayers for that beloved sister. In looking back, she felt it had been sent with a special purpose of mercy, for it came as the precursor

of one of the keenest sorrows of her life, and by giving her a glimpse into the tender heart of her Saviour, and by showing that He had even *anticipated* her longing desire, it gave her such a vivid sense of His nearness as sustained her even in the depths of that grief.

“The perfect union which had always existed between the beautiful sisters was unbroken by their marriages, though the appointment of Lord Canning as Governor-General of India brought the trial of a long separation. Whilst they were thus parted, her great spiritual change took place in Lady Waterford. She immediately longed to share her newly-found joy with her sister, and yet shrank from telling her of it. A stream of unreserved thought and feeling had hitherto always flowed between them without restraint, and the very thought that a possible barrier might be raised made Lady Waterford miserable.

“But, whilst she hesitated, the news of the Indian mutiny thrilled England with horror, and Lady Waterford—knowing how the terrible strain thrown upon Lord Canning would be shared as far as possible by his noble-hearted wife—whilst pouring out her own sympathy and anxiety, told her sister of the peace which she had found in believing in the Lord Jesus Christ as her personal Saviour, that now He was ever with her, that on Him she cast her every care, that to serve Him had given new interest and joy to life, and that, trusting in Him, all fear of death was taken away; and she told her sister how earnestly she was praying that she might also have this heavenly peace in the midst of her perilous surroundings.

“In those days the Indian post occupied a much

longer time on the journey than it does now, and Lady Waterford knew that many weeks must elapse before an answer could reach her; so she prayed in faith, and was prepared to wait. But meanwhile a letter from Lady Canning was already on its way to her, crossing her own. It told of the dread crisis through which the Indian Empire was passing, but it also told of a great change which had taken place in her own soul. Lady Canning also had found that a religion of outward forms was quite unsatisfying, and had sought and obtained peace in Christ alone, and His love and His presence were sustaining her in the midst of all her dangers and trials. With overflowing affection she entreated her sister not to let this change make any difference in the perfect sympathy which had grown up between them, but besought her to seek for the same happiness.¹

“Great was Lady Waterford’s thankfulness. She had feared even the slightest estrangement from her sister, and she found that now they were nearer than ever to each other, for they had become one in the highest union of which souls are capable. Those devoted sisters never met again, but when the news of Lady Canning’s death reached her, Lady Waterford was comforted by the full assurance of their reunion beyond the reach of parting.

“Out of her deep sorrow Lady Waterford came forth more sympathetic than ever, to lead a life of comfort to those in trouble. You will have seen all her plans to help her workmen at Ford and Highcliffe: her school

¹ This letter, with almost all Lady Canning’s letters to Lady Waterford, has been destroyed.

at Ford, adorned with her lovely frescoes of sacred subjects: her milkshops, for which she secured the best milk by giving the cows, and for which she painted signs to attract passers-by: her plans for the spiritual help of the navvies employed in the embankment works at Highcliffe: her interest in temperance work, wearing the blue ribbon herself, though it was 'such a dreadful shade of blue—so hopelessly in-artistic'!—above all, her sympathy, which never failed. No one who was permitted to enter into the inner sanctuary of her character during the latter years of her life, could do so without being the better for seeing how simply she sought the glory of God, combined with her deep personal humility, and charity to the failings of others. I cannot better sum up my recollections of her than by quoting some lines written after the death of Lady Augusta Stanley—

'How many a weary sufferer blessed the hand
Which knew so well a healing balm to pour;
While hungry voices never were denied
By her, who kept, as steward, a poor man's store.
E'en death is powerless o'er a life like hers:
Its radiance lingers, though its sun has set.
Rich and unstinted was the seed she sowed,
The golden harvest is not gathered yet.'

LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD, to
AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

"*Highcliffe, August 15, 1873.*—I have been long expecting a visit from you: and you don't know what surmises I have indulged in . . . and now I am going away from Highcliffe. My guests are all gone, but I

have had the Ellices for five weeks, then Lady Marian, J. Leslies, Folkestones, C. Beresford ; and I have given a croquet-party to seventy-eight neighbours. In truth I have been idle, and have only done a multitude of drawings for bazaars, and listened to such books as Jane Ellice read aloud to me whilst drawing. And now I am going to let Highcliffe, and turn northwards, whither you must come later."

"*Highcliffe, August 18, 1873.*—I like the thought of your home-hospital so much. It makes me think I ought to do something of that sort here. It might really be a boon—when I can, and have arranged how to arrest the cliff. I do think that anything that could give new life and happiness to those who cannot afford it, in the way of country air, is a decided duty. Lady Marian Alford said the very same thing, that others than self should have the sight of one's flowers and beautiful things, and the enjoyment of them."

"*Ford Castle, Sept. 15, 1873.*—Dear Lady Belhaven's end was speechless, but they tell me her countenance expressed far more happiness than it had done since the death of Lord Belhaven. You know they were both here in May—so well! They say Lady Ruthven's prayers by her sister's bedside were most affecting and beautiful.

"This is only a word, and to say how much I hope you will come here—any time."

"*Ford Castle, Sept. 23, 1873.*—I wish you could have come for my dance. I expect to have so many

TWO NOBLE LIVES

...for five weeks, then Lady ...
...C. Beresford; and I have ...
...eighty-eight neighbours. ...
...and have only ... a multitude ...
...such book ... drawing ...
...northwa ...

...I like the thought ...
...it makes me think ...
...sort here. It ...
...and have arranged ...
...anything that ...
...those who cannot ...
...country air, is a devoted duty. ...
...the very same thing, that ...
...one's flowers ...
...things, and the ... of them."

Ford Castle ...
...but they tell ...
...happiness than it ...
...since the ... of Belhaven. You know ...
...were born ... in May—so well. They ...
...by her sister's bedside ...
...beautiful.

...word, and to say how much ...
...—any time.

...I wish you ...
...my dear. I expect to have so ...



W. Roffe. sc.

Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford.

From a Photograph.

very young and very pretty girls—the un-come-out Durhams and Tankervilles and Wemyss's, who will so much enjoy it: and *that* will be my treat, for it is a tremendous effort."

To THE HON. MRS. R. BOYLE.

"*Ford Castle, Oct. 13, 1873.*—My dance last Tuesday was really a success, about a hundred and thirty people, *lit à jour* and moonlight outside; pretty girls, grandees, and young men; Duchess of Marlborough and daughters; Lady Tankerville, daughter and sons; Lady Shrewsbury, Lady Downe, Lord Dalrymple, Lord Cremorne. My niece, Nelly Talbot, was the flower of youth and beauty, seventeen and lovely, all in white. The supper was in the hall, dancing in the drawing-room. But how glad I was when it was all over, and now I am quite alone again."

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE to
MISS LEYCESTER, *and Note-book.*

"*Ford Castle, Oct. 18, 1873.*—The long journey, and the bitterly cold drive across the moors from Belford, almost made me think before arriving that absence must have exaggerated the charms of this place, but the kind welcome of the hostess in the warm library, brilliant with flowers and colour, soon dispelled all that. There is only a small party here, what Lady Waterford calls a *pension des demoiselles*—the two Misses Lindsay (Lady Sarah's daughters), Mrs. and Miss Fairholme, Lady Taunton and her daughter, and Lady Gertrude Talbot—all fond of art, and worthy of the place.

"I *should* like you to see it. No description gives any idea, not so much of the beautiful old towers, the brilliant flower-beds in the embrasures of the wall, the deep glen of old beeches, the village clustering round its tall fountain, and the soft colouring of the Cheviots and Flodden, as of the wonderful atmosphere of goodness and love which binds all its people, the servants, the guests, so unconsciously around the beautiful central figure in this great *home*. Each cottage garden is a replica—the tiniest replica—of Lady Waterford's own, equally cared for by her; each village child nestles up to her as she appears, the very tiny ones for the sugar-plums which she puts into their pockets, the elders to tell her everything as to a mother; and, within the house, everything is at once so simple and so beautiful, every passage full of pictures, huge ferns, brilliant geraniums, tall vases, &c. In the evening Lady Waterford sings as delightfully as ever, and in all the intervals talks as no one else can—such exquisite stories of olden times, such poetical descriptions of scenery, and all so truth-inspiring, because so perfectly simple. When with her, I am reminded of two lines in one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays:—

‘Andrew, she has a face looks like a story,
The story of the heavens looks very like her.’”

“Oct. 19.—You will never guess what I was doing yesterday (Sunday) afternoon—preaching to the children.

“In the morning Mr. Neville, the clergyman, came while Lady Waterford was at the school, and, to my

great surprise, said he had no help that day, would I help him? there was a service for children in the church, would I undertake the sermon part? I thought it quite impossible, and utterly refused at first, only promising to read the Morning Lessons. However, in the afternoon, when I found it was not wished, but wanted, I consented and *did* it. There was a great congregation of children, and all the guests in the house, and many of the servants."

"Oct. 20.—Mrs. Fairholme brought down a beautiful miniature of an unknown lady to breakfast, which was the subject of much discussion. Lady Waterford said how she had designed a series of drawings for the whole 'Story of a Picture'—

1. A beauty sitting to a painter, with all her adorers—a whole troop of them—behind her, quite beautiful, radiant, and vainglorious.
2. The portrait hanging in the room in another generation.
3. A young girl *à l'empire*, with her waist in her mouth, waving her hand towards the portrait, and telling the servant to take that ugly old picture up to the garret.
4. Boys in the garret shooting at the old picture as a target.

"“Do you know,” said Lady Waterford, “that Jane Ellice has got one convert to her teetotalism, and do you know who that is?—that is *me*. I have not touched wine for six months. I think it is good for the household. They used to say, if they saw me as strong as a horse, “Ah, there! look at my Lady; it is true she is as strong as a horse, but then she always has all the wine she wants;” but now they say, “My

Lady has no wine at all, and yet you see she is as strong as a horse.””

“ Mrs. Fairholme spoke of Curraghmore, and found fault with somebody who imagined that the beautiful terraces there were designed by herself, and not by Lady Waterford ; but Lady Waterford said, ‘ I don’t see why you should do that at all : I think it was rather a compliment, for it showed she admired the terraces, or she would not have wished it to be supposed that they were due to her.’ ”

“ *Oct. 21.*—This morning Lady Waterford wished that the Misses Lindsay had been dressed alike, even in details. ‘ It is a law of nature, I think, that sisters should dress alike. A covey of partridges are all alike ; they do not want to have feathers of different colours ; and why not children of the same family ? ’

“ We had a charming walk to Etal in the afternoon—lovely soft lights on the distant hills, and brilliant reflections of the autumnal foliage in the Till. We went to the castle, and then down the glen to St. Mary’s Oratory and Well. Lady Waterford talked of the beauty of the sedges and their great variety—of the different law, or rather no law, of reflections. Then of marriages—of the number of widows being so much greater than that of widowers, and of the change which the loss of a husband made in all the smallest details of life—of the supreme desolation of Lady Charlotte Denison, after ‘ a honeymoon of forty-three years.’ Old Lady Tankerville was of another nature. She was urging a widowed friend to do something. ‘ Oh, but my cap, my cap,’ groaned the friend. ‘ Comment,’

explained Lady Tankerville, 'c'est le vrai bonnet de la liberté.'

"Speaking of complexions, 'My Grandmother used to say,' said Mrs. Fairholme, 'that beauty "went out" with open carriages. "Why, you are just like men, my dears," she said, "with your brown necks, and your rough skins and red noses. In our days it was different; young ladies never walked, ate nothing but white meat, and never washed their faces. They covered their faces with powder, and then put cold cream on, and wiped it off with a flannel: that was the way to have a good complexion."'

"'I think it was Henri III.,' said Lady Waterford, 'who used to sleep with raw veal-chops on his cheeks, and to cover his hands with pomade, and have them tied up to the top of the bed by silk cords, that they might be white in the morning.'"

"*Oct. 22.*—Lady Waterford talked of her maid Rebekah, who lived with her so long. 'The mistake was that we were together as girls, and used to romp together; and so, when I married, she thought she was to rule me. But she became the most dreadful tyrant. People used to say I wore her as a hair-shirt.'"

"*Oct. 23.*—Lady Waterford talked of 'Grandmama Hardwicke'—how terrified she was of robbers: that one day, when she was going to cross a wide heathy common, she said, 'If any one comes up to the carriage, I shall give up all I have at once: I shall give him no chance of being violent.' Soon after a man rode up. 'Oh, take my money but spare my life,' screamed Lady

Hardwicke, and threw her purse at him. 'My good woman, I don't want your purse,' said the man, who was a harmless traveller."

"Oct. 24.—Lord Houghton has arrived, and been very amusing and agreeable. His torrent of conversation is always interesting, even though he seems to be saying, like Sydney Smith, to the art-circle here, 'My dears, it's all right; you keep with the *dilettanti*: I go with the *talkettanti*.'

"On Wednesday, Lady Waterford took her books and drawing, and went to the forge to spend the afternoon with 'Frizzle'—a poor bedridden woman there to whom *thus*, not by a rapid visit, she brings sunshine and pleasure once a week, enough to last for the other days. Often she sings by the bedside, not only hymns, but a whole variety of things. I drove Mrs. Fairholme to the Rowting Lynn, and we came in for one of the fiercest storms I ever knew—not rain or snow, but lumps of ice, blowing straight upon us from the Cheviots. Lady Waterford came in delighted. 'I do so enjoy a difficult walk. When it is winter, and the ground is deep in snow and the wind blowing hard, I steal out and take a walk, and enjoy it. I try to steal out unobserved. I do not like the servants to get in a state about me; but I am generally betrayed afterwards by a wet petticoat or something.'"

LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD, to
THE HON. MRS. R. BOYLE.

"Ford Castle, Dec. 31, 1873.—How I wish I could be with you to try to cheer you a little over your

family partings. With happy comforts of dear children, these great sorrows must come, but it is better than the grey level of having no home ones to care for. I think the deep joy and sorrow is best, though the most trying: but I do think much of you, dearest Ella, and will wish you for 1874 the great joy of all meeting well and happy and soon."

To MRS. BERNAL OSBORNE.

"*Ford Castle, April 16, 1874.*—I am just arrived at Ford again, and find spring here rather than in Hampshire; grass is far greener and everything more forward than it appears there. I suppose the hardy North cares less for cold winds.

"Are you coming to London?—to that weary turmoil. Your girls, I suppose, do not look on it as we do. I find it (though friends are very kind) the most solitary place of all, and the most wearying, and I rejoice to be here. If people will write and *tell* me of the turmoil, I like nothing better; but the dinners, and the dressing, and the crowds, are certainly depressing as one advances in life. I think, however, if I had daughters, I might like it, and have a great interest in their London lives.

"I often think of you and all the pleasant spring days I have spent with you in former times."

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.—*Note-book.*

"*Highcliffe, June 30, 1874.*—It is delightful to be here again. I came with Everard Primrose.

"This place, so spiritually near the gates of heaven,

is a great rest—quite a halt in life—after London, which, though I thought it filled with all kinds of great and beautiful things, packs in too much, so that one loses breath mentally. Here all is still, and the touching past and earnestly hopeful future lend a wonderful charm to the quiet life of the present.

“The dear lady of the castle is not looking well. I believe it is owing to her conversion to teetotalism, but she says it is not that. All is bright intellectually



THE HAVEN HOUSE, NEAR HIGHCLIFFE.

as ever: in the evenings Lady Jane sings, and Miss Lindsay recites—out of Shakespeare—with great power and pathos.

“It has not been fine weather, but we have had delightful walks on the sand, by the still sad-looking sea, with the Isle of Wight and its Needles rising in the faint distance; or in the thick woods of wind-blown ilex and arbutus. One day we went to the Haven House, which is a place that often comes back to my recollection—picturesquely, gauntly standing on a

tongue of land at the meeting of river and bay, at the end of a weird pinewood, where the gnarled roots of the trees all writhe seawards out of the sand. Here groups of children were at play on the little jetties of sea-weedy stones and timber, while a row of herons were catching fish, solitarily, at great intervals, in the bay. One always feels here as if one did not half appreciate the perfection of each day as it goes by. It needs time to recognise and realise the warmth and colour which a noble mind, a true heart, and an ever heaven-aspiring soul can throw into even the commonest things of life. I often wonder how these walks, how these rooms, with their old *boiserie*, would appear with another inhabitant; quite unimpressive perhaps, but now they are simply illuminated. Beautiful pictures remain with one from everything at Highcliffe, but most of all of the noble figure, seated in her high tapestried chair, painting at her little table by the light of the green lamp, and behind her the great vase filled with colossal branches of green chestnut, mingled with tall white lilies, such as Gabriel bore before the Virgin. As Lady Jane sings, she is roused to call for more songs, for 'something pathetic, full of passion; love cannot be passionate enough.' 'What, another?' says Lady Jane. 'Another, two nothers, three nothers; I cannot have enough.'

"In the perfect Christian, the principal virtues which produce an upright life and beauty of form are fervent faith and the love of our crucified Redeemer. As faith and love deepen, so external grace and beauty increase, until they become able to convert the hearts of men. . . . The soul that is beloved of

God becomes beautiful in proportion as it receives more of the Divine grace.' These words are from Savonarola's sermons, and do they not apply to our Lady ?

"Lady Mary Lambart and Mrs. Hamilton-Hamilton



IN THE LIBRARY, HIGHCLIFFE.

are here. . . . Lady Caroline Charteris came to luncheon—of plain exterior, but in mind indescribably beautiful. She brought with her a most touching letter she had received from Dr. Brown¹ after his

¹ Author of "Rab and his Friends."

wife's death. He spoke of the wells of salvation which men came to when they were truly thirsty, otherwise most people either passed them by altogether, or stayed an instant, gazed into them admiringly, and still passed on. With Lady Caroline came Mrs. David Ricardo in a pink hat—like a Gainsborough in flesh and blood."

"*July 1.*—A delightful morning in the library, fitful sunlight gleaming through the stained windows and upon the orange datura flowers in the conservatory, Lady Waterford painting at her table, Lady Jane, Miss Lindsay, and Lady Mary Lambart working around. Lady Waterford talked of the odd mistakes of words, how an old lady always said facetious for 'officious'—that, when she came by railway, the porters had been so excessively facetious. Miss Mary Boyle condoled with an old woman at the Asheridge almshouses on the loss of her old husband—'Oh, yes, ma'am, it's a great loss; but, still ma'am, I'm quite happy, for I know that he's gone to Beelzebub's bosom.'—'I think you must mean Abraham.'—'Well, yes, ma'am, since you mention it, I think that *was* the gentleman's name.'

"In the afternoon we walked to Hoburne, across a common on which a very rare kind of ophrys grows. Lady Waterford talked of a visit she had had at Ford from Mr. Wayte, the new Rector of Norham, who had married Canon Eade's daughter, a name she said she could always remember because of cannonade. Mr. Wayte told her that, a few nights before, his curate, Mr. Simon, had been obliged to go to fetch some papers out of the vestry at night. When he opened

the church door, the moonlight was streaming in at the west window, and the middle of the nave was in bright light, but the side aisles were dark. He walked briskly down the church to the vestry, and, as he went, was aware that a figure dressed in white was sitting motionless in the corner of one of the pews in the aisle. He did not stay, but went into the vestry to get his papers, and, as he returned, he saw that the figure was still in the same place. Much agitated, he did not go up to it, but hurried home, and waited for daylight, when he returned at once to the church. The figure was still there, and did not move as he approached. When he uncovered its face, he saw it was a dead body. The body had been found in the Tweed the day before, and the finders had not known what to do with it, so they had wrapped it in a sheet, and set it up in the church."

"*July 3.*—We drove to Ashley Clinton. Lady Waterford talked of the origin of words—of weeds as applied to dress. Mrs. Hamilton said how the Queen of the Sandwich Islands always spoke of flowers as weeds—'What pretty weeds these are in the cottage gardens.'

"Lady Waterford spoke of the picture of Miss Jane Warburton near her bedroom door—how she was appointed maid of honour to Queen Caroline at a time when maids of honour were rather fast, and how at dinner, when the maids—according to custom—proposed toasts, and one gave the Archbishop of Canterbury, another the Dean of St. Paul's or some other old man, she alone had the courage to give the smartest

and handsomest man of the day—the Duke of Argyll.¹ She was so laughed at by her companions that it made her cry, and at the Drawing-room somebody said to the Duke of Argyll ‘That is the young lady who has been crying for you,’ and told him the story. He was much touched, but unfortunately he was married. Afterwards, however, when his Duchess died, he married Miss Warburton, and, though she was very ugly, he thought her perfection. In the midst of the most interesting conversation, he would break off to listen to his ‘Jane,’ and he had the most absolute faith in her, till once he discovered that she had deceived him in something about the marriage of one of her daughters with an Earl of Dalkeith, which was not quite straightforward; and it broke his heart, and he died.”

LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD, to
AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

“*Highcliffe, July 13, 1874.*—I arrived at Windsor at half-past three, and have a sketch of my triumphal entrance in an open fly, the horse of which could scarcely get up the hill, while the footman had to cling on as best he could, to make room for my box. The Queen did not appear till dinner-time, in good spirits and very kind. I sate next to Prince Leopold, who seems accomplished and thoughtful. The dinner-party was very small—the Dean of Windsor and Captain and Mrs. Wellesley. Next morning I was down at nine. I was appointed to meet the Queen at Frogmore,

¹ John, second Duke of Argyll, immortalised by Pope.

and she took me all over the mausoleum and to the tomb of the Duchess of Kent. The Dean afterwards took me to the Wolsey Chapel—far better than the mausoleum, but that is what the Queen cannot bear people to say. I had such a cold all the time I was in Windsor, and—such draughts!

“I came back here, and found my guests charmingly ready to welcome me home, and Lady Albinia Pye and her daughter followed by the next train. Friday I had my grand garden-party—band of music, croquet, and a little dancing, and a little flirting (not near enough) for my young ladies. Then yesterday's post brought me the news of Gertrude Talbot's intended marriage to Lord Pembroke: I am so glad she should be so happy.

“The assembled friends here are breaking up, and I feel quite low to lose them. Dear little Maud Lindsay went this morning: to-morrow Lady Albinia and her pretty daughter go: and Wednesday, alas! alas! the Ellices (how shall I live without them!). All my pleasant times for the year are over now.”

“*Highcliffe, July 23, 1874.*—Your letters are full of interesting things. I know Hatfield and all the places you told me about, and the Golden Gallery, where I remember the old, old Lady Salisbury (the Old Sarum of Gilray's caricatures) falling over a great chest, which looked as if it must kill her, and her half affront at being picked up. No wonder, when at eighty she was so proud of her activity that she talked of ‘vaulting into bed.’

“Do you know Ham House? It is the very essence

of all that is weird. There is to be a breakfast there on the 25th, and you positively must be there. It is quite the place for 'Sir Denzil' to meet with endless adventures. An invitation shall go to you, and you can go or not, as you like.

"I have been seeing something of Lady Florence Herbert and her husband. They live in a roadside house, which seems as if it was needing endless repairs. He came in from harvesting—brown, and she brown too, but both look so happy and unconventional, that I was rather inclined to admire their sort of life; only it is a sadly ugly place, and—the drains are all wrong."

To MRS. BERNAL OSBORNE.

"*Highcliffe, July 24, 1874.*—This place is very charming and delightful, and I feel every year more disinclined to waste time and money in London. Here I have enough to do, and some things that are difficult, such as protecting the house from the falling cliffs—a very costly affair.

"I spent one day last month at Windsor, and was pleased and flattered to see the Queen again. She took me herself to see the mausoleum, and seems to take a real delight in showing it, and the fine monument by Marochetti to the Prince Consort. Princess Beatrice is a pretty fair girl, quite grown up: Prince Leopold delicate and still very weak. Certainly Windsor struck me as rather sad and gloomy, and I thought I was glad not to live there.

"We are so delighted with Waterford's marriage and his charming young wife."

To MISS HONORIA THOMPSON.¹

"*Highcliffe, August 6, 1874.*—Yesterday was rather rainy, blustering, and grey for Lady Shelley's garden-party. I went with Mr. Boyle, and found a good many people. The wild sand-cliffs behind the house are very picturesque and charming."

To AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

"*Highcliffe, August 18, 1874.*—James Lindsay² is the greatest loss to all, not only to his own near belongings, but to the farther-off ones, like myself, who felt the value of such a character as his in many ways. I have the most piteous but perfectly resigned letters from Sarah, which touch me more than I can express. She seems to wish to show her *thankfulness* for the painless end, and for every mercy which has been shown her throughout, and yet one sees that no phrases, no eloquence, could express more intense heart-sorrow. She says of Maud, 'She is so good to me.' There is something so childlike in poor little Sarah's sorrow: it is so meek and uncomplaining, it makes me cry to think of it.

"I give tea to forty matrons next week, for some advice about their daughters—very shy I feel.

"The only remarkable personage I have seen was an Italian Marchese, who came here with the Cosmo Gordons. He has some very high appointment about

¹ Niece of General Charles Stuart, one of the dearest friends and most frequent companions of Lady Waterford's later life.

² The Hon. Sir James Lindsay, K.C.M.G., who had married Lady Sarah Savile, Lady Waterford's first cousin.

Court now, but was once banished for liberal opinions, and came to England and went into a workshop for some years, working as a poor man. After the kingdom of Italy was established, he was restored to his estates, and made himself known to his companions. He is quite a *hero de roman*, very good-looking, and very intelligent. He had a workman's appreciation of all good and finished work."¹

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.—*Note-book.*

"*Ford Castle, Oct. 29, 1874.*—Only Lady Sarah Lindsay, her two daughters, and Alick Yorke are here. This morning we had most interesting visitors. Two women were seen coming in under the gateway, one in a red cloak, the other carrying a bundle. It was Her Majesty Queen Esther Faa and the Princess Ellin of the Gipsies!

"When she had finished her breakfast, the Queen came up into the library. She has a grand and beautiful old face, and she was full of natural refinement and eloquence. She said how she would not change places with any one, 'not even with the Queen upon the throne,' for 'God was so good to her;' that she 'loved to wander,' and that she 'wanted nothing, since she always drove her own pair,' meaning her legs.

"She spoke very simply of her accession, that she was the last of the Faa's—that she succeeded her uncle King William—that before him came her great-uncle, 'of whom we must have read in history, Jocky Faa'—that she had had fourteen children, but they were none of them Faa's. She spoke of her daughter as 'the

¹ The Marchese Lotteringo dei Stufa.

Princess that I have left downstairs ;' but all that she said was quite simple, and without any assumption. She sang to us a sort of paraphrase of Old Testament history. Lady Waterford asked her if there was anything she would like to have. She said she cared for nothing but rings—all her family liked them ; that her daughter, Princess Ellin, had wished to have the ring Lady Waterford gave her when she last came to Ford, but that she had told her she 'never meant to take off her petticoats till she went to bed ;' that, next to rings, she liked 'a good nate pair of shoes,' for she 'didna like to gang confused about the feet.'

"When she went away she blessed us. She said to Alick, 'You *are* a bonnie lad, and one can see that you belong to the Board of Health.' She said to me that she loved Lady Waterford so that, 'if it wouldna be too bould,' she should 'like to take her in her arms and kiss her and cuddle her to her old bosom.'"

"Oct. 30.—It has been very pleasant having Alick Yorke here. He is most amusing. His impersonations are capital. Owing to his being here, Lady Waterford has talked much of her childhood at Wim-pole, the delights of visits to the dairy, and receiving great hunches of brown bread and little cups of cream there, and how, with her 'mind's nose,' she still smelt the smell of a particular little cupboard near her nursery, &c.

"Yesterday we walked to Crookham, as Lady Waterford wished to visit a man there who was dying of consumption. In the evening she sang to us touchingly, 'Far away, far away,' till, with the melting words

dying into indescribable sweetness, one seemed carried into the unseen."

"*Nov. 1.*—Lady Waterford has talked much of how few people in the world each person has to whom their deaths would make a real void. That she had scarcely any one—General Stuart, perhaps, and Lady Jane—that others would be sorry at the time, but that to them it would make no blank; that somehow it would be pleasant to leave more of a void, but that, even with brothers and sisters, it was seldom so. I spoke of her own sister, and the great grief her death had been. 'Yes,' she said, 'a great grief, but still it is wonderful how little we had been together—scarcely three years, putting all the weeks together, out of the fourteen years we had been married. Of all my relations, Mama was certainly the greatest loss to me; we had been so much together lately, and were so much to each other.'"

"Lady Waterford talked much of her mother's life in Paris as Ambadress, and of her own birth there at the Embassy. 'I went many years after with Mama to Spa, and there was a very agreeable old gentleman there to whom we talked at the *table-d'hôte*. He found that we knew Paris and the people there, and then he talked, not knowing who we were, of the different Ambadresses. "Celle que j'ai préféré de toutes les ambadrices," he said, "c'était Lady Granville." He saw somehow that he had not said quite the right thing, and next day he wanted to make *amende*, and he talked of the Embassy again before all the people, of this room and that room, and then he said, "Est ce que c'était dans ce chambre, Miladi, que vous êtes accouché de Miladi

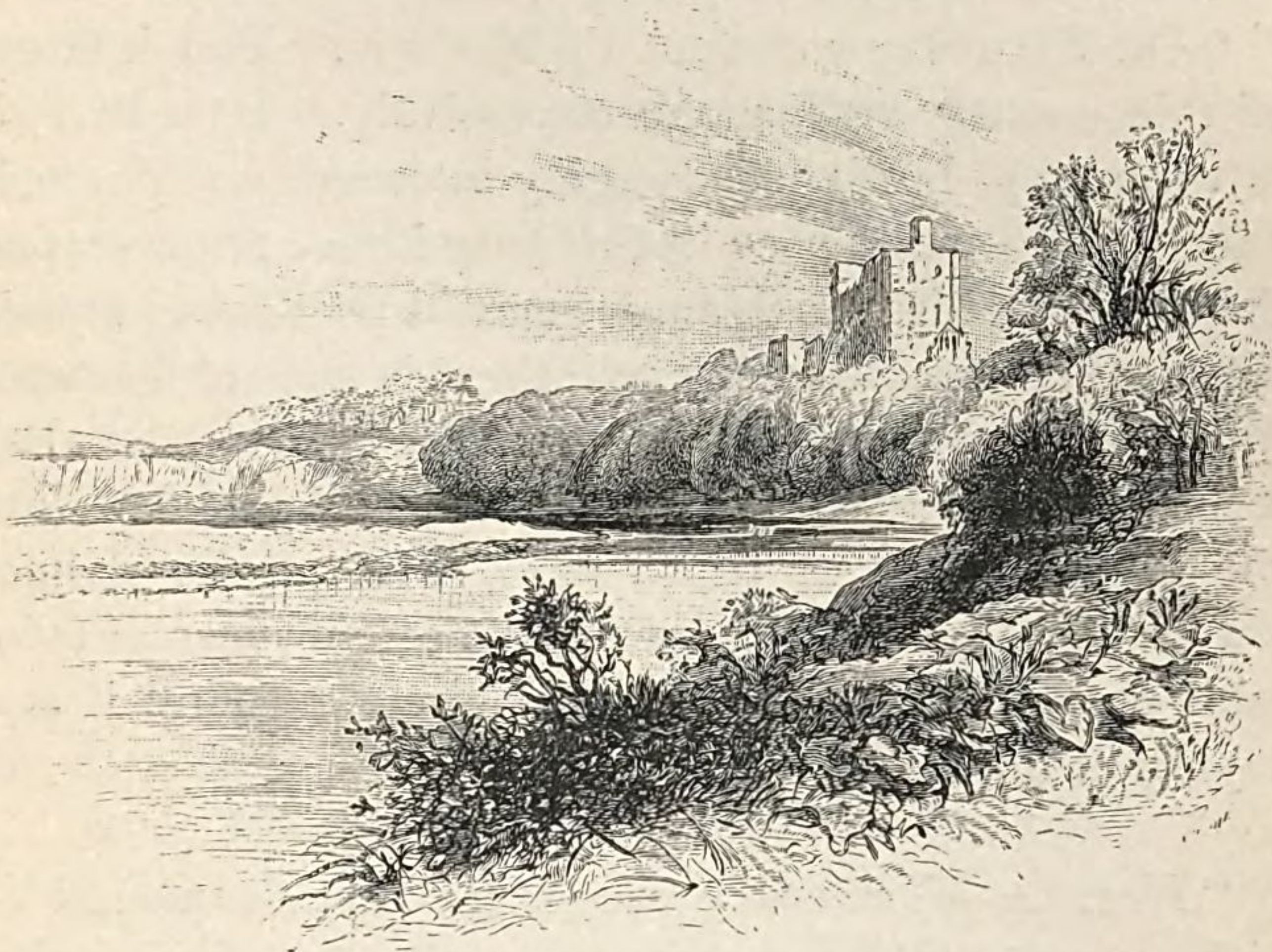
Waterford." He was a M. de Langy, and a very interesting person. His family belonged to the *petite noblesse*, and at the time of the flight to Varennes, after the royal family was captured, theirs was one of the houses to which they were brought to rest and refresh on the way—for it was the custom then, when there were so few inns. M. de Langy's mother was a staunch royalist, and when she knew that the King and Queen were coming, she prepared a beautiful little supper, everything as well as she could, and waited upon them herself. When they were going away, the Queen, who had found it all most comfortable, said, "Où est donc la maîtresse de la maison ? j'ai été si bien ici, je voudrais la remercier avant de partir." Madame de Langy, who was waiting, said simply, "J'étais la maîtresse de la maison avant que votre Majesté y est entré."

"We went to church at Etal in the afternoon. Both there and at Ford, it being All Saints' Day, the sermons were wholly in exaltation of the saints, church services, and salvation by works. Lady Waterford was pained by it: coming back, she spoke of a simple rule of doctrine—

'Just before God by faith,
Just before men by works ;
Just by the works of faith,
Just by the faith which works.'

"In the evening she talked much of her first visit to Italy, her only visit to Rome. 'Char. was just married then, and I was just come out: we went *pour un passe temps*. We travelled in our own carriage, and the floods had carried away the bridges, and it was very

difficult to get on. It was the year of the cholera, and we had to pass quarantine. My father knew a great many of the people in authority, and we hoped to get leave to spend it in one of the larger towns. Mantua was decided upon, but was eventually given up because of the unhealthiness, and we had to pass ten days at



NORHAM ON TWEED.

Rovigo. We arrived at last at Bologna. The people were greatly astonished at the inn when we asked if the Cardinal-Legate was at home; it was as if we had asked for the Pope; and they were more astonished still the next day when he came to call upon us. We went to a party at his palace. He was Cardinal Macchi. I shall never forget that party, or the very odd people

we met—I see them now. The Cardinal was in despair because the theatres were closed—"Je vous aurais prêté mon loge, et je vous aurais donné des glâces." The next day Rossini came to see us. "Je suis un volcan éteint," he said. Afterwards we went to Rome, and stayed four months there: I liked the society part best—the balls at the Borghese's, and those at the Austrian Embassy: they were great fun.'

"On Saturday we went to Norham. The interest of this country strikes one excessively. It is bare, it is even ugly, but it is strangely interesting. There is such breadth and space in the long lines and sweeping distances, amidst which an occasional peel-tower stands like a milestone of history, and there is such a character in the strange, wind-tossed, storm-stricken trees. But it became really beautiful when we descended into the lovely valley of the Tweed, with all its radiant autumnal tints, and sate under the grand mass of ruin, with great flights of birds ever circling round it and crying in the still air."

"*Nov. 4.*—Yesterday we went quite a round of visits, seeing different phases of Border family life. We had luncheon at the Hirsell (Lord Home's)—a great Scotch-looking house in a rather featureless park. There were two tables, and an immense party at luncheon. I did not think it an interesting place, though it contains a fine portrait of Sir Walter Scott, by Raeburn: but Lady Waterford delighted in the happy family life, and says whenever she sees Lord Home she is reminded of the Frenchman who said, 'Oh, mon Dieu! pourquoi est ce qu'il n'est pas mon père?'

"We went next to Sir John Marjoribanks of Lees. He was just come in from hunting, and his wife was fishing in the Tweed. We went to her there. She was standing up at the end of a boat, which a man was rowing, and the whole picture was reflected in a river so smooth, that it looked as if they were floating on a mirror.

"Then we went to the Baillie-Hamiltons at Lenels, another and prettier place on the Tweed near Coldstream Bridge. The house contained much that was interesting, especially two enormous Chelsea vases representing 'Air and Water.' After calling at the Askews', Lady Waterford stopped to take our luncheon—prepared, but not eaten—to a poor man in a consumption. She beguiled the way by describing her visit to Windsor, and the Queen showing her the mausoleum.

"She talked of the passion for jewels: that she could understand it in the case of such persons as Madame Mère, who, when remonstrated with on buying so many diamonds, said, 'J'accumule, j'accumule,' for it had been very useful to her. Apropos of not despising dress, she gave the quotation from Pope's Homer's 'Odyssey'¹—

'A dignity of dress adorns the great,
And kings draw lustre from the robe of state.'

"Last Monday, having a great deal of natural talent for singing, reciting, &c., in the castle, Lady Waterford would not keep it to herself, and asked all the village

¹ Book vi. 73, 74.

people to the school, and took all her guests there to amuse them. At the end, just before 'God save the Queen,' she was surprised by Miss Lindsay's Ode—

'All hail to thee, sweet Lady, all hail to thee to-night,
Of all things bright and beautiful, most beautiful, most bright.
Thou art a welcome guest alike in cottage and in hall,
With a kindly word, and look, and smile, for each one and
for all.
May every blessing life can give be thine from day to day ;
May health, and peace, and happiness for ever charm thy
way ;
May the light thou shed'st on others be reflected on thy brow ;
May a grateful people's love and pride like a stream around
thee flow,
And all our prayers unite in one upon this festal e'en,
That long may'st thou be spared to Ford, to reign its Border-
queen.'"

"*Nov. 7.*—Lord and Lady Warwick have been here, and most delightful. Yesterday Lady Waterford, Miss Lindsay, and I had a delightful long walk across the moor and through charming relics of forest. It was a succession of pictures—long extents of moss backed by ferny hills, downy uplands breaking into red rocks, lighted here and there by the white stem of an old birch tree, and overlooking the softest expanses of faint blue distance. We found several curious fungi. Lady Waterford described how they eat many kinds of fungi in Russia which we consider dangerous. 'They make little patties of them, and eat them in Lent, when meat is forbidden ; and they taste so like meat, that there is almost the pleasure of doing something which is not quite right.'

"The objects of the walk were two. One was the fall of the Rowting Lynn, in a chaos of red and grey rocks overhung by old birch trees—a spot which seems photographed in Coleridge's lines—

'Beneath yon birch with silver bark
And boughs so pendulous and fair,
The brook falls scattered from the rock,
And all is mossy there.'

The other was the sacrificial stone, covered with the mysterious rings which have given rise to boundless discussion of Northumbrian archæologists. When we returned, we found Lord and Lady Bloomfield arrived, and she told us interesting stories all evening."

"*Nov.* 8.—We have been a most wild excursion into the Cheviot valleys to the Heathpool Lynn—a ravine full of ancient alders and birch, with a mountain torrent tossing through grey rocks. The carriage met us at a farmhouse—a most desolate place, cut off by snow all the winter months, and almost always cold and bleak."

"*Nov.* 9.—Lady Waterford, Miss Lindsay, and I walked to some distant plantations to see some strange grass, which, from being surrounded by water at times, had been matted together so that it formed a thick trunk, and branched out at the top like a palm-tree with the oddest effect. Lady Waterford talked of an old woman she knew, whose husband was very ill, dying in fact. One day, when she went to see him, she found his wife busy baking cakes, and she, the old

woman, said that as he was dying she was getting them ready for the funeral. Going again, some days later, Lady Waterford found the man still alive, and she could not resist saying to the woman that she thought her cakes must be getting rather stale. 'Yes, that they are,' said the wife; 'some folks are *so* inconsiderate.'

"When we returned to the castle, we found that old Mr. Fyler, the Vicar of Cornhill, had arrived, and he was very amusing all evening. He talked much of Sir Horace St. Paul (a neighbour of Ford), who had become a teetotaller, and had thrown away all the wine in his cellar. His mother was a daughter of Lord Ward, who had run his sword through a brother officer whom he thought to have insulted him. It was the Lord Ward who was brother to Lady St. Paul, who was made the prominent figure by Copley in his picture of the death of the Earl of Chatham. It is a grand portrait in a fine picture, and Copley gave the life-size sketch which he made for it to the Ward family."

"*Nov.* 10.—Last night Mr. Fyler told his famous story of 'the nun.' It is briefly this:—

"'A son of Sir J. Steuart of Allenbank, on the Blackadder, where Lady Boswell lives now, was at Rome, where he fell in love with a novice in one of the convents. When his father heard of it, he was furious and summoned him home. Young Steuart told the nun he must leave Rome, and she implored him to marry her first; but he would do nothing of the kind, and, as he left, she flung herself under his

carriage, the wheels went over her, and she was killed. The first thing the faithless lover saw on his return to Scotland was the nun, who met him in the bridal attire she was to have worn, and she has often appeared since, and has become known in the neighbourhood as "Pearly Jean."

"Mr. Fyler says that when people on the Border are not quite right in their heads, they are said to 'want twopence in the shilling.' A poor cooper at Cornhill was one of these, and one day he disappeared. The greatest search was made for the missing man, for he was a Johnson, and almost all the village at Cornhill are Johnsons—fishermen. So every one went out to look, and though nothing was found, they came to the conclusion that he had been drowned in the Tweed.

"That evening Mr. Fyler observed that his church windows had not been opened as he desired, and going up to them and looking in, he saw a white figure wrapped in a sheet walking up and down the aisle and slapping its arms. He went back and said, 'I've found the lost man. He is in the church, and two of the strongest men in the place must go with me and get him out.' But if any one else had looked into the church, they would have thought it was a ghost. As it was, one of the men who went to get him out fainted dead away."

LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD, to
AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

"*Ford Castle, Nov. 18, 1874.*—On Saturday, Mr. Clifford came, and I like his religious views, which are

true and honest. His picture of Lady Pembroke is delightful, much more than delightful; he has put a whole poem into her face. She is as proud and stately as possible, and yet she looks as if she had been crying, but had rather die than show it: and beautiful as his pictures of the Ladies Bennet are, I couldn't look at them a second time by the side of her. Lady Tankerville he has done very well: Lord Tankerville a speaking likeness. Then he had a photograph-book of enchanting new faces, and I found the Leycesters of Toft, she a Miss de Burgh, whom I remember seeing once—beautiful, and he a striking face too.

“Fritz¹ has had many naughty bouts, but remains here with Maud, his special mother, after much howling at seeing part of the (Lindsay) family depart.”

To THE HON. MRS. R. BOYLE.

“*Ford Castle, Jan. 5, 1875.*—I do hope your journey is prosperous and pleasant: I think it sounds so nice under the care of a son. How well I remember a winter journey I made in 1857, bitter cold at Paris, fog at Lyons, and then a gradual and most delightful getting into a warmer climate—the Estrelles covered with large white heath in full flower, and rosemary with its blue flowers, and a little hooded sort of arum: it is fairyland even to think of it.

“Read Kingsley's ‘Life,’ and you will see how his love for his wife was all in all; it really led him to God and true belief.

“In my life it is the want of home affection which is so despairing, and the feeling that *never* again may I

¹ Miss Lindsay's Scotch terrier.

have it. Friends are kind, but friends *cannot* do to fill the home blank; and yet I feel the same freshness I ever did, and the same sort of youth of feeling I had at twenty, and, thank God, I am as well as possible so far, but utterly alone."

To AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

"*Ford Castle, Jan. 8, 1875.*—Don't think I am ungrateful for the most interesting, delightful letter that ever was written; but it is gone to the beloved Ellices, so I cannot comment upon it bit by bit as I want to do. Here it has been the hardest winter I ever remember feeling. In the very deep snow, the frosted trees all decked with white, and looking as *thick* as if they had silver leaves, were one of the most beautiful landscape effects I ever saw: it lasted so two days. Then, the night of the carols, with a bright moonlight on the white courtyard, while the carol-singers were walking through the gate with torches, was also a picture to see, and could not be expressed in my little note-book. I have been alone, but busy. At the school-feast a shipload of presents, coming in on wheels, with 'A Boat, a Boat unto the Ferry,' was a great success, with two hundred school-children to enjoy it.

"I am reading your 'Days' now, and what charming days they are. But how little I know about Rome; only the book recalls a dreamlike remembrance of rides I had in the Campagna (how I could have ventured!) with C. Stuart.

"Jane Ellice and I are in constant communication,

and just now we are very full of Hine, an unlearned man, who nevertheless undertakes to show us we are Israelites (not Jews), and to prove it from texts of Scripture.

“The wall of the kitchen-garden at Highcliffe has given way and is gone down. I can see Captain Primrose’s face with—‘I told you it would, and the house will soon follow.’ Not a bit! I feel confident it can be saved. The cliff-doctor is sent for, and I am not afraid.”

“*Ford Castle, Jan. 14, 1875.*—I am so very sorrowful to-day, expecting hourly the death of dear old Mrs. Heslop.¹ . . . Her face has grown so thin, she looks like a Sybil of Michelangelo, with a red shawl over her white cap.”

“*Feb. 5.*—I am thinking how grieved you must be to hear of Lady Carnarvon’s death. I knew her very little, but the little made me a warm admirer. She had everything—beauty, talent, charm, and goodness, and her loss is, like Lady Durham’s, a blank for ever in her family.

“I don’t feel despair about the cliff at Highcliffe. The quoins are doing their work nobly, gathering sand and not losing one inch.

“I am so glad you have met and liked Mrs. Leslie. I hope John too. I am so fond of both. She is, you know, my cousin through Portarlington connection.”

¹ Mrs. Heslop rallied, and lived till June 1882.

To MRS. J. LESLIE, in answer to a letter asking Lady Waterford to consent to having a statue¹ executed, to which loving relations and friends had subscribed on her suggestion.

"*Feb.* 19, 1875.—I really do not know how I can express all the pleasure (but mingled with such a feeling of self-depreciation) which I feel in hearing from you and Lord Wharncliffe of your project, so kindly and warmly thought of, for a statue.

"It makes me only feel more shy and unworthy in myself to be so kindly treated, but I could never be so ungracious as to refuse on that account, and I am only too flattered. I will write also to Lord Wharncliffe that such a very kind intention can only be received with pleasure by me.

"It seems to me such a wonder that you and my other friends could think of it.

"I don't want you to think this letter formal, and it is only that I feel a sort of shyness at the honour done to me, so formal words come out, but they are true nevertheless. Charles Stuart wrote to me; he is so gratified too about it, and indeed it would be very odd if we were not so."

To THE HON. MRS. R. BOYLE.

"*Highcliffe, July* 17, 1875.—Boehm is here doing the head—life-size—of my statue. I am satisfied to be old now: there is no one I care to be young for: let the lines come, it is really all the same to me. All that made me gay is past; still I hope you will come here

¹ The statue, now in the hall at Highcliffe, somewhat fails in likeness of features, but fully gives the peculiar grace and nobility of Lady Waterford's figure.

and I will try to amuse you. I have the Wharncliffes here, the Ellices, Somers, and Boehm—a houseful, but it is all prosaic now.”

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.—*Note-book.*

“*Highcliffe, July 18, 1875.*—The usual party are here. . . . Lady Jane is full of the theory that she is an Israelite, that we are all members of the lost tribes of Israel, that our royal family are direct descendants of Tephah, the beautiful daughter of Zedekiah, who was brought to Ireland by Jeremiah, and married to its king.

‘Mrs. Hamilton-Hamilton has much that is interesting to tell of her old embassy life in France. She was at S. Leu the day before the Duc de Bourbon’s death. She would not go in, though urged to do so, because ‘that woman, Madame de Feuchères, was there,’ but heard how well the Duke was, preparing for the chase, ‘never better in his life.’ The next day, in returning to Paris, their carriage was passed and repassed by quantities of royal servants riding to and fro. At last they asked why it was. The Duc de Bourbon was dead, found hung up to the blind of the window.

“Madame de Feuchères (once an orange-girl at Southampton) was left enormously rich. She promised to settle all her property on the Duc d’Aumale if the Duchess of Orleans would receive her. Mrs. Hamilton-Hamilton was seated at the end of the room between the Duchesse des Cazes and another great lady of old *régime*. Suddenly the Duchess of Orleans got up and crossed the whole room to receive some

one at the door: generally she remained in her place, making only one step even for a duchess. It was Madame de Feuchères who had entered.

“At the court of Charles X. it was the Dauphine who received. She was very severe in her manner and had a very harsh voice: it was as if the shadow of the Temple always rested upon her. The Duchesse de Berri was of gentler manners but less wise. After the family of Charles X. fled upon the revolution of four days, when the deputation went to offer the crown to Louis Philippe, he was out, and they found only the Duchess of Orleans. She was horrified at the very idea, and refused point-blank, saying that her husband would never do such a wrong to his cousin—‘Grace à Dieu, mon mari ne sera pas usurpateur.’ Going through the garden at Neuilly, however, the deputation met Madame Adelaïde, who asked what their business was, and being told what the Duchess had answered, said, ‘Oh, mais mon frère accepte, certainement il accepte,’ and her view was definitive. She never separated from her brother afterwards, and he always deferred to her opinion; indeed, as Napoleon used to say, she ‘was the only man of the family.’ The whole family paid her great attention, for she was enormously rich: she made the Prince de Joinville her heir.

“Mrs. Hamilton-Hamilton was the first person Queen Marie Amélie sent for after her accession. She went in the evening, and found the Queen sitting at a table with Madame Adelaïde and one other lady, the wife of the Swedish Minister. A place was given her between the Queen and Madame Adelaïde. The

first words of the Queen seemed ominous—‘Nous avons laissé nôtre bonheur à Neuilly, Madame Hamilton.’ But Madame Adelaïde instantly took up the conversation, and talked of a bullet which she had found in her mirror, saying that she should never have the mirror mended, but should preserve it as ‘*un souvenir historique*.’

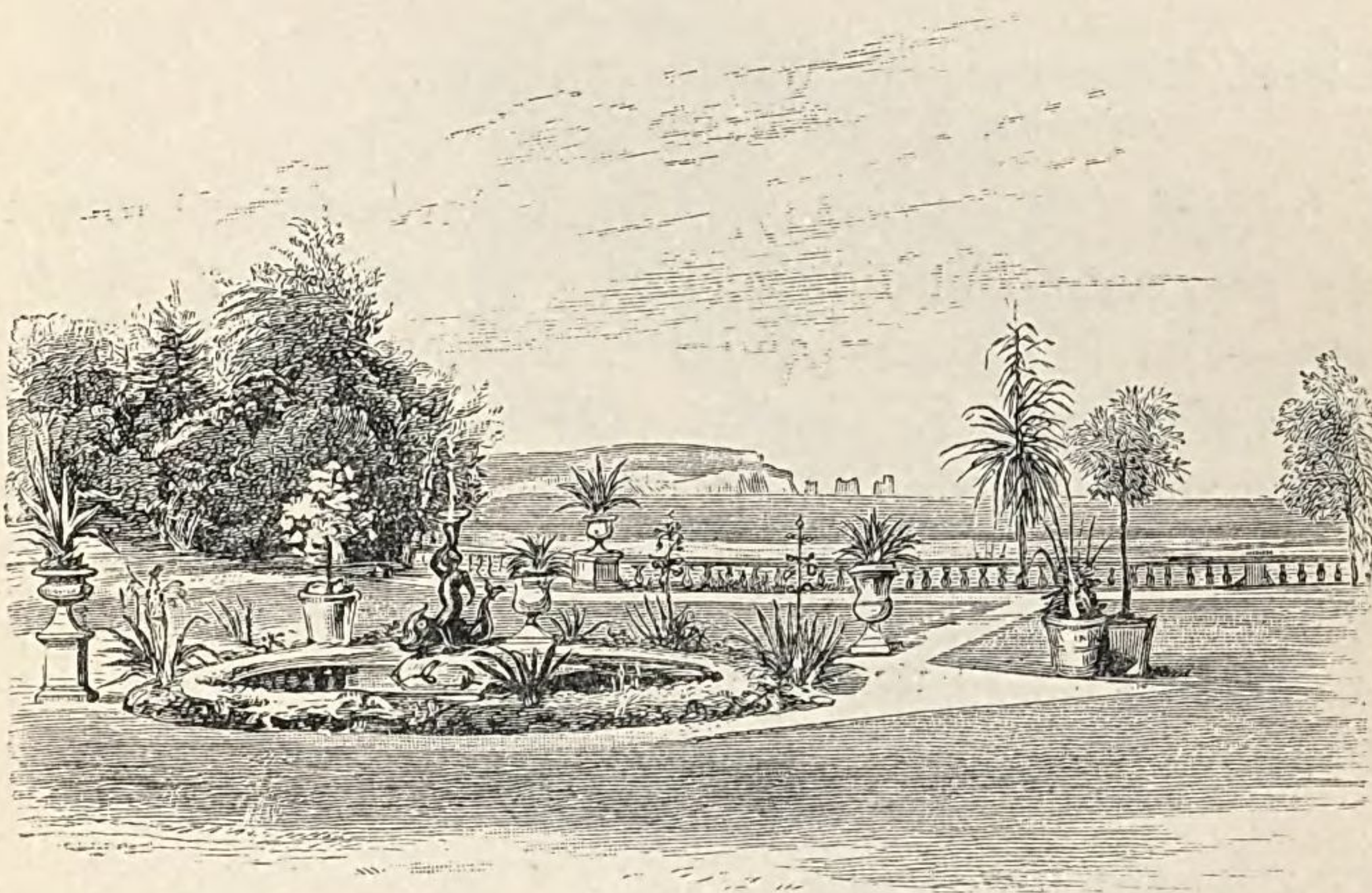
“Lady Waterford says how much brighter and happier people are for having something young about them—a young lady, a child, a dog even. She says, ‘I want to make a picture of Hope painting the future in the brightest colours. It will be such a beautiful subject. A rainbow will pour into the room, and all its colours be reflected on her palette.’”

“*July 20.*—Lady Waterford and the Ellices went to Broadlands, and returned in the evening radiant, and full of the Conference, with which they were delighted.

“They had a delightful drive through the forest, and halted at Lyndhurst, visiting the ‘King’s House,’ and seeing the stirrup which is attributed to William Rufus. It is of gigantic size, and was probably really intended, when dogs were forbidden in the forest, as a sort of standard of measurement, only dogs which could pass through that stirrup being allowed.

“At Broadlands, after luncheon, they went out on the lawn, where the Conference was proceeding under some fine beech-trees. ‘It was like a Claude,’ said Lady Waterford, ‘the view over the water, with a temple on one side and a cypress cutting the sky.’ Mr. Cowper Temple opened the afternoon meeting with a

little speech, a Nonconformist minister followed, and then the High Church Mr. Wilkinson gave an address. The most remarkable thing he told was a story of a young lady who went to a meeting, and returned resolved to dedicate herself to God. She wrote down her vow of dedication, and then said, 'It shall be from to-day.' Then she considered that there was so much



THE GARDEN TERRACE, HIGHCLIFFE.

to be done, &c., and altered it—'It shall be in three years.' Again she hesitated and altered what she had written—'I may not live: it shall be to-night.' But finally she thought again how much there was she wanted to do first, and finally wrote—'In three weeks I will dedicate myself to God.' In the morning the paper was found with all the different erasures and alterations, but the young lady was dead. . . . Several

other speakers followed, and then Mr. Cowper Temple knelt on the ground and prayed: all was most simple and earnest.

"Here at Highcliffe we have sate in the library in the morning: the great brugmantia bursting into its bloom of orange bells in the conservatory beyond, Lady Waterford painting at her table, the rest working beneath the stained window."

LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD, to
THE HON. MRS. BOYLE.

"*Highcliffe, August 17, 1875.*—Never think I forget my playmate, but I have had a succession of family here—Sarah Lindsay and her daughters, Alba Pye, Vere Cameron, E. Gordon (*née* Lindsay), filling the house and taking up all my spare time, besides Minny Stuart being very unwell, and running to Hoburne whenever I could. I thought poor Vere Cameron so gentle and pleasant; and Charles and I, Alba and Vere, made a reunion of old Whitehall days."

To AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

"*Ford Castle, Sept. 24, 1875.*—You say you have passed a very quiet time, but it seems to me full of very pleasant breaks and colourings. Mine will be much more prosaic, scarcely even a black and white picture. I remained at Highcliffe till the end of August, and then came straight home to Ford, where I had scarcely time to inspect all my alterations before Lord and Lady Somers and Lady A. Cocks came, followed, in a few days, by Lord and Lady Waterford. The last was an event for which to put up the flag, but



"DIEU ME CONDUISE"

this was found impossible, as the string had rotted (the last time it was put up was for the Queen of Holland), and though a man at the peril of his life climbed to the top, the rotted rope had filled the aperture, and a new rope could not be threaded in. Waterford had not been at Ford for a long time, and was charmed at the progress: she thought it perfect. The weather was fine and the game very plentiful. I must say both Waterford and his wife won all hearts, and I might have had a 'chorus of villagers' singing their praises, for they were full of them. Before they left, Louisa, Lady Ashburton, and her daughter came—both very pleasant. I think Miss Baring a charming girl—magnificent, gentle, unspoiled, clever, and delightful. Lady A. also interests me very much.

"The Somers brought an enchanting dog with them, a black Spitz of perfect form and most graceful movements. I wrote this to Sarah Lindsay and said, 'Fritz is quite cut out by Toni,' on which I received a copy of verses from Fritz which are quite excellent."

To THE HON. MRS. R. BOYLE, who had been asked by Miss Clayton to obtain particulars regarding Lady Waterford's work for her volumes on Lady Artists.

"*Highcliffe, Oct. 31, 1875.*—The honest truth is, I had far rather Miss Clayton should say nothing about me. How can I say this *civilly*? The school pictures are not good enough to deserve mention, and the idea of an account of them in print is quite odious to me. How can that be said? If she named me in the most cursory way, that 'such an attempt might be worked out by others usefully,' I could just *bear* it, but scarcely.

It goes against the grain to an extent I cannot describe to have it in any way spoken of as a thing that is *worth* it. So, dear Ella, do say 'I know my cousin Lady W. had rather not have anything said about her works. She is not satisfied with them herself, and would take it as a kindness that, if named, it should be in the most cursory way as *attempt* in the right direction.' I wish you could see me inside out, and that mock modesty is not the reason of my saying this, but a feeling (which I believe a right one) that these things, or anything I have ever done, cannot be classed as real good things, only as the work of one who would have been an artist if it had been her fate to earn her bread and to go through a greater amount of study."

"*Highcliffe, Nov. 8, 1875.*—What am I to do about Miss Clayton? I have nothing else to say about it. The work of the school has no art in it, and is even done in the commonest water-colours, and the boards were stretched by the carpenter on calico merely to prevent the papers breaking. I believe he distempered it, for the white stuff and the gum were difficult to overcome, and it used to dry as light as possible in consequence. But all this is irregular and cannot be told: nothing was ever done with so little arrangement or propriety—carelessly, alas! alas!

"I am always trying to *learn* not to regret youth. I feel it is heathen to do so, but I can't help it, and I do dreadfully, and some of my friends don't a bit. . . . Ah! but they have their affections well stocked, and then there is no need to wish for the mere fact of youth. One loves youth because it brings a per-

petual harvest of sympathy ; people don't sympathise with the old, who want it so much more. You don't know how sad it is always to think of *things*, and not *lives*, and that is my case : I only want to keep trying always to help others : it is the only way to keep a heart of flesh—for Christ's sake."

"*Highcliffe, Nov. 19, 1875.*—I want to add one name to the painteresses of animals in Miss Clayton's list, that of Mrs. Blackburne, *née* Jemima Wedderburn : such a wonderful genius for animals ; Landseer himself said so. She published various books of illustrations, and one of sea-birds is large and beautiful. She knows more about the *action* and attitude of every kind of animal than any one I ever knew. Then, for landscapes, Mrs. Herbert of Muckross should be mentioned, and you might also say my sister, whose Indian views and flowers are really wonderful. Then there are those famous landscapes by Miss Blake and Mrs. Bridgeman Simpson.

"I like to hear of your robins. Do you know, (like mortals) I think the birds sometimes mistake autumn for spring (I suppose I do morally too), and they begin to sing and even lay eggs, for I have often found eggs lying about at this time of year ! I am always trying to feel I am old, and can't, and that is exactly what the birds do in thinking it is spring."

"*Highcliffe, Dec. 1, 1875.*—This morning has arrived your beautiful book. . . . I think you may be proud of 'accomplished' work, and I feel, 'Oh, that I had begun, continued, and ended so well.' How my

ideas of books have always fallen to the ground! and my piece of music is still sticking somewhere, one proof alone done. During my time here I have done only a very few little things, ideas, and some water-colours, but a series has always stuck. I had ideas of Romeo and Juliet, of Young Lochinvar, of the Time to laugh, and the Time to cry, and all the Times mentioned in Ecclesiastes."

"*Highcliffe, Dec. 4, 1875.*—A thousand thanks for your warm note. No, indeed it is not more dreary here than in any other place; indeed, if I wish it, there are many more people to go and see. All places are about alike as to dreariness, and that is indeed the worst, but Highcliffe is in itself cheery, for snow (we have a little now) never lies long, and one can get on the beach and forget there *is* snow, and be sheltered from the wind, and see, oh such lovely birds and late glowing red effects, like Martin's pictures.

"You deserve far more praise than I wrote about your book. I am going north soon, but to deeper snow and deeper solitude—not a creature to come.

"You know I have been expending hundreds here to save the cliff, but only could afford a bit, and that bit to save the stables, and I *have* saved them; so I feel that I can do the same for the house, and will do it D.V. later."

To VISCOUNT STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE.

"*Ford Castle, Dec. 28, 1875.*—I welcome your little book as a most precious gift, and will read it with the greatest interest. I wish I could express what I feel

about it, but put it badly into words—that it seems to me to carry a weight of its own that *you*, who have the experience of such active times and have seen so much of life, should, in these days of scepticism and infidelity, gather up your knowledge and wisdom to do battle for the truth, and show the conclusion of the ‘one thing needful.’ It seems to me such a glorious thing to do.’

To MRS. BERNAL OSBORNE.

“*Ford Castle, Feb. 11, 1876.*—How kind of you to give me the pleasure of being the godmother of your first little granddaughter.¹ If she is like that darling boy whose photograph you sent me, she must be very pretty. His lovely little bare feet look so cold without his shoes, that they *fold up* like a flower or a sensitive plant. How happy your Grace’s life sounds.

“Did you hear of the crown of diamonds Lord Bute presented to his wife on her accouchement, which crown had around it in rubies, written in Hebrew characters—‘A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband’? At the same time he had a silver image of S. Margaret made, which was also crowned with diamonds, and figured on the font at the baptism. I think these incidents should be added in a new edition of ‘Lothair.’

“I am making a beautiful rectory and garden, so as to pull down the old one which now exists, and is terribly near the castle. It is the crowning improvement of Ford. Oh, I do hope, when I die, that Waterford and his wife will care for this place.”

¹ Miss Grace Bernal Osborne had married the tenth Duke of St. Albans in 1874.

"*Ford Castle, March 7, 1876.*—I see that the christening is over, and that my little goddaughter 'Lady Moyra de Vere' (what a lovely name!) is now a *fait accompli*. What a heroine of romance I see, and, if as pretty as the little brother, the charm has begun.

"It seems a contradiction, when so quietly here, to say I am very busy, but so it is; days are not long enough for my small affairs, and I daresay one becomes a sort of solitary red-tapeist, doing things by days and hours."¹

*To LADY LESLIE.*²

"*Ford Castle, March 10, 1876.*—What have I done since I saw you? Exactly the same as when I wrote last.

"Monday—The village.

"Tuesday—The forge.

"Wednesday—Crookham.

"Thursday, Friday, so on, *da capo, da capo*.

"I am reading Haydon's life. I think you must make John read it. It will remind him of the R.A.'s and their spite against all historical and sacred pictures: though I do blame Haydon for much wrong-headedness.

"Every word of your letter amused and interested me. Lady Paget³ I know but little, but she delights me. I always think of a Bacchante and then I see her

¹ This is the last letter which has been preserved of the correspondence of many years with Mrs. Bernal Osborne, who died 21st June 1880.

² Sir J. Leslie was made a Baronet in Feb. 1876.

³ Countess Walpurga de Hohenthal, wife of the Right Hon. Sir Augustus Paget.

(but I am sure only because of a wreath of grapes she had), and I think there is *laissez aller* too, which always captivates me the more from having none.

“I hear of Adelaide Brownlow dining at the Gladstones in red velvet up to her chin, and a row of pearls, looking beautiful—a beautiful woman, the girl gone.”

“*Ford Castle, March 26, 1876.*—You don’t know how your letters amuse me and how much you tell me. I think also that you have the sort of way of putting things that I used to see sometimes in my sister, which no one else has now, and it is most delightful to me.”

To AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

“*Ford Castle, March 1876.*—Jane Ellice begs me to bring forward no more objections to the theory of our Israelitish origin, as her faith in it is firmly established. Mine is lessened every day, specially since reading (with that view) the prophets consecutively. I think the only bit I don’t quite see in *contradiction* is when Ezekiel has so much about the replacing of the twelve tribes; but that England can be made out of that stock I think is utterly against all I have tried to learn about it. . . . However, dear Jenny holds it all as true, so I must obey, and bring no more objections, though I think I have found some unanswerable ones.”

“*Highcliffe, June 17, 1876.*—You *must* meet Somers here. I don’t think you know him, and no one has such a fund of knowledge and amusing talk as he has—on every subject. . . . We drove on Wednesday to

Lord Normanton's place, to see his Sir Joshuas, of which there are twenty-five specimens, among them the figures designed for the window at Oxford—some of them wonderfully fine, especially Justice and Fortitude. You will find Jane Ellice more Israelite than ever, more than I wish a great deal, for she looks on a disbeliever in this notion as 'still in darkness,' yet the more I search the more I disincline towards it."

To THE HON. MRS. R. BOYLE.

"*Highcliffe, June 12, 1876.*—The laburnums have hung out their golden fingers, and the little burnet roses are blowing away their fragile white leaves, and still the lady with the sea-blue eyes comes not. She cometh not, and why? She will find the aged and ageing friend always delighted to see her whenever she chooses to come to a very matter-of-fact state of things—the welcome will be always the same."

"*Highcliffe, July 3, 1876.*—How good and affectionate you are to me. I did not deserve your letter—a charming letter. Your visit here was such a bright spot, for, lovely as Highcliffe is, I have my grey days in it, and many of them, and you seem to bring back a little bit of other days, captivating everybody and making me so happy.

"I am writing one of my hurried letters, so unlike yours. I believe your very nice quietude, and the *time* you give to a friend when you write a letter, is more than a charm—it is a precious quality, for it shows the receiver of the letter that you take time for them."

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.—*Note-book.*

“*Highcliffe, July 24, 1876.*—In this most unearthly paradise all looks like last year going on still—the huge stems of chestnut and the white lilies and bulrushes in the great vase relieved against the old *boiserie* of the saloon, the wide window-porch open to the fountain and orange-trees and sunlit terraces and sea; Lady Waterford coming in her hat and long sweeping dress through the narrow wind-blown arbutus avenue: old Mrs. Hamilton-Hamilton in her pleasant sitting-room, with Miss Lindsay hovering about and waiting on her like a maid of honour: the Ellices beaming with cordial goodness and pleasantness. I have felt, as I always do, very shy at first, then most entirely at home.”

“*July 25.*—We have all, I think, basked as much in the mental sunshine of this beautiful life as in the external sunshine which illumines the brilliant flowers and glancing sea.

“We walked on the shore this afternoon. ‘See what festival the sea has been making, and what beautiful coloured weeds she has been scattering,’ said Lady Waterford. We found two little boots projecting from the sand, and as we dug them out, and found them *filled* and stiff, we really expected a drowned child to follow, but it was only sand that filled them, and the little Payne child of Chewton Bunny had lost them when bathing. As we sate on the shore, while Lady Waterford looked for fossils, a staith came down from the Bunny and flooded the little stream into

a river, cutting off our return. We most of us crossed higher up, but Lady Waterford plunged in and waded.

"Lady Waterford has talked much of marriages—now even indifferent marriages tone down into a degree of comfort which is better for most women than desolation."

"*July 26.*—We walked in the evening to the Haven House. The old pine-wood with its roots writhing out of the sand, and its lovely views over still reaches of water to the great grey church, and the herons fishing, are more picturesque than ever. Afterwards Lady Herbert of Lea arrived with her beautiful daughter Gladys. Lady Herbert is suffering still from the bite of a scorpion when she was drawing in the ruins of Karnac."

"*July 27.*—We had tea in the porch, and then went down to the sands, where Miss Lindsay recited 'The High Tide in Lincolnshire' as we sate under the rocks."

"*July 29.*—In the afternoon I went with Lady Waterford to see General Maberly. She was surprised when he talked of the exaggerations of teetotalism. He thought that every one should do as they pleased, and that it was very wrong of a great landowner to prevent the existence of a public-house on his estate: that it was following the teaching of the Baptist rather than that of our Saviour, for 'was not our Saviour a wine-bibber'?"

“Lady Waterford has been talking of sympathy for others, that there is nothing more distressing than to see another person *mortified*. ‘Mama,’ she said, ‘could never bear to see any one mortified. Once at Paris, at a ball she had, there was a poor lady, and not only her *chignon*, but the whole edifice of hair she had, fell off in the dance. And Mama was so sorry for her, and, when all the ladies tittered, as she was ‘Madame l’Ambassadrice,’ and a person of some influence, I don’t think it was wrong of her to apply the verse, and she said ‘Let the woman among us who has no false hair be the first to throw a stone at her.’”

“*July* 31.—Lady Jane says that there are three shades of people one likes: those whom one must see in heaven, for it would not be heaven without them; those whom one hopes to see in heaven and to meet there; and those whom one hopes will be in heaven, but that one will not see them there.”

“*August* 3.—Lady Waterford says that Lady Stuart, when a Frenchman tried to talk to her in very bad English, told him she preferred talking French—‘Ah, Madame,’ he said, ‘vous aimez mieux écorcher les oreilles des autres, qu’on vous écorche vos oreilles.’”

“*August* 5.—I have left Highcliffe, and the gates of Paradise seem closed. There has been the usual perfect confidence about everything through the whole party: the pleasant going backwards and forwards to ‘Hamilton Place’ and the waiting upon old Mrs. Hamilton: the many friendly snubs and contradic-

tions, which rail at all the smallnesses and ennoble all the higher aims of life. After luncheon we all sat in the porch surrounded by the great lilies and geraniums in flower, and we had coffee there looking upon the Isle of Wight with the Needles looming through the mist: there we parted."

LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD, to
AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

"*Highcliffe, Oct. 26, 1876.*—Thank you very much for a delightful letter. How much you are always seeing, or perhaps it is a case of eyes and no eyes, and you remember so many things to amuse people with, that what would often produce a monotonous account from other people is full of incidents to you. But the fact of your having seen the Essex ring stands out more than anything else of the sights you describe. How do the Thynnes happen to have it, and what is it like?

"I made two visits (one day each) on my way from Ford—the first with Christina, Lady Waterford, who took me to Ingestre, where there is a great deal of courting and marrying going on; and then to Eastnor Castle, that most beautiful place, which I don't think you have ever seen. There I found more courting and marrying, and met the Courtenays and Lady H. Somerset. I had a beautiful suite of rooms on the ground-floor, with tapestry and damask and Venetian glasses; rooms of palatial size, miles from my maid, and I thought them just a little ghostly: added to which Caroline Courtenay showed me a photograph of a ghost! Mr. Easton, the miniature painter, was

staying at Thornton Hall (I think that is the name) in Norfolk, and this most awful old woman appeared. He thought she had mistaken the room, and said, 'I think you have made a mistake of the room.' Every night this happened, and she appeared seven times in all. So he determined to make a drawing of her, from which I saw the photograph. She is known to appear, and had murdered the heir of the property years ago. Her glaring eyes are quite awful! I saw nothing, though the remembrance of that photograph was extremely unpleasant in those large rooms.

"I think Highcliffe's triumph is in winter. It never looks wintry. The only difference is in the flowers of the porch, but the evergreen oaks always keep a leafy summery look, and with a blue sky and blue sea it is often as charming as in summer.

"The Ellices stayed at Ford most of September and met the Gladstones, whom they were quite captivated with. Mr. Gladstone cut down an ash-tree, eight feet in girth, in half an hour, and at my request planted an oak (I did not tell him it was a Turkey oak, but I believe it was). The Ford people were very enthusiastic to see him at work, and nearly all the village pressed in.

"I dined at a dinner of twenty on Wednesday at the Entwhistles, to meet the Bishop of Winchester (Dr. Harold Browne). He was extremely pleasant, but lighted on the topic of vintages and old wine, a subject which is by no means one I care for. He said he had seen hock that was bottled in the days of Luther, but could not say he had tasted it."

“*Highcliffe, Nov. 29, 1876.*—I am very much obliged to you for the interesting and touching account of dear Lady Ruthven. I can hear her saying the things you quote, and do feel the reality of her childlike faith and goodness far more than the most elaborate sermon. How right to know so much of the Bible by heart. In my old age I have tried to learn three chapters of the First Epistle of St. John, and have found it almost impossible: the effort of memory was tremendous, and it did not *remain* as it would have done if learnt younger. At the same time I think the Gospels would be easier.

“I am nearly at the end of my Highcliffe time and so sorry. I should like to stay all the winter; it is so bright and charming here, and so comfortable and warm, and I find so much to do—trees to mark for cutting, and things to plant, and plantations to thin, &c., but I must go in December, so as to be at Ford for Christmas. Do you remember how we called on the niece of the Dodds of Lowick? She was not at home, but would have been worth seeing, as she is the daughter of a Persian princess. Her father was an English officer, and she is one of the most beautiful old ladies I ever saw in my life. In her youth Sir T. Lawrence had asked to paint her. You see how little I have to tell you from hence. I have done my wedding-present (a drawing) for Lady Tavistock, and a child from nature, and have been twice to Bournemouth to see Miss Talbot, to whom I recommended Ticknor’s *Reminiscences*, and this caused her to bring forward her own, and she told me much you ought to hear her tell of her young days in Rome—knowing the Duchess of Devonshire, Mme.

Recamier and Countess Guiccioli; and she described them.

"I have been delighted with an article in the October *Edinburgh*, in which the tribute to Edward Denison is most true and graceful. Miss Octavia Hill has also done wonders by the account from 'A London Court'—a court of far higher honour than a royal one, which she has turned from a den of almost savages into the abode of honest and useful members of society."

"*Ford Castle, Jan. 24, 1877.*—I am living a regular routine life, for which I have nothing to show, though I am doing a new figure, John the Baptist, for the schoolroom, and have a regular set of things to do every day in the week: but I have seen no one. I have always a great deal doing outside—now it is a new bridge over the Till at the forge; the old one is not safe: and there are farm improvements to do on all sides. A great bit of Chillingham old tower (King John's) has tumbled down *à une pièce*, and there is great doubt if the whole tower must not be rebuilt. I think the story of the mermaid at Rostherne tolling the bell so poetic, and should like a song written upon it by Lady Sherborne.

"I am reading Kingsley, and much in it that is enchanting, and much far too philosophical for my wits."

"*Ford Castle, April 12, 1877.*—I have not seen any one for a long time, and though I have the fact that 'les jours se suivent et ne se ressemblent pas,' they produce nothing that could interest, being all filled with

local, household, and parish affairs. 'Beautiful pictures' are only a mirage, for winter daylight is very short, and that is generally taken up with out-of-doors affairs, so that the evening is all that remains, and what is done by candlelight is nothing very good, and so much time is melted away in fulfilling promises. I have read a great many books, and have liked the wild and most heathen 'Sigurd,' Morris's great poem.

"I think the happiest people here now are the Nevilles.¹ They are quite delighted with their new house, and after seven sons a little daughter is born to them, soothing all asperities. To-day, for a wonder, I am preparing for the arrival of guests—the Francis Greys from Morpeth, with Lady Taunton."

To THE HON. MRS. R. BOYLE.

"*Ford Castle*, 1877.—Do you know (all this is art) from what proceed the lines of 'infelicitous augury,' as Ruskin calls them, the lines of age in faces? I have studied the subject. People get *flabby*, and what was elastic, like a fresh flower, begins to droop: and if elasticity could return, it would revive like a flower, but like a flower in water. When people are very happy, elasticity returns for a while. . . . Forgive my nonsense; you have no idea the good it does me to vent a little nonsense."

"*Claridge's Hotel*, Feb. 27, 1877.—I like being here, and seeing faces and getting new ideas and driving out. I left Ford on Thursday. It began to snow that morn-

¹ The Rev. H. M. Neville was Rector of Ford.

ing, and how lovely it was—the light fresh snow, six or less inches on every twig. How satisfied I felt when in the train, all my packings and partings done, and how I did enjoy the *faces* everywhere. Well, then I got to Belton, where I found Adelaide and Lord Brownlow alone, a very ideal pair, happy, beautiful, and fond of each other. Adelaide is to give me such a dog—such an one as Titian would have put into a portrait—a fluffy dun, with lovely brown shades and a black museau—a giant of the S. Bernard sort.”

“*Ford Castle, Ash Wednesday, 1877.*—Kind Lady Bloomfield! I am glad you know her. She is one of the softest, kindest-hearted creatures you ever met, and most clever. She has always captivated my old friends. I daresay she thinks me, as so many do, very cold and unsympathising, for though I have known her so very long, it has never been intimately, and so, when we meet, we float upon the outsides. But I could not begin to dig or be dug into, except by those who, like you, know all about me. . . .

“I have been all my days alone, occupied in tramping over the estate, always feeling I don’t do as much as I wish, and don’t succeed, and feeling so *very* lonely, without one soul to sympathise, and always obliged to swallow every little trouble.”

To LADY LESLIE.

“*Highcliffe, August 1, 1877.*—I assure you your letters have been quite a refreshment. Such a pleasure to hear of the bright easy life going on at Warsath, or

among the gay *jeunesse* at Petworth, and then of artists and clever people: it is so good for me to hear about it, and I do feel grateful.

"I think Frank Dicksee must be quite a kindred spirit, and I feel as if I should get an impetus of new ideas from him. His lovely 'Harmony' had all I love—such a passionate expression, such colour, and such pure feeling too. It is what one looks for and sees so seldom.

"Highcliffe looks so charming and is so pleasant in this hot weather. But I often think *à quoi bon* taking all the trouble I do about it, borrowing £3000 as I have this very day, for the cliff works. 'He heapeth to himself riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them; so soon passeth it away and it is *gone*.'"

To VISCOUNTESS STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE.

"Stained glass is not quite the province of a painter, but I am sure the old Florentine masters—Fra Angelico or Benozzo Gozzoli—will be the best guides as to design. In a subject of angels, pray suggest them with texts of praise. I thought not long ago of a fine subject of the angel thrusting in the sharp sickle for the ripe grapes in Revelation, and a second compartment might be the angel for the sheaves: both might be grand and beautiful, and not commonplace.

"I think one loves the idea of an angel till one sees it in black and white, and then the wings and the dress and the semi-young man and lovely lady are always disappointing. I don't mean to be irreverent, but I am disappointed over and over again in this way: pray forgive my *radotage*."

To MISS HONORIA THOMPSON.

“*Highcliffe, August 13, 1877.*—I am to be in London to-morrow evening, and the Ellices are going to-day, so I am feeling very sad in the going away and breaking up. To-day I am going round the village to say good-bye to some of the old people.”

“*Ford Castle, August 27.*—I write very hurriedly, for Lady Tankerville has written to say she is coming to luncheon with the son-in-law to be (Lord Ramsay) and—a Japanese! . . . I have been very busy about the place and people, but I think I miss your dear Aunt¹ much more than ever. It is a continual blank to me not to write to her, and not to expect her most dear and sympathising letters, though your uncle has most kindly written very often.”

To LADY LESLIE.

“*Ford Castle, August 31, 1877.*—The Tankervilles have all been here: so kind of Lord T. to come with Lady T., Corisande, and a Japanese Prince (dressed *à l'Anglaise*). Then Ida and Lord Ramsay followed in a pony-chaise—Oh! so *rayonnante*, delightful to see, and he so civil and pleasant, so *cortese*, and yet frank and funny. I took them about everywhere, and was so struck with Lord Ramsay's civility to the school-master at the school. So often people go in and never notice him, and he did this so nicely, and spoke to the children. Yesterday I went to a bazaar for a church

¹ The Hon. Mrs. Charles Stuart of Hoburne died in this summer.

repair at Wooler, and there was Lady Tankerville working for hours, selling in a hot tent, heart and soul in it. I have promised to go to Chillingham to-morrow to spend my Sunday with them."

To MISS HONORIA THOMPSON.

"*Ford Castle, Sept. 25, 1877.*—Your delightful letter from Verona seemed to put before me such beautiful scenes, that I felt to long to be on such a journey too, instead of the rather same dull dark days we are having here—nothing of golden autumn. How the corn has turned yellow puzzles me, for the sun has not done it.

"I hear to-day from Lady Marian Alford that I may expect her to dinner, but I have had few people here. Sir Dighton and Lady Probyn came for a very short visit. The weather was not propitious, but I think he likes Ford better than Highcliffe, the hills and space and wilder country. He has the most charming dog I ever saw, given to him some time ago by my agent Mr. J. Wilson,—a collie, who seems to be inclined to speak, and who worships his master with an admiration that I never saw in a dog before: he watches all day quietly if told not to move, and cares for none but his master. Mr. Wilson has offered me a dog of the same kind, but I fear it would never care for me in the same way.

"I wonder if you saw the Villa Giusti at Verona? It is the only garden one can imagine for Romeo and Juliet, and perfect for that, with its steps and cypresses: and they used to show Juliet's coffin, with a hole for breathing in it!"

To AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

"*Ford Castle, Oct. 3, 1877.*—I go to Highcliffe next week, with no intention of being back till very near Christmas. I like in this way to make the winter short, and the great blank at Hoburne¹ is less felt at this time of year, as they were usually in London then.

"I have had Lady Marian here lately, and *tête-à-tête*, which was very charming. I never knew her more delightful or more warmly affectionate. Now Mrs. David Ricardo is here, just come from Lady Ruthven, who cannot any longer see, and has very little hope of the last operation to be done. She says 'I hope I am not rebellious: I pray I am not rebelious,' and she still says her fifty chapters by heart, with beautiful extempore prayers—but she has scarcely a glimmer of light."

To LADY LESLIE.

"*Highcliffe, Oct. 18, 1877.*—Highcliffe looks bright and gay, but, in returning here, I feel a *serrement du cœur* as I think of poor Minny Stuart, to whom I used to rush off the very first thing, with a hundred little things to tell her."

To MISS HONORIA THOMPSON.

"*Highcliffe, Oct. 19, 1877.*—I am so obliged for your letter. It seems to recall the first time I was in Venice years ago, and the impression made on me then, and I think even the smell of the canals would

¹ In the death of her dear friend, the first wife of her cousin, General Stuart, who had passed away in this year.

make me feel quite back in those days, if I ever went there again; and as for the pictures, I am sure I should care for them more than ever.

"I do feel the return here very sad, so different from other autumns, when I used to have about a fortnight of that happy bit of home at Hoburne. Yesterday I went to see Minny's grave, and found it decorated with a wreath of Pampas grass (so like the palm in the angel's hand) and a large bunch of sweet flowers. Mrs. P. told me they had never failed to be put fresh every Sunday, and it is done by Sarah (the housemaid): last Sunday the gale had dispersed the flowers, but they were immediately renewed.

"I went through the village yesterday, stopping at the school. Nothing can look neater or nicer than it does. The shelf for wild flowers was quite full, and some prettily chosen, with red leaves and berries.

"Poor Lady Caroline Charteris was at Inverary during the fire, and also, I believe, the blind mother of Lady Granville. The Duchess is really not the worse, and Princess Louise showed great presence of mind, running back to get a quantity of worsted stockings for all the party who had escaped (out of bed) barefoot."

To AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

"*Highcliffe, Nov. 24, 1877.*—I have been away for one day on a visit to Louisa, Lady Ashburton, beyond Romsey—such a charming drive through the New Forest, twenty-five miles of it, with hollies covered with red berries, brown fern, giant leafless trees, and droves of *lovely* black pigs—fat yet slender, giving a sort of wild boar character to the forest. At Melchet

I met an old Miss Baring, Miss Hosmer, and Miss Marsh, and each were quite charming and individual. Miss Marsh I rejoiced to meet, and heard her addresses three times, and perhaps . . . she is coming here, and I hope will say a word to the navvies. The one day I was at Melchet was so like one of your days, from the many things I saw, that I must tell you. First we went to the Sloane Stanleys, and saw very perfect Sir Joshuas and other pictures, and such a Mme. de Pompadour by Bouchet—a real Venus, and flowers in every room after my heart's content. Then we went on to the rector of Romsey, who has invented collapsing boats, and the Admiralty have accepted the invention and would patent it, but as a clergyman he may not receive money—so hard. It is a splendid invention. Some of the boats hold 250 people (for saving life from wrecks) and he has a number of workshops where he showed us all these things. After that we went to Broadlands, and I rejoiced to see beautiful Mrs. Cowper Temple and her niece (older than herself), Mrs. Leycester, also beautiful. Now wasn't it a day like one of yours? it seemed as if I had been a month away."

To THE HON. MRS. R. BOYLE.

"*Ford Castle, Feb. 8, 1878.*—I have been asked to send a drawing to America, but, oh no, I can't do anything fit. I am doing a large head from nature as a study. . . . I wish I could cheer you, but I often want cheering myself, when I find not a creature to turn to for sympathy. . . . In December I heard Lady Folkestone sing 'Oh let me dream.' She has sung it

to the Queen and made her cry, and they always call it 'The Queen's Song' now."

"*Ford Castle, Feb. 28, 1878.*—My poor drawing and study, such as it is, is a head the size of life of a little boy, who has a mass of curly red hair and is not a beauty; but I am doing his picture in water-colour with a little mandoline. I shall have nothing for America, I really am not good enough for this distinction.

"I am leading the quietest of lives, and yet what a deal I have to do—no time scarcely. . . . Sometimes my life is very monotonous, but I am resigned to it."

To LADY LESLIE.

"*Ford Castle, Feb. 28, 1878.*—How pleasant it is to me to hear of your fresh happy *jeunesse*, your delightful little dance—the happy charming young ones having their spring-time (which comes but once), which I would *give* with all my heart to any I had to do with. You *are* right to let them have it, and enjoy themselves.

"I was told that paper, the *World*, had an article taking people to task for dancing and enjoying themselves while such times were pending. Oh, let the young ones have it, but *whip* the old ones who bring disgrace on society.

"I wish I could look on your party at the Drawing-room, you—*jeune maman*, the dear bright pretty Mary, and your lovely swansdown niece.¹"

¹ Miss Mary Damer, afterwards Lady Mary Mills, who was presented in a costume trimmed with swansdown.

To AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

“*Ford Castle, March 12, 1878.*—I have been so interested in your ‘London Walks.’ I never knew that my English Lindsay ancestors had a house in Lincoln’s Inn Fields. You perhaps remember the picture by Jansen of Robert, Lord Lindsay, of that family, and of the Duchess of Ancaster on the stairs at Highcliffe. Then I want to suggest some little facts apropos of St. James’s Square. Opposite Lord Falmouth’s house (second title Boscawen) are three or four common-looking posts—“bomes”—which are, in fact, guns taken by Lord Boscawen in a sea-fight, and put opposite his house. The No. 3 was not always the Leeds house, but belonged to my Grandfather, Lord Hardwicke, who sold it (or Grandmama sold it) to the Leeds’. My mother and her sisters came out in that house, and many parties were given there in old days. One of the most remarkable was the evening when the *Mithridate* of Racine was acted before the French princes Angoulême and Berri—then *émigrés* in England. It was acted in the principal parts by M. and Madame Lullin, Swiss refugees and semi-gentlefolks, so as to prevent its seeming too theatrical. Aunt and Uncle Mexborough (then Lord and Lady Pollington) took the part of Phaedime and the Confident—the remarkable part of this being that Lord Pollington *did not know French*, but having a wonderful ear, learnt it by rote, and the French people said it was all good, but Lord Pollington was a real Frenchman. My mother has often told me of that evening: Lord Byron was amongst the company. The house next to Grandpapa’s in the corner has beautiful pictures

—Titian's daughter is one—an old collection. It is the Dowager Lady Cowper's house, and her father, Lord De Grey, inherited title and all from his aunt, old Countess De Grey, whom, with her sister Lady Grantham, I can just remember as never changing their old-fashioned dress, high heels, powdered heads, mittens, and hoops. Lady De Grey in her own right, was daughter of a Marchioness Kent, who was some way related to the Hardwicks. The opposite house, now, I think, a sort of club and library, was old Lady Buckinghamshire's, and she gave wonderful masquerade parties there. She was sister to my Grandmother, old Lady Stuart, but twenty-two years older, and is famous in Gilray's caricatures for her theatrical mania. I remember there is a caricature of her, a perfect ball of fat, as "Enter Cowslip with a bowl of cream." Grandmama Stuart used to tell the story of her going out of some playhouse into a crowd and saying, 'I have such a pain in the small of my back,' and of a man in the crowd remarking, 'I should like to know where the small of that woman's back is.' You mention the house that Nell Gwynne lived in: I don't know if you name a house that exists (which I have always heard was Nell Gwynne's) which I remember as a shop for work, called 'The Golden Ball,' which stood exactly where part of the Reform Club is now. It was also inhabited by a lady (whose name I forget) that lived with Sir Robert Walpole, and was the mother of two daughters, one of whom became Lady Waldegrave, and afterwards Duchess of Gloucester. Lady Mary Wortley Montague was my great-great-grandmother, and not daughter

of the Marquis of Dorchester, but of Evelyn, Duke of Kingston. Then I want you some day to see a house I *once* saw in Brook Street, which had a lovely old ceiling and room, and was some one's old country-house in old days. I think it is the house as you go from Claridge's on the right hand before you get into Grosvenor Square, and you would know it by a label at the side with, I think, a date upon it.

"What a long history I have written, but you have brought it on yourself by your kind present of the book. Oh, by the bye, it is lent now to the Nevilles, who are especially curious about a church in Lambeth, where they want to see old registers, for in that church *they say* George III. *married* Hannah Lightfoot, the fair Quakeress. She had a son, who was father to General Makelkan, father to Mr. Neville's mother. It is a German name, they say, and he was always much noticed by George III.

"I am going on Thursday to see old Lady Ruthven; it is so very long since I have done so."

To LADY LESLIE.

"*Highcliffe, May 16, 1878.*—Here I am at my beloved Highcliffe. It has been blowing a gale ever since I came, and the poor young leaves are not old enough for such vicissitudes and experience of life.

"I enjoyed your dinner and party (passing through London). It will be the only glimpse of the *beau-monde* I shall have had.

"No, I am not strong-minded . . . but forgiveness and abnegation is simply Christianity, and no words express it more than the 13th of 1st Corinthians, the

little chapter on Charity, which I wish I could follow always—though who does?”

To THE HON. MRS. R. BOYLE.

“*Highcliffe, May 20, 1878.*—I was a week in London, and rather liked it; but still, when I am there, feel a fish out of water, and like to get away. The Drawing-room was pretty and pleasant, and I had a nice black velvet costume, and so felt in the fashion, though I did hear this unpleasant truth as I sate waiting, ‘She has been very handsome in her time.’ One doesn’t hear things like the *palais de la verité* in general: I was so amused notwithstanding.”

“*Highcliffe, May 23, 1878.*—Oh, I have not a minute to draw. I feel often so discouraged when I have to think of bills and affairs, and servants and people to look after. Art only comes in with the dregs, and then I am tired out in body and mind, and a book is the only rest. No, a poor woman who is a proprietress has *no power* to make anything of Art, and I saw my own great shortcomings very clearly at the Grosvenor Gallery. I feel the tortoises have all won the race, and endless women can do better than me now.”

To MISS HONORIA THOMPSON.

“*Highcliffe, July 1878.*—I want you to come with your sister on Saturday and stay as long as you can. You will feel (as I do) what an oppressive sadness it is to see Hoburne smiling and summery without her,¹ and I know how terrible the pain is to your uncle.”

¹ The Hon. Mrs. Stuart.

“*Highcliffe, August 1878.*—We have all missed you both so much, and I shall hope that you will be at Highcliffe again for a good long time in next summer. We have so much to care for and sympathise in together, all three, that I want never to lose it.”

To AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

“*Ford Castle, Sept. 7, 1878.*—I have been home a fortnight and busy with guests—Lord and Lady Crawford, with two charming daughters, Amy and May, quite patterns, such companions and so very simple yet clever; and Mr. and Mrs. John Grey, whom you knew as Helen Spalding, and who is now a specimen of a thoroughly happy wife. I think they all liked their visit, and Lord Crawford was quite charming from interest and historic lore in all that had to do with this country, a real ‘book in breeches,’ as Sydney Smith called some one. I am now expecting Ellices, Lady Marian, and Baron Hubner.

“I am going to begin two single figures for the school—St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist, and shall take away Timothy, whom I don’t like there, and put him in Crookham school-house.

“Lady Tankerville came the other day with her two girls, riding, and looking beautiful, and uproariously happy.”

“*Ford Castle, Sept. 12, 1878.*—My guests at Highcliffe passed on like a panorama—Mrs. Boyle, Lady Welby, the Reggy Talbots, Lady Taunton, Lady Hardwicke and Alick, Mrs. Ricardo, Mr. Leslie Melville, the Crichton Stuarts, Sartoris’s, Miss Disbrowe, Boehm,

the Leslies, Lady Caledon, Colonel Yorke, Mr. Keppel, Lady H. Somerset, the Lindsays (the Ellices of course), Mr. Damer, Mr. W. Prosser, Somers, and Mr. and Miss Murdoch. Of course the engagement of C. Stuart to the last is the great event of my year, and one I am very glad indeed of, and in which I think him very fortunate. Nothing can blot out the remembrance of his dear first wife to him or to any of us, but I am sure he has done most wisely, and I am also sure that I shall like 'Louisa' more and more.

"Since I came back to Ford, I have had a fresh series of people—Lady Waterford (Christina) and her youngest son, Miss Prosser, and the Antrobus's. On Saturday come the Charlie Beresfords. Lady Charles is a new acquaintance of the most modern type, like a very nice boy. They come straight from Lowther, and I have told them how dull they will find this."

To MISS HONORIA THOMPSON.

"*Ford Castle, Sept. 26, 1878.*—The wedding-cake and card of 'General and Mrs. Stuart' came to-day. It is startling to think there is again a Mrs. Stuart, but I feel sure she is a most devoted one, and could Minny see it (apart from all earthly feeling of pain), she would rejoice, and feel that God had comforted him in his sorrow and loneliness.

"*No one* can enter into that want of companionship in daily life as I do: I have felt it so *very* long."

To AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

"*Highcliffe, Nov. 18, 1878.*—I passed two days at Frant with the Stratfords on my way here. Lord

Stratford was wonderful, his conversation delightful, and he is writing a second article in the *Nineteenth Century* on Eastern politics. Lord Stratford looked *beautiful*, and I think a perfect picture could be made of him in his scarlet satin dressing-gown, the lamplight falling on his clear-cut profile."

To LADY SARAH LINDSAY.

"*Ford Castle, Feb. 23, 1879* [?].—I shall be sorry if I do not go to a Drawing-room, because I do like to *see* the Queen, and I often wish I could do so as of old."

To THE HON. MRS. R. BOYLE.

"*Ford Castle, Feb. 25, 1879*.—We have had no glimpse of spring, but day by day since I arrived, the 22nd of December, the hardest winter days I ever remember. A week was without snow, but so dark it was quite as bad; but now it is permanent snow, and I think, with any one here, I should have felt it too great a bore for *them*. The birds have been my greatest delight; and do you know the charming invention of hanging a bit of fat to the end of a string? The blackcaps and bluecaps are at it all the day long, and as the other little birds cannot manage it, they have it all to themselves, and are quite charming."

"*Claridge's Hotel, May 8, 1879*.—I went to the Grosvenor yesterday. I was curious to see how my drawings looked. I can only say these exhibitions are the best levellers I know; one has no more illusions about oneself, and no flatterers are of avail.

I see myself just an amateur and no more—not altogether bad, but not good—no, not good at all; and it is the same with all amateurs—*there* is the difference. My three are ‘The Wise Woman,’ ‘Saying the Lord’s Prayer,’ and ‘Three Children Running,’ which is, I think, the best, though a nothing as to the pains taken and no models used. ‘The Wise Woman,’ in which most pains were taken, is the poorest.

“I have been to Watts’ studio. He has wonderful things—Death, a draped figure (not a skeleton) entering a door, and Love, a little child, trying in vain to thrust him out—such a fine design.”

XII.

IN THE QUIETUDE OF AGE.

“Ese cuerpo, que con piadosos ojos estais remirando, fué depositario de una alma, en quien el cielo puso infinitas partes de sus riquezas.”—*Cervantes.*

“As a fond mother, when the day is o’er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more ;
So Nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.”
—*Longfellow.*

IN the spring of 1879, Lady Ossington had hired the Villa Rusciano near Florence, to be near her niece, who had married the illustrious blind Duke of Sermoneta. Lady Waterford was persuaded to pay her a visit. It was many years since she had been in Italy, and the effort of undertaking so long a journey was great to one who scarcely ever slept out of her

own house. But though a long visit was expected, she could not be persuaded to stay more than a fortnight, and went straight back to England. It was a time, however, which gave her great pleasure in retrospect. She revisited most of the pictures she had studied in former days, and amused those who were with her by the pertinacity with which she hunted a fresco (eventually finding it near the Porta Romana) which she remembered of old (though it is not by any great master), in which Judas is represented as upsetting the salt. In the evenings, frequently spent at the Palazzo Mozzi, the blind Duke, of marvellous memory, would recite whole cantos of Dante, explaining the meaning as he went on. He knew the whole of Dante by heart, and if told the first line of a canto, would go on through the whole of it without hesitation. No one who met Lady Waterford on this or other visits would have believed that staying in any house but her own had become irksome to her, so genial and attractive was her manner, so animated and interesting her conversation.

To THE HON. MRS. R. BOYLE.

“*Villa Fenzi, Rusciano, Florence, May 21, 1879.*—
I wonder if you know that I have actually come here

for ten days? Lady Ossington tempted me by inviting me to this villa, which she has hired for two months, and I arrived on the 17th. Well, it is charming, and I am trying to remember all I can for snowy winters alone. The last two days are real Italy—deep blue skies, burning sun, green vines, nightingales. It is so like a dream being here, that I know I shall not believe it when I get back. I have cousins here in Lord and Lady Crawford at the Villa Palmieri, where all is perfect—Italian grace and English comfort, and a charming old garden. Yesterday we had such a day at Castello and Petraia. You remember Castello gardens and the old trees, and Petraia terrace and the Venus fountain. As to the pictures, I have revelled in them, and I am sure it is a thing to help me much. Do you remember the *bistre* frescoes at the Scalzi cloister?—a life of the Baptist, *most perfect* and quite after my own heart. I do like the date of the later school (but not later than that); Cimabue is ugly, and Giotto, though most full of wondrous beauty, is not so sympathetic to me. Ghirlandajo I love. Yesterday I was at S. Marco, which I had never seen before, and there are Fra Bartolommeos there which are quite enchanting, especially the monks helped and fed by the two angels: do you remember it? Of course Fra Angelico is very perfect, but I don't always care for him.

“This villa is below S. Miniato, and has a wonderful view on every side, with pretty terraces—nothing very Italian, but the pots of citron and the large magnolias that you know so well.”

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.—*Note-book.*

"*July 21, 1879.*—Went with the Prince (of Sweden and Norway) to Highcliffe. Carriages from Lady Waterford met us at Helmesley, and we had a pleasant drive through the forest. In the Gothic porch of Highcliffe, Lady Waterford was waiting with Mr. and Lady Jane Ellice and Miss Lindsay. Alwyn Greville came in the evening, Miss Lindsay recited, and the Prince also sang a little."

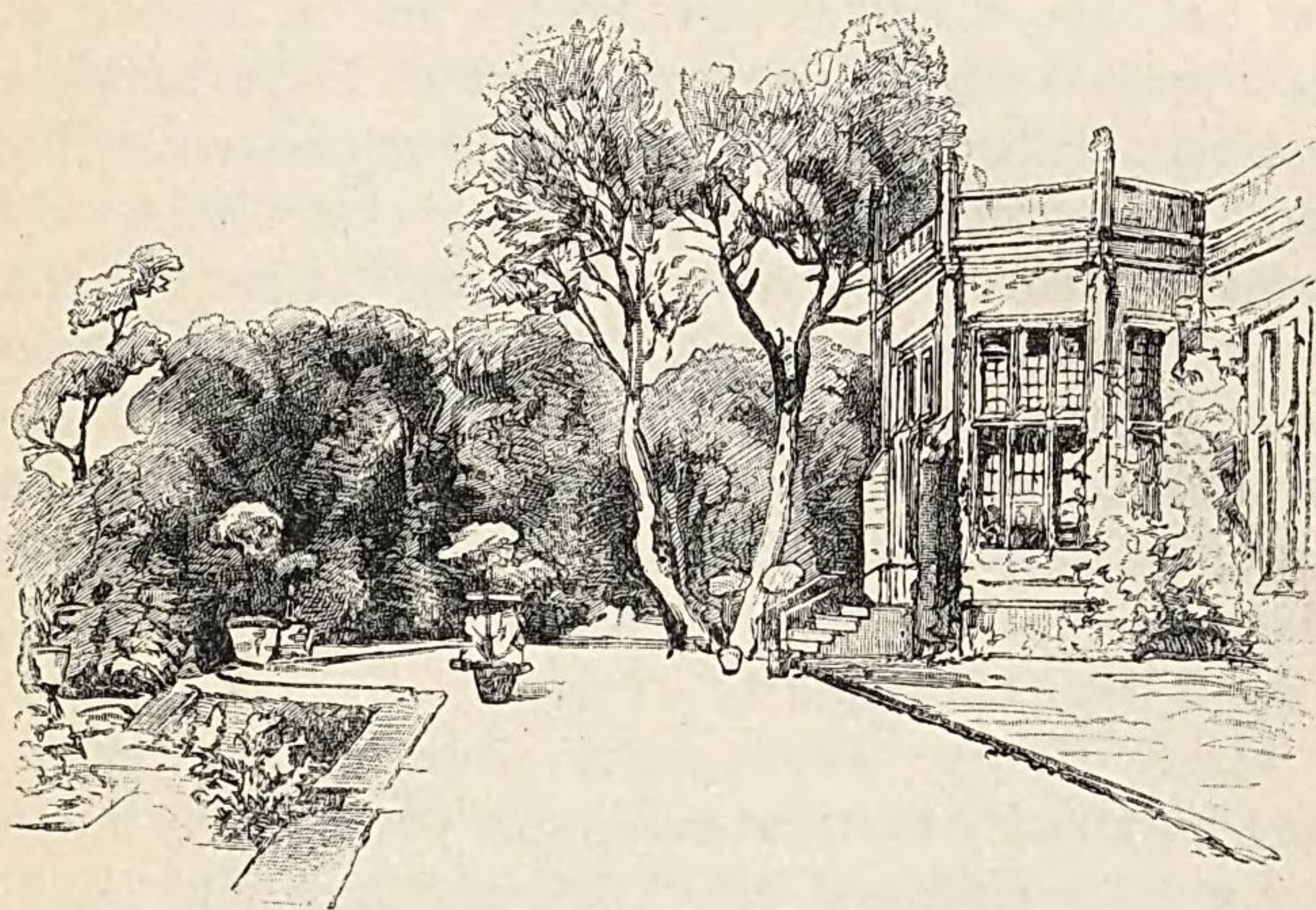
"*July 22.*—A misty day but still, and Highcliffe delightful. The King of Sweden had said so much to the Prince about Lady Waterford, that he is at his very best here. We drove with Colonel Thursby's four-in-hand to Herne Park, and in the afternoon looked for fossils in the cliffs. In the evening there was a little ball, opened by the dear lady with the Prince. The Prince was enchanted with everything, and said he would rather sit by either of 'the three ladies' at Highcliffe¹ than by the most beautiful young lady in England."

LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD, to
THE HON. MRS. R. BOYLE.

"*Highcliffe, July 27, 1879.*—I am just recovering from my efforts to make it pleasant and gay here for the Prince of Sweden. I must say he was very nice, and only too easy to amuse—pleased with everything; but the anxieties and disappointments I had were quite

¹ Lady Waterford, Lady Jane Ellice, and Lady Marian Alford.

endless. The men I asked, and the women: oh dear, it was tremendous! and we ended by being few, but firm and kind friends, who helped all—the Ellices, Maud Lindsay, Mr. Hare, Captain Greville, and Lady Marian. The first night we had music, and the second



SUNDIAL WALK, HIGHCLIFFE.

a dance! but really a success—good music, good floors, &c.: really it was gay and gave pleasure.”

To AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

“*Highcliffe, August 5, 1879.*—The storm here on Saturday was a magnificent sight, unlike any storm I ever saw before. The heavens seemed to open and

pour streams of fire into the sea, and long fiery serpents seemed to run along the clouds: it was very awful too."

To LADY LESLIE.

"*Highcliffe, Nov. 4, 1879.*—You are the only *attaché* I have that tells me of the gay young world, and I always delight in your letters, and in hearing of the aforesaid gay young world, to which I must suppose that both Duke and Duchess of Abercorn belong. She must be charming. I used to hear much of her in former days from my sister Char., and of her wit and fun mixed with such wonderful refinement. It seems to me a type that has disappeared, for there is no *fastness* or *chaff* in it. You know how fastidious Canning was, dreadfully so, and this sort of type charmed him and Char. too, who also was *difficile*, and minded the least vulgarity so much.

"Lady Marian Alford writes from Venice, where they have had a pleasant variety of poets and painters and great people, and delightful meetings, and Gladstone interviewed by Minghetti and (is it?) Longhi, who spoke such Dantesque and beautiful Italian for three hours, that poor Gladstone nearly sank from exhaustion and had to lie down and rest."

To MISS HONORIA THOMPSON.

"*Highcliffe, Oct. 29, 1879.*—Last night I dined at Hoburne to meet the two Miss Hollands.¹ I think

¹ Misses Caroline and Gertrude Holland, half-sisters of Lord Knutsford.

the elder a very agreeable, clever woman, but a little alarming. Her music is charming. She played several things so well, with a correct *crisp* touch that reminded me much of dear Minny: I kept thinking of her all the time. And then the two sisters sang charmingly a Tyrolese mountain-song and a Spanish muleteer's."

"*Highcliffe, Dec. 8, 1879.*—The good fairy Talbotina¹ has actually given £100 for the schools here. I went to Bournemouth to thank her on Saturday—so cold and so slippery the horses fell down, but I felt I must do the impossible to thank her.

"The concert was a great success. Alick Yorke's comic songs perfect, and there was nothing mediocre. Lady Folkestone's singing was really splendid."

TO THE HON. MRS. R. BOYLE.

"*Highcliffe, Dec. 31, 1879.*—I am greatly discouraged about my art-work. Not a creature cares, or knows, or observes if I do a thing or not, and if it is done, it is passed over unseen. Not that praise signifies, but poor humanity needs encouragement, or one becomes too listless. A birch-rod even would be better.

"I think I may probably be moving from hence next week. I ought to be back at Ford, and I have to continue the school decorations, the dark side, where the windows are, which is to be merely a sort of

¹ Miss Talbot at Bournemouth.

arabesque of the 'vine and its branches,' the 'goodly pearls,' the 'fig-tree,' the 'birds of the air,' the 'lilies,' the 'ravens.'

"I must defend myself against S.'s accusation. *Company* is a bore. It entails a great deal of trouble—'fish for dinners at any price,' and a degree of formality, and talk, talk, talk, about nothing at all. But *friends*, oh no! they are delightful, if real friends, to whom one may talk one's very inmost thoughts, to whom one may complain (the greatest of all reliefs), to whom one may be a bore—with them all is good.

"Now please let me have a line, and tell me when you are coming to Ford, for you are a *friend*."

To AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

"*Ford Castle, Feb. 12, 1880.*—I am still working for the school frescoes, and am expecting to-day a little model for the central figure of our Lord as a child—'He was subject unto them.' I have set my heart on doing, if possible, a good thing. The Child is very young, and will hold a bulrush. The figure will be on a deep blue background, which I mean to put along all that side of the school, with the trees and plants referred to in the New Testament—the fig-tree, the lilies, the birds on the branches, &c."

To THE HON. MRS. R. BOYLE.

"*Ford Castle, Feb. 23, 1880.*—How I wish you were at my elbow; you would fire me to do good things, and I get rather dispirited at my failures, and the want of that knowledge and *finish* I see in all

women's work at exhibitions when they have had good training: there was none in my day. I am still at the school, and doing the figure of a 'Child Saviour,' which is to occupy the centre between two windows (behind the schoolmaster), a simple child's figure holding a bulrush, and under 'He was subject unto them.'

"I have been quite alone ever since I came, but the weather has been so good, it has not been at all unpleasant: still the *utter* and increasing solitude makes itself more and more felt with increasing years. I trot about all day and lead the life of a curate's wife. There are *no* neighbours, so my life is routine—Monday this, Tuesday that, and so on. I read a great deal, music a little, and draw—so, so."

To LADY LESLIE.

"*Ford Castle, April 28, 1880.*—Your letter was most interesting. You are the only person who lives among the people of the day that I ever hear from, and all you tell me I think very curious—nothing more so than the opinion of Mr. Gladstone to Dean Wellesley, that politics are detrimental to the character, bringing out all the worst points. Surely that opinion must come from an innate feeling.

"Your account of Princess Frederika of Hanover's marriage is like a chapter in a novel. . . . Is it not dangerous for Princess Beatrice to see such loves? I remember a great personage—my Grandmother Hardwicke's maid—who would never allow any of the maids in the house to *see* a marriage: it might do them harm.

“Then how touching all you tell me of Lady Jocelyn.¹ But I like to think she is happy—she has joined them all. I think her last years were one long preparation for heaven, longing for it, and dead to the world; and so in her death one only sees the victory won, and herself for ever happy.”

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.—*Note-book.*

“*August 2, 1880.*—I have been some days with Lady Waterford—delightful days as ever; but I have not noted down things at the time, and only remember a story of Lord Waterford pursuing a robber who had broken into his house, finding him in a public-house some four miles off, and convicting him amongst a number of other men by insisting upon feeling all their hearts: the man whose heart was still beating quickly was the one who had just done running.”

LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD, to
AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

“*Highcliffe, August 26, 1880.*—I have had a great surprise in the unexpected visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales, with their two sons and the three little Princesses, landing on the beach, coming up to tea, and drawing nets on the shore till evening—the young Princes swimming about in flannels, and finally the Prince and two sons swimming away to join the steam-tug. Charlie Beresford thought I was away, so

¹ Viscountess Jocelyn, second daughter of the fifth Earl Cowper, died March 26, 1880, having survived all her children.

it was an impromptu to see Highcliffe, but I am very glad I was here.

“It was such a gay scene, and Highcliffe looked its very best. The nets, and the people in flannels rollicking in the sea, and the boats, and the sailors, were a series of lovely pictures: and then the *Osborne's* boats



THE ARBUTUS WALK, HIGHCLIFFE.

of dark blue and gold bands, and the sailors holding up their oars—it was quite a beautiful effect.”

To LADY SARAH LINDSAY.

“*Highcliffe, August 26, 1880.*—Miss Knollys has sent the signatures of Prince, Princess, and all five children, and they are stuck into the Highcliffe book

already; and she was desired to say how pleased they had been with my welcome, and hoped it might not be the last time of coming. I own I wish for the Queen to come some day. The Prince said, 'Has the Queen been here?' and I am sure would pioneer Highcliffe.

"I much regret that when the Prince and his sons swam away in their flannel suits, I had not made Nora and Minny sing 'God bless the Prince of Wales,' the chorus would have become general.

"The visit was so unexpected that my footmen were away at a cricket-match, and the gardener too was out, but all went capitally. The Princess looked very pretty in a dark jersey with some red about it."

To THE HON. MRS. R. BOYLE.

"*Highcliffe, August 27, 1880.*—What do you think I am doing to-day? You will never guess. Giving a dance to the young people of the environs. No chaperons, only sixteen couple, with a few men over and above. I have not even one playfellow for myself; the invited are boys and girls, and I think they will be very happy dancing in the drawing-room. I shall feel rather depressed, but I hope they will enjoy it."

To AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

"*Highcliffe, Sept. 1, 1880.*—I am going away to-morrow, and as usual am *very* sorry to go. Highcliffe, this bright summer weather, has been perfect, and the flower-garden is ablaze now.

"Since the royal visit I have had an immense

school-feast and a very little—dance! The latter was quite ideal, no chaperons. I undertook to take care of all the young ladies (they were about thirty). The night was perfect—hot and still—starlight and moonlight, the greenhouse lighted, and orange-trees scenting the porch. The pairs all walked about most comfortably, and danced in the drawing-room. It lasted till 2 A.M.! I was very sleepy, and rather wanted Jenny Ellice and Mr. Ellice to make it perfect, being sole elder. Music was provided from Bournemouth.

“I have had a visit from Mrs. Denison with her Hamilton nephew, who is full of wonderful ideas, and carries them out too. You know he has invented a very marvellous organ, which will supersede all the cumbersome old ones, and has extraordinary power and tone. His new schemes are too long to write.

“I am going to Ashridge and then on to Ford, not to move, for very long, from thence.”

To VISCOUNTESS STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE
(after Lord Stratford's death).

“*Tittenhanger, Sept. 7, 1880.*—Indeed my mind has been full of you since the great sorrow fell on you and all who loved him, as you know I did.¹ . . . Such a great and shining light going out from among us must be felt, and I never had so great and wise a friend. His words are often rising to my memory, as never to be forgotten. I keep the last note he ever wrote as a precious relic of his kindness to me, and I read with greater love than ever those precious little

¹ Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe died August 14, 1880.

books he wrote, which showed where his calmness and goodness were set and where they were learnt."

To CONSTANCE, MARCHIONESS OF LOTHIAN.

"*Ford Castle, Sept. 11, 1880.*—I cannot say how I enjoyed being with A. I am like Talbotina about her, and could go on for pages of admiration—her darling unconsciousness, her goodness, her happy innocent way, and her beauty—looking sometimes like an angel (specially in a suit of ivory and gold), quite a Fra Angelico.

"How I want you here and at Highcliffe sometimes, at Highcliffe specially."

To THE HON. MRS. R. BOYLE.

"*Ford Castle, Sept. 23, 1880.*—I am trying to do two Christmas cards. . . . I think one's little attempts at competition are so good for one, it shakes one down to one's own level, and shows where one must try and do better. Last year I *saw* my shortcomings and amateurship so plainly at the Grosvenor.

"I have had some of my Highcliffe neighbours here—a very pretty Miss Lutwich and her brother, and, oh dear! with youth and beauty how easily things go—no trouble at all, no amusements wanted, youth and beauty do all."

To AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

"*Ford Castle, Oct. 24, 1880.*—I wonder if you have had the sharp touch of so early winter we have had, of snow on the still leafy trees, and of killing frost. The

snow is gone, but has left all dead. I thank' you so much for the pleasant account you always give me of new and charming people. I believe that is a *gift*, for I sometimes rather wonder, not at the many pleasant, but at the many varieties of unpleasant, the dull, the prosy, &c., and alas! it is oneself, and one's not choosing to see the charm.

"However, I had a treat in one day of Miss Marsh last week. She is not able to speak much, but still she said a few words to the school-children that I think they will never forget: indeed, they had remembered them to tell their mothers, as I heard afterwards in some of the cottages.

"I am not moving to Highcliffe, but hoping to let it. My great disappointment was the Duke of Westminster, who never even went to see it, its 'reputation done to death by evil tongues.' One said it was cold, another it was draughty, and *all* could have been contradicted by facts on the spot. The Duke has taken Branksome, near Bournemouth, a rival I want to see.

"Have you heard of the Exhibition of Christmas cards. I heard of it very late, and sent two, but got no prize. I put as my motto, 'Nil desperandum,' and was told there were seven 'Nil desperandums.'

"The Brownlows are coming here to-morrow with Miss Wortley and A. Talbot. How I wish you could have been here to meet them. You would not see much difference at Ford, except the great improvement of a clean sweep of the old Rectory. It leaves an open space with a lovely view at the corner by the church, and the view is wonderfully improved in looking at the castle from Flodden: the dark trees between church

and castle make all the difference. I don't know if I told you that my agent resigned this summer, so I have had all the anxieties of a change of ministry, but am well satisfied with my new premier so far."

"*Ford Castle, Jan. 5, 1881.*—On my way from Highcliffe in the middle of December, I spent a few days at Whitfield—Lady Katherine and Mr. Clive's. I found Lady Katherine an enthusiastic artist. She has filled a fine room they have lately built with many copies of Italian pictures of her own doing, and painted a frieze of cherub heads, entirely of her own idea. I met there Mr. Seymour Haden, who, though a doctor, is better known by his wonderful etchings; and also Mr. H. Leslie, whose energy about choirs and singing is well known. About Oswestry, where his own place is, he has got together 1200 singers, and what I like exceedingly is that he has joined all sects together, and will have no religious dispute or politics enter into the question. We did not enter upon the Anglo-Israel views, which I believe he holds very strongly."

"*Ford Castle, Jan. 25, 1881.*—I was prepared to hear the sad news about dear Mrs. Thellusson,¹ and I do feel so very, very sorry to hear it. She was the most angelic good woman I ever met, and I could not help loving her as I have loved very few—she was *quite* after my own heart.

"Why do you not come here? We have no drifts; deep snow, but no inconvenience of any kind; always post and papers, milk, water, coals, &c."

¹ Mother of Lady Probyn and Mrs. Greville.

To MISS LINDSAY.

"*Jan.* 28, 1881.—Dear Mrs. Thellusson! I shall miss her. I often used to write to her, and she was so excellent, it was a real privilege to be counted her friend. Of her death I have a touching account from Sir Dighton Probyn: it was like a saint's—so gloriously faithful and happy."

To MISS HONORIA THOMPSON.

"*Ford Castle, March* 10, 1881.—The little heaps of snow in the court are all but gone, the peacocks are out again, and now I hope winter is past. I am trying to finish the drawings I had in hand, especially the 'Seven Ages of Man,' and I am finishing also the decoration fresco—the fig-tree and the axe at the root of the tree, the axe being the very one Mr. Gladstone used when here; and, by the way, if I could do caricatures, I would make one of Mr. Gladstone cutting down the old English oak of the British Constitution, helped by the Irish party and Messrs. Bright, &c.

"I read the paper to myself now, and miss you both dreadfully, and our talking over things.

"I have begun a sketch of Mrs. Heslop feeding the peacocks."

"*Ford Castle, March* 22, 1881.—I am so afraid I shall have little done for the Grosvenor, but I am working, and am doing the married pairs for it. Shall I call it 'Three Phases of Life,' or 'Youth, Middle Age, and Old Age'? I fear it won't be understood.

"The Cheviots are white as wedding-cakes."

"*March 31.*—To-day is hard frost with patches of snow. Old Mrs. Hope in the village quoted these weather lines apropos of three bad days at the end of March :—

‘ March took three days from April,
And the three were days of ill :
The first was wind and weet,
The second snow and sleet,
But the third day it did freeze
The birds unto the trees.’ ”

"*Ford Castle, May 9, 1881.*—I went to Lady Ruthven on Thursday, and came back on Saturday. It was a visit well bestowed, the dear old Lady (ninety-one and past) could not do or say enough. She sees just a little, is nearly quite deaf, but able to walk about. She is so good, so very kind. In her little morning walk, she did, I think, seven different thoughtful kindnesses—goodies to children, two-and-sixpence to a man who helped, a card to the butler's wife, something for the minister's babies, and so on.¹

"The flower-garden is so pretty now with red and yellow tulips, and the country lovely again."

To THE HON. MRS. R. BOYLE.

"*Claridge's Hotel, May 22, 1881.*—Dear playfellow, I cannot come to Huntercombe. I have promised to go and see poor Lady Stratford—the first visit since his death—and I must be at Highcliffe on Friday (oh, how I long to be there). But, dear, do come to me whenever you can spare a day or days. You are

¹ Mary, Lady Ruthven, died April 5, 1885.

always welcome. I shall get up a king and queen (easily) for you in the person of the Swedes.

"How I hate being in London—a waif and stray, and if not in terrible bustle, so solitary, that country life is nothing to it. I am counting the days to getting to Highcliffe."

"*Highcliffe, June 2, 1881.*—Here I am at Highcliffe again, dearest Ella, and it is always paradise to me, especially at this time of year. I hope that you will come here whenever you can manage it, and as you know I am here till November, you can come *several* times. I am disappointed in the masses of red poppies I expected. They have never come up, so my imagination has fallen in like a balloon without its gas."

To MISS HONORIA THOMPSON.

"*Highcliffe, June 3, 1881.*—I wonder how people can stop in London if they can be in the country at this most blessed time of year."

"*July 4, 1881.*—I have the dear Ellices here, and we are enjoying our quiet summer-time, rather dreading the in-coming of any acquaintances. . . . I shall do my utmost to keep the Ellices as long as possible, for the year's holiday seems over when they go away. We have not had much music: when alone, the book read aloud carries the day."

To THE HON. MRS. R. BOYLE.

"*Highcliffe, Sept. 1, 1881.*—Such a week of it! Tuesday 150 to school-tea, band, and Punch and Judy,

and alas ! a thunderstorm in the midst, and the children hurried into the house, and Punch and Judy exhibited there in the hall ; but after a while it cleared again for merry-go-rounds and dancing out of doors.

“ Well, then, the day following came a telegram from Charlie Beresford announcing royalties, and telling me to send out a pilot ! I did my best, and sent out coast-guard and cliffmen, for there is no pilot. So at half-past three they had all landed. The day was fine, such a mercy ! The Prince and Princess and three daughters, Crown Princess and three more daughters. There was a pulling up of nets, and the same bright scene as last year ; only higher up, close to the narrow part and the stones. Some of the party did not come up, but all the royalties did, the Crown Princess’s lady and chamberlain, Lady Colville and her daughter, and Lord and Lady Charles. Nothing could do better, and the Crown Princess was most charming as a sort of real old friend, and so extremely appreciative of all that was worth seeing, spying out everything good at once. The admiration of my fine old tea-plate was beyond everything, especially by the Prince of Wales : I think I must leave it to him. And all seemed pleased. The tea, with quantities of fruit and ices, was in the dining-room. The Princess picked a ripe fig off your tree and ate and thought it so good, and then all the children fell upon the tree, and picked much that was *not* good. The departure was as pretty as last year, but they embarked at the stones. The sunset light and rowing past the rapids was beautiful.”

“ *Highcliffe, Sept. 12, 1881.*—Since the royal visit I

have been so gay as to give a dance for the Thompsons. It came off last Thursday, and was extremely pretty and successful, about fifty young people and no chaperons. The old were me, Charles Stuart, and Miss Dixon. Mrs. Stuart danced away like the youngest.

"The most novel thing I have done was to go to Christ Church by boat (lifeboat and six coastguard rowers), embarking under the steps. So you see I have done some new things. I only wish you had been here, for I know you would have enjoyed it.

"I think there is nothing nicer than Highcliffe. I like it, alas! better than Ford."

To AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

"*Highcliffe, Sept. 28, 1881.*—I wish, if possible, you would come here next week and meet the Lindsays and others. The Ellices were here six weeks, and since then a few visitors, and the Thompsons. For them I actually gave a dance to fifty dancing people: it was immensely appreciated.

"There was again a royal visit here. The Prince and Princess of Wales and three daughters, and the Crown Princess of Germany and *her* three daughters. I think the Crown Princess has (to my mind) the *most* charming manners I ever knew—perfectly simple and ready to be pleased, extremely observant; nothing worth looking at seemed to escape her observation. They landed on the beach, had tea, fruit, and ices, and went back in about a couple of hours.

"I forget if you are against dogs in general. You will find one now established at Hoburne—a large black poodle."

To LADY LESLIE.

“*Ford Castle, Nov. 1881.* . . . What sorrows there are, and how can any one feel that this world only is satisfying when all joy can be swept out of it in a moment. I saw some beautiful lines lately written by a boy of fifteen just before he died, and I thought they seized on the true idea of Christ’s sympathy in a lovely way. One bit was :—

‘Then, my own Beloved,
Take me home to rest ;
Whisper words of comfort,
Lay me on Thy breast.
Hide me from the pity
Of the angel band,
Who ever sing Thy praises,
And before Thee stand.
.
Only Thee, Beloved,
Only Thee I seek,
Thee (the man) Christ Jesus,
Strength in flesh made weak.’

There is much more, and it struck me as showing such an understanding of the *God-Man* and the *Man-God*.”

To MISS HONORIA THOMPSON.

“*Highcliffe, Nov. 28, 1881.*—I have had a charming week of Miss Marsh’s company. The two O’Rorke nieces are quite young, fourteen and fifteen, but Lulu, the eldest, is much taller than me, and Annie is like a young lady, not a child. Such heads of hair ! let down in the evenings, Lulu with rich auburn tresses to her

waist, and Annie with dark brown. It reminded me of the saint (I forget who) who for lack of clothes had a good thick cloak of her own hair.

“I have done two poor little drawings for the Grosvenor Gallery from a child’s rhyme called ‘The Shower’—the fine young ladies ‘caught in the rain,’ and the poor girls not minding it.”

To LADY LESLIE.

“*June* 1882.—A thousand thanks for letting me see Swinburne’s lines upon the death of Mrs. Thellusson. I thought them beautiful, but not Christian. I was very much struck with the stanza—

‘Hardly we think her dead, who hardly thought her old,
Hardly can believe the grief our hearts receive.’

It is so true of that lovely benign woman, but it goes against my feelings of Christianity to speak of the most perfect human being as needing no perfecting, for we are ‘poor, naked, blind, miserable,’ and any perfecting is the gift of God. This we have constantly to remember, for we always want to think it is *our own*. Forgive my little sermon.

“I feel so sad, for old Mrs. Heslop¹ is dead, and I

¹ Mrs. Mary Heslop, aged ninety-two, worked early on Hay Farm, Etal (her birthplace). “In the year nine” she went into domestic service. In 1813 she entered that of Lady Delaval at Ford. Faithful, loyal, and devoted, she was ever truly proud of her employers and of Ford, but to Lady Waterford especially she clung with devoted affection. She was painted by her mistress, that her portrait might always hang amongst those of the family in Ford Castle.

shall miss her very much. Think of her being sixty-eight or seventy years, in Ford Castle."

TO MISS LANSLOW.

"*Highcliffe, June 16, 1882.*—Dear old Mrs. Heslop was to be buried yesterday (Sunday), and I am sure my dear old friend would be there. . . . I shall miss her so much when I go back to Ford, for she was like an old friend, like the old oak-tree, which one does love, even though it is decayed.

"I have my dear Ellices here, and a sunny morning to spend with them, and it is charming to know them here, and that will be the inauguration of my temperance break to-night."

TO MISS GEORGINA THOMPSON.

"*Highcliffe, June 20, 1882.*—I have the dear Ellices here, and it is so natural and so happy to have them, very cheering it is, especially in these days, when all seems so sad abroad and at home. Dear Mrs. Heslop was to be buried on Sunday. Dear old friend! I shall always miss her when at home at Ford."

TO LADY LESLIE.

"1882.—I must thank you for a charming letter. The account you give of the Stratford House concert is quite delightful. I think the fair maidens all in white must have looked like Fra Angelico's angels on some of those charming early Italian friezes.

"We—Jane Ellice and I—are reading 'Mendelssohn's Letters,' and what a picture of a family! so



Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford.

From a Photograph by W. J. Reed, Bournemouth.

charming, so clever, and so fond of each other. I think that deep sense of *duty* was the Jewish bringing-up, teaching deep reverence to parents, and how forgotten now - a - days. Then what genius! what delightful days they all had as young people in the gardens at Berlin. . . . Forgive me for radote-ing over the book."

To THE HON. MRS. R. BOYLE.

"*Highcliffe, August 3, 1882.*—How I wish, dearest Ella, I could have had you here for very much longer, and in these sunny days too; but you must come again with yellowing leaves, and have an autumn bit. Do not be angry with me that I do not like 'The Little Pilgrim.' It is altogether false in sentiment and wrong in doctrine. No, good old John Bunyan knew what truth is much better than that, and *his* Pilgrim has a strong backbone all through, and very strong scriptural authority for all he advanced."

To MISS HONORIA THOMPSON.

"*Oct. 31, 1882.*—I did not go to meet the Charlie Beresfords in Christ Church, but stayed to receive them at the house-door, and see him dragged up by about fourteen coastguards, who cheered him heartily, and to whom he made a very nice little speech. A pretty thought was the regular naval signal with flags, lowered by sailors as he passed through the street of Christ Church. He was really pleased and surprised, I think. Before the short visit of Lord and Lady Charles Beresford, I had Miss Marsh, Mrs. O'Rorke, and her daughter here. Miss Marsh's expounding

every morning was excellent and useful, she had a good word for everybody, and her visit was delightful. Before Miss Marsh came, I had a large party, Lord and Lady Mexborough and two daughters, and did all I could to secure people to meet them.

"I have been painting a cow for the sign of a milk-shop, but had to have it very much varnished for weather, and this makes it look very vulgar, and I am also in great correspondence about establishing a Bee Society for Hampshire. Jane Ellice says I am determined to make it a land flowing with milk and honey."

To THE HON. MRS. R. BOYLE.

"*Ford Castle, Dec. 1, 1882.*—I have behaved badly about writing, dearest Ella, but it does happen that I have had a great deal of extra writing lately, and besides, after leaving Highcliffe, I made a small detour, going to Oxford, to stay with Lady Anson at her son's college (All Souls), and then on to Ossington.

"My extra writing has come about with undertaking to help in getting up a 'Bee Association' for Hants and the Isle of Wight. It was odd we were far behind our neighbouring counties in this, and now I hope I have got one under weigh. I suggested Princess Beatrice for President, and she has consented, and we have all the great Hants potentates as Vice-Presidents, and Tennyson for the Isle of Wight. The idea is for each of the potentates to interest the cottagers and have all the best new methods. They tell me America makes three millions annually by honey, and England ought to do the same.

"I enjoyed seeing Oxford and the Bodleian, and the fine portraits very much, and Lady Ossington has delighted me with her wondrous coffee-house at Newark, so useful and beautiful, costing £18,000 to build! and a material boon.

"I am quite alone here, and miss my dear old housekeeper very much. I don't foresee any one coming here, and as I get older feel a sort of sad indifference about everything, except trying to do a little good in my few remaining years. Matters of taste seem to me so very little, and I have a sad want of things to *care* for as to the affections: but you see this is *my* cross, and I ought to be thankful it is not a harder one."

To MRS. FAIRHOLME.

"*Ford Castle, Dec. 12, 1882.*—How often have I meant to write to you and have not done it! But you will, I am sure, allow that it is difficult, with many letters to answer, to write a quite spontaneous one. I have been here some time, and am thankful to have established myself before the cold and snow.

"I was at Highcliffe through the summer, and saw a great many old friends, and was very busy about various things I wanted to establish—a milk-shop, a Temperance Lodge, and lastly a Bee Association for Hants and the Isle of Wight. I have painted a sign of a cow for the milk-shop—very prosaic indeed, only a brown cow, from nature, with olive-green grass background. But my life has been very quiet, no sightseeing, no *beau monde* nor so-called gaieties, with which I have entirely done.

"I have drawn so much for bazaars and societies, that I have nothing to show you when we meet. My 'Seven Ages' were so liked, that I had to do them four times over, and refused a fifth."

To MISS LINDSAY.

"*Ford Castle, Dec. 14, 1882.*—What the Northerners call 'the storm' still goes on, and we are all white, trees and all. I never saw trees remain so long powdered in this way, and it is most beautiful, and reminds me of an old fairy-tale, when all the trees were silver, and then all gold."

To THE HON. MRS. R. BOYLE.

"*Ford Castle, Feb. 6, 1883.*—The newspaper accounts of Dudley exhibits have been sent to me. My drawings were mentioned in six, all but one praise, and the adverse opinion a Hampshire paper, which said I had 'copied the figures' (adapted them) from Michelangelo. I am called L. A. Waterford, Esq., which I am delighted with."

To AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

"*Ford Castle, Feb. 21, 1883.*—I can imagine the blank you must be feeling without your dear old nurse Lea. It is the same here too, and I often fancy I hear the feeble step walking along the lower passages, or think I must sit awhile with Mrs. Heslop while the others are out. I could often cheer her up, and she

would become very talkative. I have a new house-keeper, one I know, and a most sterling woman, but alas! in the former reign the maids had much their own way, and do not like 'being told,' and so many changes have followed. In short, it is like putting together a new team, a good deal of kicking at starting, but very soon jog-trot.

"To-morrow I have my dear Ellices coming here; and having been long in the house, far from well (cold after cold), it will be charming. Have I ever told you of the delightful little priest sent from the Historical Commission to look at the MSS. here?—a regular type of *John Inglesant*, very learned and courteous, reading black letter and old charters like a common book. He found a great many ancient papers of interest—such a curious parchment of the date of Richard III. A Delaval was to lose certain estates for his felony, and *all* the great families of the county protest against his punishment, with sign and seal. There are deeds of Henry I. and II. and all the charters of a monastery in Lincolnshire, given by Henry VIII. to some of his friends, and bought (with these charters) by the Delavals. The little priest was so picturesque and very old, had been in the chamber of secret archives in the Vatican, and told many curious stories that you would have enjoyed.

"The Reginald Talbots have been here, and I have at last accomplished the promised portrait of him in his faded Egyptian uniform, which Miss Talbot had begged me to do. Then I have read 'Mrs. Lorimer.' It is very sad: but bits are as fine as anything of George Eliot's. Good night."

To MISS HONORIA THOMPSON.

"*Ford Castle, Feb. 23, 1883.*—Think of my delight. I have the Ellices here! They arrived yesterday, such a brilliant day. I am much better, for the Ellices have achieved for me the tonic which was ordered."

"*March 10.*—It is very cold here now, and we have snow on the ground, but the Ellices are delightful warmth and comfort in the house. We have books and a discussion of a novel in the evening, not much music. . . . I go about as usual, with full liberty, leaving Jenny and Mr. Ellice. I have just put up Gamaliel and S. Paul over the door of the school: it is very poor, but in a dark corner, so I hope won't be severely criticised."

To AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

"*Ford Castle, April 4, 1883.*—How good of you to send me your 'Southern Italy and Sicily.' My dearest Ellices, who are here (alas! only till to-morrow), have been reading it aloud, and make one wish for the spirit to go and see the places—woods of evergreen oaks enlivened by oleanders! they do sound lovely. Sermoneta I was very anxious about: what a subject for a large picture. The Ellices came at the end of February, and have cheered and warmed me through the coldest March I ever remember."

To MISS HONORIA THOMPSON.

"*Ford Castle, April 7, 1883.*—The dear Ellices are gone, and I miss them as much as possible, and feel now to do everything in a sluggish heavy way."

"*April* 20.—To-morrow come Lord and Lady Tankerville and the Mildmay lady, Miss Elout,¹ too, and the latter is going to give a number of addresses in the school, beginning with one on Sunday, instead of the children's service. I feel a little anxious about how it is all to go off. The children of the school have learnt a number of Sankey hymns to help others. I hear of crowds coming. I wish and hope it may be a sort of revival in the place, for there are many who are careless, and never care to go to church—men who stay at home all Sunday.

"I have got through many of the functions of this time of year—the two examinations of schools, the luncheon for the 'Young Women's Help Society,' and the school treat. All went very well, but this coming week makes me a little nervous. Later I am thinking of a garden-party! I shall only call it an 'At Home,' for the sake of the many civilities I owe, and cannot half fulfil.

"I am drawing for many. Lady Ossington wanted a pendant to 'The Witch's Briar,' and I have in hand 'Children (the three little Williams's) decorating a Maypole.'"

"*May* 1.—The Tankervilles are gone, but Miss Elout is still here, and her every-night (for ten days) lectures in the school have produced a real revival, crowds coming every evening at half-past seven. Her expoundings are wonderful and have been a real blessing to many."

¹ Lady Waterford afterwards became very intimate with and greatly attached to Miss Elout.

"*Ford Castle, May 14, 1883.*—I am so busy. I have had such a week of going about the estate, to-day a dinner of twelve, and to-morrow a luncheon of ten."

"*Claridge's Hotel, May 25.*—I am looking forward to Highcliffe. London, however brilliant, and gay, and friendly, is a Purgatorio."

"*Highcliffe, July 16.*—Miss Touchet and her niece are here, and I think they seem happy. The Zenana meeting is to be here on Wednesday, almost as large a gathering as a garden-party. The poor old Queen of the Gypsies is dead (in Northumberland) at eighty-six: hearing she was ill, I wrote to her, and the letter arrived too late."

"*July 26.*—A temperance meeting is awaiting you here. Jenny Ellice has been asked to sing at it, and I think she will."

"*Oct. 3.*—I think, since you left Highcliffe, it has seemed rather sad—the news of dear Somers' death,¹ the want of sunshine, the sort of feeling that summer days were past—all seems sad."

"*Oct. 18.*—You will hear of the meetings. First we had Mr. and Mrs. Q'Rörke² and three daughters, who came on Wednesday, but it was only on Friday that Miss Elton could come, and she had a

¹ Charles, third Earl Somers, Lady Waterford's first cousin, died 26th September 1883.

² Niece of Miss Marsh.

meeting that evening—very nice and well attended, but not a crowd. After that she had one every day for a week. It went on crescendo, and I think many were impressed.

“On Thursday I had a luncheon of fourteen. Princess Lieven was the original guest, and she brought with her two dear little boys, Paul and Anatole. She told most interesting things about the wonders done in Russia amongst the highest in the land. I ought to tell you how charming was Mr. O’Rourke’s expounding of the morning chapter. I shall never forget how much he explained and ‘spiritualised’ the theft of Achan and the story of the five kings. I wish you could have been at the meetings ; it was so nice to see the men’s most attentive, eager faces, and to recognise some of the very poor people.”

To AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

“*Highcliffe, Oct. 16, 1883.*—It seems so odd that you should have been to Russia and back, and things here be just the same ; and except the comings and goings of friends, nothing whatever has happened. But, away from Highcliffe, there are many sad changes, and nothing could affect me more personally than dear Somers’ death—the most friendly and affectionate of my few very near relations. So few knew him as I did, and his wonderful power, forgiving, and loving disposition. They knew his wit, his agreeability, and his companionship, but the great charm, and in the short notice in the *Morning Post*—by I wonder who?—this it was specially recognised.

"I think your account of Russia delightful. I believe I should have enjoyed it all, even the food. My mother's housekeeper used to give us Russian dishes that were very good, and I even liked the cold salt cucumbers and dried fish.

"I have been much charmed with Princess Lieven, who has been here from Bournemouth several times. She is a most enthusiastic charming woman, and her account of Brobinski's, Gaghini's, &c., is most interesting."

To LADY LESLIE.

"*Ford Castle, Dec. 1, 1883.*—This has been a troubled time in many ways, and I do feel so grieved to have lost poor dear little Somers, who was such a true and charming friend always. I was much interested in a visit to Woburn on my way here; I had heard of it all my life, and was so very glad to go there, and nothing could have been pleasanter than the Duke and Duchess of Bedford. The portraits are certainly wonderful, and such an unbroken series. There is a curious picture of Rachel, Lady Russell, in her widowhood and old age—rather fat and plain—with all the widow's dress of the day, like a thick nightcap round her face, and a black veil over it. The picture of her when young is handsome.

"I was delighted with the evergreen wood I had heard of as so beautiful. It is over a hundred years old, full of the finest evergreens, and the home of ninety-nine peacocks, which I was not lucky enough to see.

"Then I was at Ossington, whence I went one day

to Rufford Abbey, such a romantic old house, just like the place in a story—the large iron gates, lime-tree avenue, fine gabled house, carved oak hall, interesting old portraits, much tapestry, a haunted room (which I own I should not care to sleep in), and a long gallery where the late Mrs. Savile (that was poor Mrs. Mountjoy Martin) used to have private theatricals. There was her portrait—galloping on a fringant horse, as I can remember her, *dans le temps* so long ago.”

“*Ford Castle, Jan. 4, 1884.*—Here I am *sola*, and I have only to tell of walks and cottage visits and flannels, blankets, coals, and servants’ entertainments, nothing else, and I feel it is too flat to write while the world is upside down with terrible earthquakes, and home horrors, and war and rumour of war: but I do indeed wish you all a happy *peaceful* year. Your account of Barons Court is delightful. What a dear and charming woman the Duchess is, with that youth of heart which is never levity, but real goodness, and *enviable*. I think Granny Hardwicke had it—a sense of fun and brightness which our Stuart family are utterly without. The Duke, with white hair, must be, I think, *à peindre*.”

“*Good Friday.*—I have been to a Confirmation eight miles off, taking several candidates, one (the groom’s daughter) so pretty that I rejoiced to look at anything so fresh and charming, with a regular Leonardo smile, which she can’t help, because of the deep dimples at the end of her mouth. After the Confirmation was over, I had to wait at the Collingwood Arms, brimful

of fishing-men, and oh ! what a mannish room I waited in. I have seen nothing like it for years. Waterford's was just a little in the style—hats and caps of all sorts, fishing baskets, &c."

To MISS HONORIA THOMPSON.

"*Ford Castle, Feb. 22, 1884.*—I was feeling just a little flat and solitary after you left me, but I got through my day well. A large ash-tree was blown down on the side of the dell seen from the window—the ash that had a hole in it, I believe an owl's nest. I fed the white peacocks and ordered some strips of sod to be put down for their feet, the gravel looked so hard : then I went to Nelly Loch and read and sang to her, and the girl Brown, who can sing, joined in 'Abide with Me.' . . . Dear Nora, I assure you it is *me* who ought to be thankful for your visit, and I am indeed, and feel like Miss Havergal, who used to count up her mercies, and that I may put 'Nora' as one of them."

"*March 18, 1884.*—Dear Mrs. Hamilton-Hamilton is gone to her rest. I shall continually miss her, as for ages I have written to her every other day. She used to care to hear any little thing. A wreath of violets has been sent from here to be laid on her coffin."

"*April 15.*—I have dear Mrs. Powys Keck¹ here

¹ Sister of Lady Waterford's beloved cousin, the Hon. Mrs. Stuart of Hoburne.

till Monday. She has been quite a charming companion. She has been playing most beautifully, so many lovely Chopins, and his funeral march is thrilling when she plays it: then the Ketterer waltz you remember is perfect. Then we have been reading Mrs. Oliphant's 'Hester;' the beginning is very clever, but I don't fall in love with anybody. I have continual letters from dear Jenny, but we have no great topic now."

"*May 5.*—I have had Lady Tankerville and two Miss Elouts (only one is the active one). There was a very full and nice meeting in the school, and Miss Elout's address was beautiful on receiving Christ into the heart—'He came unto His own, and His own received Him not,' as opposed to 'Martha received Him into her house.'"

"*Highcliffe, June 23.*—My poor little maid Boardman is leaving me, entirely as a matter of duty to take care of her old parents. It is like a cloud hanging over me to think of the parting after twenty-five years. The dear Ellices are here."

"*Sept. 23.*—Last Saturday Alba¹ and I went to Heron Court, and the day was perfect for the garden-party. It was brilliant, and the Italian band played charmingly. My haunch of venison dinner took place while the Courtenays were here. I am hoping to obtain a visit and temperance lecture from Basil Wilberforce in November."

¹ Her cousin, Lady Albinia Pye.

"Oct. 9.—Miss Elout is here, and has meetings every evening, evidently much prized. She has asked to have a drawing-room meeting at Highcliffe on behalf of Mildmay, which is to take place on Friday."

"Oct. 17.—Waterford's sister Sarah (Lady Shrewsbury) is dead. I remember her once so bright and happy, and Waterford was so fond of her, and she so proud and fond of him. I have seen but little of her of late years, but never have forgotten her as she was in her bright days at Curraghmore, and she was always beautiful. In death she recovered the beautiful calm expression which her illness had taken away."

"Nov. 1.—I have had two charming days of Lady Marian Alford, who poured out such a quantity of interesting things that it seemed an endless flow."

"Nov. 15.—Canon and Mrs. Wilberforce came on Monday, the 10th, and I had people to meet them at dinner, and never knew a dinner go off so well, but that was really owing to the agreeability of Canon Wilberforce. The next night was his address. I thought it splendid, and so did all who like the movement. Thirteen pledges were taken. The *beau monde* came, but did not care so much."

"Ford Castle, Dec. 17, 1884.—I am now at Ford again, and find scarcely a moment to answer necessary letters. I liked my visits very much. That to Lady Marian (in London) was delightful, and she had a great dinner, with Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and a party afterwards,

altogether very amusing. Then came Lady Ossington's—so comfortable and always home-like. I met Canon Hole there, and was rather disappointed in his temperance views, which were rather more against total abstinence than I care for. I have temperance meetings arranged for, to be monthly at Highcliffe."

"*May 1, 1885.*—I have gone to the mothers' meeting at Heathershaw in pouring rain. They were all delighted with the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'"

"*May 9.*—Oh, such a day for my luncheon—wind, thunder, lightning, hail, rain, and snow; twenty-five expected, eleven sat down.

"*June 29.*—I am sending a number of nice things to the Loan Exhibition at Chillingham—the portraits of the Siddons family, the Bartolozzi of the death of Cleopatra, the majolica vases in the recesses of the morning room, the plates of Delft of Henri III., Louis XIV. jabots, and two embroidered quilts."

To MISS MARSH.

"*Ford Castle, June 18, 1885.*—We have had such a happy week of meetings, dearest Marny, in Ford schoolroom. I think these simple expositions of the Scriptures were more prized than ever. Crowds came night after night to hear, and spoke at their own houses of their anxious desire to become Christians. The Miss Thompsons were here, and sang and led the hymns, and it was much appreciated."

“*Highcliffe, Nov. 5, 1885.*—I have to-day heard of the death of Miss Talbot. She was a dear and kind old friend, and died very peacefully. One of her last utterances was—‘I have been hearing the Lord’s Prayer sung magnificently: I hope I am going to hear it again.’”

To AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

“*Highcliffe, June 22, 1885.*—Now the delightful Highcliffe June is returning, and the dear Ellices are expected to-day, and I should like to learn something about you, and that in due time you will pay Highcliffe the usual visit. It is very nice when things do not change (in this very changing state of things), and I believe when you come here you will think it is still 1876, except that we are all ten years older!”

Upon the death of Lord Delaval, who had left the property of Ford to the heirs of his youngest daughter, the property of Seaton Delaval passed to the representatives of his sister Rhoda,¹ from whom Lord Hastings in-

¹ “Sir Edward Astley married Rhoda, eldest daughter of Francis Blake Delaval, a sister of John, Lord Delaval. Upon the death of all her brothers without sons, the estate of Seaton Delaval, by a settlement of her father, descended to Sir Jacob Henry Astley, the only child of his eldest daughter.

“Lord Delaval possessed the large estates of Ford Castle, and other unentailed property: he had four daughters, Sophia, Mrs. Jabez: Elizabeth, Lady Audley: Frances, Mrs. Cawthorne: and Sarah—the youngest—Countess Tyrconnel, to whose only daughter, Susan,

herited. But the collieries and works at Seaton Sluie went with the Ford property.

While engaged in her many works for the

Marchioness of Waterford, Lord Delaval bequeathed all his property, though his two eldest daughters left children.

“When Rhoda Delaval married, she had eight brothers living, who all reached manhood. Four married, and had daughters, and the only son of her eldest brother, Lord Delaval, lived till within a few weeks of coming of age, yet her son eventually succeeded to the Seaton Delaval estates !

“An even more singular circumstance attended the descent of the Ford Castle estate. Sir William Carr, of Ford Castle and Etal, had two daughters, his heiresses. Mary married Francis Blake, whose only daughter was the mother of Mrs. Delaval of Dissington. The other, Isabella Carr, married Sir William Hay, an ancestor of the Earl of Errol. Old Carr left his estate of Ford to Francis Delaval, enjoining him, if he succeeded to the Seaton Delaval property, to resign Ford to Sir William Hay, who inherited Etal. Mr. Delaval did succeed to Seaton Delaval, but declined the resignation of Ford to Sir William Hay, and placed over the porch door of the castle a superb stone ram’s head (the Delaval crest). This ram’s head—one day, in the hearing of the steward and all the family—predicted that so long as the Ford estate was united with that of Seaton Delaval, no male of the family should die in his bed ; afterwards it preserved obstinate silence, and Mr. Delaval, in a rage, broke it to pieces. I will not vouch for the truth of this story, though I have seen the fragments of the head, but in confirmation of it the following particulars were communicated to me by old Lady Mexborough of Dover Street, and were sworn to by her in an affidavit in a lawsuit of ejectment brought by Sir Jacob against one of his tenants in the reign of old Dan Jones (lawyer at Fakenham).

“Old Lady Mexborough stated that her grandfather, *Edward Delaval of Dissington*, succeeded to the Seaton Delaval estate, and broke his neck in 1732 by a fall from his horse in the avenue of Seaton Delaval, where an obelisk marks the spot. Her father, *Francis Delaval*, had drunk too much after dinner, and fell down the steps into the garden at Seaton Delaval, and so dreadfully fractured his leg that the bone protruded, and no one being within reach, he was discovered too late. Her eldest

benefit of her poorer neighbours at Ford and Highcliffe, it had always been a trouble to Lady Waterford that so little could be done for her outlying property at Seaton Sluice. Recently Miss Honoria Thompson had become one of the dearest of her friends, and in her latter years the knowledge that Miss Thompson was settled for a great part of the year at Seaton Sluice, and was devoting herself to the people there, was the greatest possible comfort to her.

When Lady Waterford established lady-workers in the parish of Seaton Sluice, she gave part of a disused glass-factory for mission purposes, a brewery for a chapel, a loft for a parochial hall, and the pay-office for the ladies' mission-room. From this time also,

brother, *Sir Francis Delaval*, K.C.B., fell down in a fit in Pall Mall, and died before he could be put in bed at the St. Alban Tavern, into which he was carried. *Thomas Delaval* fell from his horse in 1771 in Hyde Park, and was killed on the spot. *Captain Robert Delaval* was killed at Quebec in 1759. *Henry Delaval*, an officer, was killed in battle in the East Indies. *George*, his twin-brother, refused to leave him, and during the voyage fell overboard and was drowned. *Ralph* was placed in a mercantile house at Lisbon, and perished in the earthquake there in 1755. *John, Lord Delaval*, died at Seaton Delaval suddenly while taking his breakfast at the age of eighty-two in 1808.

"By his death the estate of Seaton Delaval was separated from that of Ford Castle, and accordingly Edward Delaval, the eighth brother, was allowed to die in his bed, which he did very comfortably."—*C. Elwin (the family chaplain).*

Lady Waterford, who now no longer received the large income which had at first been hers from the Ford estates, used her great art talent as a means of procuring money for all these charities, seeming to gain in beauty of imagination and depth of colour, and in the power of conveying one by the other, as her years went on.

LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD, to
MISS HONORIA THOMPSON.

"*July 22.*—I am thinking so much about you and imagining your arrival at Seaton Sluice. I feel it is a solemn thing your beginning work amongst the poor people there, and I assure you I have sincerely and earnestly prayed it may bring blessing on the place, and that many may be brought to the Saviour."

"*August 5.*—Mary Cochran¹ is here and singing very magnificently."

"*August 11.*—I cannot tell you how very interesting I think your letters from Seaton Sluice, and how very much I long to be guided to do what will continue the good impression begun; and oh! how I wish, how I *pray*, that I may help about lessening the drink. I envy you the intense interest of all you describe, and when 'making company' to visitors here, feel so flat compared with it. Yet I still have the dear Ellices here."

¹ Daughter of Lady Albinia Pye.

"*Highcliffe, August 12, 1885.*—All you tell me of Seaton Sluice interests me more and more, and I long to arrange for the deaconess' house and improved pay-room. I hope I can, but wait my agent's return to be at it. Tell me if the chapel is begun: I suppose so. The sanitary arrangements I have heard are very bad, but a few years ago £200 was spent on improving them, as I used to say (*entre nous*), 'out of my privy purse,' and I hoped things were better; still the pulling down of houses will, I trust, enable things to be improved."

"*August 20.*—I have my dear Ellices here advising me to wait till I see you before I begin a plan of operations at Seaton Sluice. My own idea was for spring and autumn visitations of the deaconesses, rather than all the year round, but I may be quite wrong in this. I wish a good Scripture reader could help too. I feel as if my letter seemed so cold, after your large projects, but I have to consider what I *can* do, and with heart and soul I pray and hope to do that.

"We had the Prince of Wales and my nephew here last Friday."

To AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

"*Highcliffe, Sept. 30, 1885.*—Yes, when the Ellices are gone, summer is over for me, and I cannot look forward to any one else in the same way. They were most charming this year, and I prize it always now the more from thinking one of us may be gone before

another summer comes. Of course, every year brings it nearer.

"I should like you to have met Albinia.¹ She worships her daughter as Mme. de Sévigné worshipped Mme. de Grignon—'ma toute belle.'

"Lord Mayo and his intended were here on Monday. I never saw any one more interested in the place than he."

To LADY LESLIE (who had written to Lady Waterford of a dream she had had. Lady ——— had called her, saying that Jesus Christ was asking for her. She felt overwhelmed with awe, and said, "I dare not come into His presence." Then, looking up, she saw the original of the Saviour of Leonardo's fresco, beautiful and benignant, but ere He could speak, a black bat flew between them : and she awoke).

"Nov. 4, 1885. . . . Then, dear Boo, your beautiful dream. But it is *no* dream. It is the reality. The Saviour is always asking for us to come near, and the bat is always preventing us from seeing, and hearing, and coming. I do pray that for you and me and all who belong to us the first part of the dream may be real: that His asking for us may be truly felt. I pray for it daily, and wish I could entirely realise it.

"I am so glad to hear of the Wharncliffes. I had a great wish to see and know the nephew, E. Stuart Wortley, who was on the Nile, but did not get at him before he had to leave."

"Nov. 1885.—How noble of John to fight the battle

¹ Lady Albinia Pye.

against such odds: a sort of David and Goliath fight, the evil ones against him.¹

"This morning my thoughts are filled with the deep grief and mourning for the hitherto *so happy* Barons Court, and for that sweet woman who is now a widow.² How I grieve to think of it."

"*Highcliffe, Nov. 11, 1885.*—My sprained knee reminds me now and then that it is cold and damp outside, and will not do its usual work, and so I have had rather a *piano* life. The other day, when it was turning dark, who should appear but Adelaide Brownlow and Conzy Lothian—such a surprise and pleasure. Adelaide I had not seen for a year, but Conzy not for ten years, and she had never seen Highcliffe.

"I have not time for another word, but give my love to John, and tell him how *noble* I think his patriotism is. Whether he succeeds or not, he will equally have done a great deed. I do believe that no heart-kindness is wasted in this world. Like the seed on the good ground, it will take root and bring forth fruit in later days: for it must be *heart-kindness* that grows."

To MISS HONORIA THOMPSON.

"*Ford Castle, Nov. 21, 1885.*—I had a pleasant and easy journey here from Bath, where Sarah (Lindsay) was so kind in spoiling me!"

"*Dec. 2.*—Don't for one instant think the furnishing

¹ Parnell's candidate beat Sir John Leslie.

² Louisa, Duchess of Abercorn.

(for the Deaconess House) at Seaton Sluice is a trouble to me. I can quite manage it, and, in fact, it is *done*. Lady Tankerville gives all the linen and blankets.

"We had such a nice and full meeting in the school last night. Miss Elout spoke on 'Prayer,' and I read the long chapter of Solomon's prayer for the different occasions of the Temple service. So many men came, and how they listened!"

"*Dec. 10.*—I have so much to tell you of Mr. Sholto Douglas and his most wonderful addresses, and the listening of all the school, well filled."

"*Dec. 31.*—To-day a cart is taking to Chillingham a little folding-screen, a lamp, and a flower-pot, to go to Seaton Sluice with Lady Tankerville's things, and I have thought of many other small comforts which may be added from time to time."

"*Ford Castle, Feb. 13, 1886.*—I was dreary and sleepy in the evening, but as I had had two hours' reading at the mothers' meeting, the latter was not to be wondered at. Miss you I *do* for a time, but I shall soon get into routine again, I hope."

"*Feb. 15.*—I have been arranging about the new Temperance Society here. The Band of Hope and Mercy numbered over thirty on Saturday."

"*Feb. 19.*—I am quite nervous about my new Temperance Society. I think it should be called a 'Gospel Temperance Society,' as people are so apt to think

one imagines the cure of drink to mean all that is necessary."

"*Feb. 22.*—How nice your Temperance Meeting at Seaton Sluice and the Sunday-school. I do feel there is a blessing on all that has been so earnestly tried."

"*Feb. 27.*—I have little time to tell you of my 'Gospel Temperance Meeting.' I failed in all the chairmen, so we had no cleric, and we were not more than twenty-five. I read my paper and added a little prayer at the end—of my own: we are to have it monthly."

"*March 1.*—I am glad to think of the basins of hot soup and bread; and the tea, coffee, and bread and butter, for 2d. each meal. Mr. Sanderson (my agent) sees the necessity of doing away with both the publics at Seaton Sluice."

"*March 9.*—The accounts of the meetings do rejoice my heart: it is a thing to thank God for most earnestly."

To LADY LESLIE.

"*Ford Castle, April 2, 1886.*—How amusing your letter! I have little to write from here, but I have my delights too—in great bunches of double violets; and in beautiful effects (which I *cannot* draw) in wild landscape; or in ploughing fields and armies of small white gulls following; in walks by the river; in cawing of rooks (such a rookery here!); and sometimes in

pretty little home-scenes in cottages. I rather enjoy my readings to a gathering of women, and I have tried to tell them stories instead of always reading, and it is pleasant. My great delight is when I hear a snivelling, followed by blowing of noses and wiping of eyes: then I am *dans la gloire de Nicai*."

To MISS HONORIA THOMPSON.

"*Ford Castle, April 13, 1886.*—Yesterday Mr. Sanderson appeared with his melancholy account of my diminuendo income, that it will be £500 less this year than last; but I will manage."

"*April 20.*—It is my conviction that this is a time of great difficulty, which God's guiding hand is directing in His wisdom, and we have only to trust Him and pray to Him to overrule it for our temporal and spiritual good."

"*Highcliffe, June 25.*—My dear Ellices are here, and of course their presence does rejoice me, and it is charming to see Mr. Ellice saunter out to the Temple (summer-house) as of old, and Jenny sticking into a scrap-book whilst I read aloud or sit drawing in the library. All is delightful and uninterrupted, but I fear cannot last, for callers will come, and visitors to Highcliffe will propose, and peace and quiet and selfishness be done away with."

"*Highcliffe, July 3.*—My knee does not allow of my walking much, but I am able to enjoy a dawdling delightful saunter along the cliff with the Ellices, in

perfect weather. The Ellices are, as usual, delightful here, so friendly and helpful, though not quite agreed with me about politics, but we never fight or argue."

"*July* 17.—I have had another bad bout of knee, bed, and blisters. . . . The dear Ellices are such a pleasant comfort to me. He is so kind and helpful in all my affairs, and anxious to modify my politics too, though himself a Liberal."

"*July* 31.—Yesterday the Zenana Mission meeting went off splendidly. . . . I am so dreading the dear Ellices going soon. I see symptoms of what they won't tell me, but I shall *so* miss them."

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.—*Note-book.*

'*Highcliffe, August* 25, 1886.—I arrived here, for my usual happy summer week, at the same time with Christina, Lady Waterford. She described how Cromwell, determined to take 'the golden vale of Tipperary,' said he would take it 'by Hook or by Crook'—the two villages on either side the river, and thence the proverb.

"There has been a bee-show on the lawn, Mr. Bellairs and young Evan Maberly going amongst the bees, taking them up, and treating them just as they pleased.

"Lady Jane Ellice says that at Harewood there is one of the most splendid collections of china—quantities of it. Formerly it used to be kept in the gallery in which the family live, on bureaux, tables, &c. One

evening it was all left in its usual place, and the next morning the whole collection—everything—quite unbroken, was found on the ground. There was never the least explanation. The china has since been kept in cases."

To LADY LESLIE.

"*Ford Castle, Sept. 8, 1886.*—I never try to change the politics of the people here, who think me an ultra-Liberal. An old man said to me, 'We do like your not meddling with our politics.' I cannot bear the trying to make them anything but—as far as possible—good Christians.

"Your letter is delightful. I don't know when I have had such a whiff of outward air, and I must say your life at Homburg must have been delightful too; but I think you have the '*veine*' to enjoy it and set it a-going. It is talent I never had in the least—bringing people together and giving the spark that lights the *briquet*, and I see you have it in all your letters."

To THE HON. MRS. R. BOYLE.

"*Ford Castle, Dec. 21, 1886.*—I hear to-day that a drawing of mine is sold at Manchester to a person whose name is unknown to me. This is flattering, because it is not a *succès d'estime*.

"Miss Elout is here, a Dutch lady and deaconess, and I am very glad to have her company, and her excellent expounding of the Bible, which she does sometimes in the schoolroom, where it is much prized, and every morning at prayers."

To MISS HONORIA THOMPSON.

"*Christmas Day, 1886.*—Last evening we (Miss Elout and I) retired at eleven, and soon after heard full hymn singing under the windows. I sent down to find who it was, and it was a charming surprise of the whole household, with some additions—all those you taught in part, well fortified by men's voices."

To MISS MARSH.

"*Ford Castle, Jan. 15, 1887.*—Thank God I am well, and so full of Lord Shaftesbury's life that I *dream* of it and his great love and prayer to God. All his actions were thus guided, and having referred every action, every undertaking to prayer, he fought on through every discouragement.

". . . O don't suppose I am not a strong, earnest, and anxious Protestant: I glory in the name.

". . . I pray for you all. Pray for me that I may learn to know my Saviour more and more, and to see myself as I am, needing His robe to cover me."

To MISS HONORIA THOMPSON.

"*Ford Castle, Feb. 19, 1887.*—There was such a splendid violet sky last night, inky tones in strips on the palest primrose."

"*March 9.*—About the Temperance Meeting, don't mind. I shall try and do what I can and read a paper, and possibly sing 'Ruth' or 'Rest in the Lord,' if my beating heart will permit.

"I got to Heathershaw yesterday, and went about

to see all the poor people there, and they were so glad to see me.

"I have such a nice dog story to read to the Band of Mercy this afternoon."

"*March 15.*—I have sent my 'Blackberry Children' to the Duchess of Leeds Exhibition at Spencer House."

To MISS O'RORKE.

"*Ford Castle, April 5, 1887.*—Tell dear Marny¹ with my love that I am trying to have a class of older Sunday scholars on Sunday afternoons, reading the 'Life of Christ' from the Bible lessons arranged by Stock: and once a fortnight, with the workers at the farm reading 'The Parables'—appealing, as I thought, a good deal to their own work. I hope to be able to learn myself, and thus to make the meaning spiritually clear, but I am not yet at all as fluent as I could wish: I think only God's grace can help me."

To THE MISSES O'RORKE.

"*Ford Castle, April 15.*—Dearest Lulu and Annie and Gwen and Ashley. I want to thank you very gratefully for the sweet little books you have all sent me. It was very dear of you all to remember me on my birthday.

"When my birthday came round, I could not help thinking of the beautiful way Lord Shaftesbury used always to note his; and just in such a heartfelt little

¹ Miss Marsh.

praise to the Lord of thanksgiving for the past and prayer for the future have I felt how much I desire to remember this practice, learnt from the account of his useful life.

“I do like to be remembered, perhaps all the more as I have very few now to have remembrance. When I think of the many I once had, I should be very sad if I did not know that they have passed the dark river, but I feel comforted to be sure that they are far happier than words can express, or even we can conceive, through the Great Elder Brother alone.

“I have been planting a ‘Memorial tree’ to General Gordon. A bottle sealed up containing all his history is buried underneath, and it is on a conspicuous place, where many will see it. As it will be very exposed, it is a hardy Scotch fir. An oak I would have liked, but this is best for the place.”

XIII.

TO THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

“ When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.”
—HERRICK.

“ La bonta infinita ha sì gran braccia,
Che prende cio che sì rivolge a lei.”
—DANTE, *Purg.* III.

To MISS HONORIA THOMPSON.

“*Ford Castle, June 1, 1887.*—I went yesterday evening in the chair to Flodden! had not been there for two years. Such a charming evening, all looked glowing, and everything so improved and grown.

“I hope to get acorns—some hundreds—for the school-children to plant in little pots, to be a future ‘Jubilee Oak Wood.’ Thomas, fifty years employed here, is to lay the first stone of a ‘Jubilee Cottage,’ and the children are to sing ‘God save the Queen.’”

“*Highcliffe, June 14.*—Since I came, I have been full of Jubilee affairs. It is really hard work. I found the navvies were to get nothing, so I undertook a meat tea for them on the 21st.”

“*June 22.*—Our ‘navvy day’ was perfect. I am so

glad I did it, for it really was a treat to them. The tea was on the straight walk under the trees, and there were games and races, and wives and children so happy and all had medals. We had 123 navvies here."

To AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

"*Highcliffe, June 24, 1887.*—How good of you to send me that most charming and touching account of the Abbey and the great and beautiful thanksgiving. I entertained 1200 people at Ford, every soul on the estate; and here 120 navvies, to-day my schools, and besides this all the parish come into Highcliffe to-day. At Ford I am building a Jubilee cottage—a tiny hospice like yours, which I shall call a House of Rest—the foundation-stone laid by the bailiff—fifty years bailiff this year; and all the school-children at Ford have planted acorns in little pots—one to each—to be a future 'Jubilee plantation.'

"The dear Ellices are here, and whenever you can and will come, you will be most welcome."

To MISS HONORIA THOMPSON.

"*Highcliffe, June 25, 1887.*—Our Jubilee fête here went well. The day was fine and the Christ Church band good. The children played in the field and had swings and tea, with 'God save the Queen.' At half-past four we adjourned to the field opposite the Vicarage, and a long tent was arranged for three hundred. There I found your uncle and aunt and others, and the eating seemed capitally managed. At five the *beau-monde* came in to tea at Highcliffe. The crowd of parishioners seemed to enjoy the sports and dancing and races, and

stayed on till nine, when the fireworks began on the beach : and so all has passed off."

"*July 4.*—The Ellices and I are enjoying the uninterrupted trio, which we know cannot last, but is quite delightful now."

"*July 11.*—Mr. Bellairs (the Highcliffe agent) is now in full swing of help to me about the reading-room here, which I mean to begin as soon as possible. I have also to increase the infant school, by throwing in the old reading-room, so it becomes imperative to do the new one ; but I am determined not to ask from a soul for it, and, with two contributions of £50, I have enough without.

"The dear Ellices are charming as usual, and I (thank God) so well and so happy with them."

"*July 19.*—The dear Ellices and I have been having the most delightful uninterrupted time, and get our walks late all three together, and, thank God, I am very well. These are our halcyon days."

To THE HON. MRS. R. BOYLE.

"*Highcliffe, August 29, 1887.*—Alas ! my dear Ellices go away to-morrow, but I have Lady Marian here. Hübner, the traveller, failed to come at last, and to-day I have heard that Cardinal Howard cannot come, as expected, to luncheon. My last sight of him was as an officer in the Life Guards, when I danced with him (the last time I ever danced), and at that same ball I saw Mdlle. Eugenie Montijo, then called 'the Spanish

heiress,' and never saw her again till I met her as a widow and deposed Empress in Walker's hat-shop.

"I have had a successful garden-party here—a lovely day and much company."

"*Sept. 2.*—Lady Marian is just gone. She is very infirm in walking, but is delightful as ever, and looks like Maria Theresa, in black lace and a white undergown. The dear Ellices are gone too, and so I am quite alone now, and feel so flat that I see it permeating every word of my writing."

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.—*Note-book.*

"*October 2, 1887.*—Again at Highcliffe with Lady Waterford, whose conversation is as charming as ever. 'And thy eternal summer shall not fade,' is a line of Shakespeare which seems ever to apply to her. Here are some fragments from her lips:—

"That is like the priest who, when he was remonstrated with for eating meat on Friday, said, 'But all flesh is grass.'

"The old Duchess of Buccleugh used to join the people who came to see the place. One day she joined a man who came thus, and as they went along said, 'All this, all this fine place belongs to the Duke of Buccleugh.'—'And pray whom did he marry?'—'ME!'

"When I was young I delighted in Tyttenhanger.¹ We used to post down from London—a most delightful drive then. I thought it all charming—the old house and a wood with bluebells, and the Colne, a mere dull sluggish stream I suppose, but it had frogs and bul-

¹ Lord Caledon's place in Hertfordshire. See vol. i.

rushes, and I thought it enchanting. It was on hearing some one mention Tyttenhanger that Sydney Smith made the impromptu—

‘Oh pray, where is Tyttenhanger?
Is it anywhere by Bangor?
Or, if it is not in Wales,
Can it, perhaps, be near Versailles;
Tell me, in the name of grace,
Is there really such a place?’

“A few years ago I thought I would post down to Tyttenhanger in the old way, but it was a street all the way to Barnet, and when the people saw the white horses and postilions in blue, they came crowding round; for though it was only my little maid Boardman and me, they thought, ‘Now we shall see them: now we shall see the newly married pair.’

“How well I remember the Aumales riding through the green avenues near Ossington. Mary Boyle was with them. She was a most excellent horsewoman, but a great gust of wind came, and the whole edifice of her chignon was blown off before she could stop it. The little Prince de Condé was very young then, and he was riding with her. He picked it up and said, ‘I will keep it in my pocket, and then, when we reach Thoresby, you can just go away quietly and get it put on:’ and so she did. That young Condé used to say, ‘I am not *le Grand Condé*; I am *le petit Condé*. . . . Mme. de Genlis used to write to Louis Philippe, ‘Sire et cher enfant.’

“That Lord Shrewsbury¹ you were speaking of received Henri V. at Alton Towers—received him as

¹ The sixteenth Earl, father of the Princesses Doria and Borghese.

King of France, and dressed up all the people of the different lodges to represent the different nations of Europe giving him welcome. It was he who made the beautiful gardens. There is a bust of him there, and inscribed beneath it, 'He made the desert to smile.' 'And I don't wonder at it,' said Lady Marian (Alford) when she saw the bust; he was so comically hideous.

"It was Lady Ashburton's brother, Stewart Mackenzie, who had that strange adventure at school. He was in bed in a long dormitory, with the boys in rows of beds on each side. In the night he awoke, and saw a little old woman come into the room, dressed in a peaked hat, and round her neck was slung a sort of satchel filled with carpenter's instruments—a mallet, chisel, hammer, nails, &c. He saw her go up to one of the sleeping boys, look at him, bend over him, examine him very carefully, and then take out a nail, seize the hammer, and seem about to knock the nail into his forehead: then suddenly, just at the last moment, to change her mind and pass on. Into the foreheads of some of the boys she seemed to strike a nail, some she passed by altogether: into others she seemed to intend to strike the nail, and then to change her mind. Finally, with horror, he felt her approaching his own bed: she took out a nail, seemed coming near to strike it, then suddenly passed on. In the morning young Mackenzie was very ill, very feverish, and said, 'Oh, I have had such a dreadful dream,' and he told what he had seen. The master said, 'Can you remember which the boys were into whose foreheads she struck the nail?'—'Oh certainly, I can perfectly,' and the master wrote down the names in

a pocket-book. Very soon after a terrible fever broke out in the school. All those boys died. The boys the old woman looked at and finally turned away from, had the fever, but recovered: the boys she passed by altogether escaped entirely.

"Lady Waterford has painted a cow for the sign of her village milk-shop, the animal being brought to the front of the library window to stand for its portrait. The milk-shop, which sells the milk at a very low price, is intended as an aid to the temperance work which the dear lady now has so much at heart."

LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD, to
MISS HONORIA THOMPSON.

"*Ford Castle, Dec. 21, 1887.*—The thirty girls of my 'Young Women's Help Society' brought me a flower-glass yesterday, and I was so touched, and have written notes to every one to-day to thank them. I have planned a nice little inscription for my Jubilee Cottage—'Brethren, love one another, and be not forgetful to entertain strangers,' and it is to be a house of rest. Jubilee was a time of rest, you know, so it is appropriate."

"*Ford Castle, Jan. 6, 1888.*—I am very busy, for several servants are leaving, and it is a *travail d'esprit* to make new arrangements. I am reading the book Lord Granville sent me, 'A Handbook of Home Rule,' papers by different clever people on the subject, and very excellent, which I wish many could read."

"*Jan. 18.*—I have seen no one but Mr. Sanderson

(the Ford agent) for two months, but am quite content—too content—and very thankful to be well.”

“*Jan. 23.*—I have such interesting letters from Mr. Bellairs (the Highcliffe agent); his plans are excellent, but vast, though all tending to improvement and economy.”

To AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

“*Ford Castle, Jan. 28, 1888.*—I have been very quiet and unmoved, but, thank God, very well. I came here, stopping at Ossington, at the end of November, and my only adventure on that journey was being obliged to sleep at the inn at Newark in consequence of the fog. Lady Ossington’s own coachman would not undertake to drive back to Ossington that evening. Lady Ossington said, ‘Did you not fancy yourself Jeannie Deans?’ I had forgotten that she was kept at Newark.

“I have Nora Thompson with me now. She is resting from her work with two deaconesses at Seaton Sluice, and has had immense interest in that place. It is really a place that would describe well in a story, in ‘Our Novel,’ so I hope you will see it before you begin your book with ‘So they were married and done for.’

“How well I remember Sir Adam Hay’s beautiful daughters first appearing in London.”

To LADY LESLIE.

“*Ford Castle, Feb. 14, 1888.*—I have no particulars about dearest Lady Marian,¹ only the sad thought that

¹ Lady Marian Alford died February 8, 1888.

I shall see her no more—she who was such a wonderful specimen of womanhood, all tenderness of heart, with all the power of knowledge and the dignity of a real *grande dame*.

“We had a very *blessed* three days together at Highcliffe this year, and I like to think of how much I saw of her in that last *tête-à-tête*.”

“*March 1.*—I only hear of Lady Marian that Lord Brownlow and Adelaide knelt by her, each holding a beautiful hand, and that she died painlessly and happily, her brother—the Bishop—reading prayers, and she whispering the responses. Dear Marian, how I loved her!”

To AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

“*Ford Castle, Feb. 26, 1888.*—Such a loss as that of Lady Marian can never be replaced to her friends: her talents, though so great, were nothing to her warm heart, her very sympathising love. I could tell you of so many kindnesses done to me, which no one knows of. I am glad I saw her so lately at Highcliffe. She was rather feeble, but brilliant as ever in conversation, and so ready to be pleased. I shall always rejoice that the last day the fly-man made a mistake, and did not arrive, so we had a *tête-à-tête* evening which I shall never forget.

“An amusing *résumé* of last year’s ‘Dudley Gallery’ has been sent to me, and of what had been said of some of the pictures. I was much amused to be described as ‘L. Waterford, Esq.,’ and to read what *he* had done. One paper abused the work, and

said the figures were adaptations (read copies) from Michel Angelo. I could explain how one was my keeper draped in a blanket, another the carpenter, and so on. It was 'Our Lord among the Doctors,' from the fresco in the schoolroom."

To THE HON. MRS. R. BOYLE.

"1888.—My dearest Playmate, I am so grieved to think you are troubled and worried. Tell me, and I will do all I can to comfort you. You always seem to me to be made for smiles and sunshine and beautiful things. I cannot fancy you low and depressed and no sparkle in the sea-blue eyes. I think if we were together it would come, and that you would feel nineteen. Well, summer and green leaves will do you good, I know, and then come to Highcliffe and we will fancy ourselves nineteen, and *very good* children."

To MISS HONORIA THOMPSON.

"*Highcliffe, July 1888.*—A curious thing! I have an old man and his wife actually staying in the house. He was a coastguard man, the first inhabitant of the steamer,¹ and very fond of the Cannings and my father and mother. He is living at Plymouth, pensioned, and eighty-six years old, and remembers the most curious old stories of smugglers and adventures, and even has a story of a young man coming a hundred miles—a man who knew her already—'to see Miss Stuart,' and hiding himself behind the bushes. I never heard such quaint stories, and I have been so amused.

¹ A stranded steamer, used as a lodge, at the end of the walks along the cliff at Highcliffe.

I had a letter from him saying he would like to see the old steamer again, and so, for two nights, he is here, delighting the maids with his very long yarns; and he has a delightful little old wife with him.

"With the dear Ellices we read a new sketch by Lucas Malet (Kingsley's daughter)—'A Counsel of Perfection' and the 'Historic Fighting Veres' is our afternoon book."

"*July 23.*—I don't make any rule of 'class of people' for the Jubilee Cottage, but any offered are welcome, if poor and needing help."

"*August 9.*—I have now a Newcastle city missionary and his wife at the Jubilee Cottage."

TO AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

"*Highcliffe, August 13, 1888.*—To my astonishment, yesterday the Pembrokes and Lady Hilda Brodrick landed from the *Black Pearl*, and were here about an hour. I have also had Mrs. Boyle here—very charming and imaginative."

TO MISS HONORIA THOMPSON.

"*Highcliffe, Sept. 7, 1888.*—My dear Ellices are gone after ten weeks here, which seemed only two. I had my one dinner-party last night, and Mrs. Bellairs played beautifully afterwards."

"*Ford Castle, Nov. 13.*—I find the gardens here still charming, and such beautiful carnations, that I said to Trotter (the gardener)—'I have been seeing

two of the finest gardens in England, Eastnor and Alnwick, but they are not as good as yours.'"

"*Nov. 19.*—Mrs. David Ricardo has been here, quite charming. Your uncle will have been saddened by the death of Vere Cameron, such a link with early days. Mr. Bellairs and Mr. Sanderson will be here to meet Mr. Hare, and I feel that he may be honoured to meet both—such pleasant and agreeable men are both my agents."

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.—*Note-book.*

"*Ford Castle, Nov. 23, 1888.*—I came here on Wednesday, arriving by the new railway up the Wooler valley, and getting out of the train at a desolate little station amid bleak moorlands. Here we only found one little gig in waiting, and no chance of anything else. However, Mrs. Bellairs (also going to Ford) and I scrambled into it, and came through the howling, raging storm for seven miles here; but our reception in these fine old rooms made us forget all else, and to-day has been, like all days at Ford and Highcliffe, full of drawing, reading aloud, with talking at intervals, and walks in the glen and gardens."

"*Nov. 26.*—A delightful walk, combating with the wind, to the 'Devil's Rocks,' where, say the Northumbrians, 'the devil hanged his grandmother.'

"Lady Waterford says: 'My maid is good, *very* good: her only fault is that she has three hands, a right hand, a left hand, and a little behind-hand.'"

"*Nov. 28.*—Most delightful and full of holiest teach-

ing have been the many quiet hours I have spent this year with the Lady of Ford. There is a sentence of Confucius which says, 'If you would escape vexation, reprove yourself liberally and others sparingly!' It is exactly her case. And there is another sentence of Confucius which applies to her, 'The wise have no doubts, the virtuous no sorrows, the brave no fears.' Being here so quietly, I have seen even more of her than during any other visit, and more than ever has she seemed to be a fountain of original, interesting, noble, and elevating words and thoughts. She is wonderfully well now, and able to walk, and take all her old energetic interest in the place and people; and oh! how we have talked!"

LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD, to
MISS HONORIA THOMPSON.

"*Ford Castle, Dec. 7, 1888.*—The bell is tolling for the funeral of little Williams.¹ I hope my picture of the poor child will turn out well. It is simply lying as if asleep, and the little hands crossed."

"*Dec. 19.*—E. Stuart Wortley and his brother Ralph have been here. I like them both. The younger one is charming—so clever and pleasant."

"*Jan. 20, 1889.*—Your letter was quite delightful to me, and a sort of balm, which perhaps I do not often get, and so I must say how comfortable it was. I hope you have had this lovely Sunday at Seaton Sluice, and have had no drawbacks of any kind, but

¹ Child of a former servant, in the village.

peace and joy, and a happy, holy Sunday, and are making others happy too."

"*Feb. 27.*—Such a touching letter from the Empress Frederick, to whom I felt impelled to write.

"I have sold my two pieces of historic tapestry at Highcliffe for £3000."

"*May 1889.*—A most happy post. Mr. Ryder says 'Yes' (as to accepting the vicarage of Highcliffe) in a charming note. . . . He is of a most gentle, loving spirit, though I feel sure he will never flinch from speaking what he believes to be the truth.

"Mr. Bellairs says there is quite a plague of snakes at Highcliffe, but I hope he will be another St. Patrick."

"*May 10.*—I have asked Mr. Neville to let me draw his hands in what I have done for the Dudley Gallery—a small thing of 'Our Lord going into a solitary place to pray a long time before day.' It is like some former attempts, but much better."

"*May 24.*—Two peacocks and four hens were caught yesterday. Such an affair. I thought one of them had a hard case, a poor lady sitting on eggs in the ivy. I have begged them to leave the daisies in the courtyard till after the school-treat, the children so enjoy making daisy-chains!

"The peacocks are missing their friends, and are almost entirely silent."

"*Highcliffe, June 8.*—I arrived safely last evening, and find dear Highcliffe very charming."

"June 18.—Mr. Ryder is coming *here* to see after his affairs at the Vicarage. I own it is shy work, and in vain I say to myself, 'Old ladies ought never to be shy; it is absurd.'

"All my four Lowther Exhibition pictures are sold. The 'Reading a Love-Letter,' Lord Savile bought: he is a connoisseur, and I am glad he has it.

"The tapestries are not missed at all. Two large looking-glasses and the *boiseries* beyond look very rich, as if always there."

"July 2.—You may imagine the usual scene, Jenny singing and me scratching off letters for the second post. Old Mrs. Jones, in remembrance of her good old husband, is giving me a teapot, Jenny Ellice a cup, and Mr. Ellice a glass, which is nice and pretty of her."

"July 24.—I am expecting a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone."

"July 30.—Nothing could have done better than Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone's quiet visit. I kept it a great secret in the house, only telling your uncle and aunt, and it was only known by the stopping of the train at Hinton. Then the news, of course, went to Christ Church, and on Sunday morning the church here was certainly fuller than usual, people standing bareheaded in the churchyard, both morning and evening, and an enthusiastic damsel giving Mr. Gladstone a rose for a shake of the hand.

"They were obliged to go away on Monday. However it would certainly have been a less quiet day, for I hear that at the station many came, and there was a

great hurrah as Mr. Gladstone went off. He and Mrs. Gladstone had a real comfortable rest all day on Sunday, and were delighted with Highcliffe. We sang 'Rock of Ages' for the Sunday-evening hymn, and Mr. Gladstone afterwards said it was quite his favourite; also that the wording in the book was not the correct old one, and in five minutes he wrote out the right one and read it to me, and I have his name to the document, which is a valuable autograph."

"*August 26.*—The garden-party on Saturday was an anxiety, as it poured till three o'clock, after which the evening was beautiful, with lovely lights, sunny and bright. A hundred came, and the Bournemouth town band was excellent in its way, with '*pot-pourris*' of airs well played. The sea and Isle of Wight were looking their best, and there were many pretty people—a gay-looking party altogether."

To HER NIECE, THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE (who had written hoping that Lady Waterford would devote her life to Art).

"*Highcliffe, August 14, 1889.*—Dearest Gerty, I love your affectionate letter, but I do feel it so difficult to answer, that I know you will be disappointed.

"I feel so small and unworthy, and quite far away from your vision of me. I have a something which has been given to me to comfort and fill up a void, but it is no more. To some, such gifts would be given as would help their lives in other things—action, eloquence, influence—and each would have it as it had been God's will to bring it to them. To me, without children, without own family, a gift was given to be

used—not only for self, but in some measure for the setting forth of ideas which I have no eloquence to speak of, and that it might sometimes express what must otherwise be sealed up. This is better in a quiet country life. In a town, and among people I know, I could do nothing; and the best Art-master I could ever have is Nature itself.

“I could never attain to one work which would be what I see in my mind’s eye, and—if I *could*—it would be and do less than was done by the great men of old, whose greatest works have not quelled evil nor taught good. The duty is not there, though the gift, like all gifts, is a great blessing to be thankful for, and, as such, to be perfected as a talent, not hidden under a napkin (through the bane of indolence), but used and fructified as far as it can be in God’s service, not for vanity, or emulation, or rivalry, but simply with thankfulness.

“I *could* not live for Art. It would not be what I was put into the world to do. Two homes have been given me, and it is that I may try to do what I can in them, that they are mine for ‘brief life.’ At the end of all, one is an unprofitable servant; but with the utmost study and work for Art, one could not even be this, and then—there is but one thing needful. No works of our own can ever attain to it, but all one’s life is not long enough to teach us that we are not our own, but bought with a price. . . . Good-bye, dearest, always your affectionate Aunt Loo.”

Thus wrote Lady Waterford, for, in her, Art was mingled with and inseparable from religion, and she ever kept it in subservience to

the other occupations which she believed to be the more pressing duties of her station. In a little book of maxims which she carried about with her, and by which—in much—her life's actions were guided, she had entered :—

“Art is truth, and truth is religion, and its study and practice a daily work of pious duty.”—“*The Newcomes.*”

“Art in every one of its branches is high and holy.”—*Andersen's “Improvisatore.”*

“Since I have known God in a saving manner, painting, poetry, and music have had charms unknown to me before. I have received what I suppose is a taste for them, for religion has refined my soul and made it susceptible to impressions from the sublime and beautiful. Oh, how religion secures the height and enjoyment of those pleasures which keep so many from God, by their becoming a source of pride.”—*Life of Rev. H. Martyn.*

“God has employed colour in His creation as the unvarying accompaniment of all that is purest, most innocent, and most precious.

“Observe how constantly innocent things are bright in colour. Look at a dove's neck.

“Compare generally rainbows, sunrises, roses, violets, butterflies, gold-fish, rubies, opals, corals, with alligators, hippopotami, lions, wolves, bears, swine, sharks, and you will find how the question stands between the colourists and the chiaroscurists, which of them have nature and life on their side, and which have sin and death.”—*Modern Artists.*

"I have always looked upon a man infected with the disorder of anti-romance as one who has lost the finest part of his nature, and his best protection against everything low and foolish."—*Dr. Arnold to an old Pupil*, 1835.

"If the mind once becomes stagnant, it can give no fresh draught to another mind: it is drinking out of a pond instead of from a spring."—*Dr. Arnold to E. Wise*, 1839.

To THE HON. MRS. R. BOYLE.

"*Highcliffe, August 29, 1889.*—The days are quite perfect here—Highcliffe at its best. The visit of the Charles Beresfords was a very quiet one—Lord and Lady Charles and the eldest girl, a dear child of about eight, with large blue eyes and evident love for her father. He begins to look grey and elderly, but always captivating and charming."

To MISS HONORIA THOMPSON.

"*Highcliffe, Sept. 5, 1889.*—The Ellices, alas! left on Wednesday. Now I have Lulu O'Rorke here."

"*Sept. 19.*—E. Stuart Wortley has been here for a day, and very pleasant. Willie Sitwell was a day here, and charmed everybody."

Lady Waterford's very distant cousin, Edward Stuart Wortley, had one day ridden over from Beaulieu to luncheon at Highcliffe. Just before he left, Lady Waterford, with whom he had been walking in the garden, said to him some-

what shyly, "Have you heard anything about this place?" He answered, "Nothing, except of its beauty and its interest." She then said, "Oh, if you would kindly write to Lord Wharncliffe, he might tell you something about it which would interest you." Major Stuart Wortley, never dreaming of anything but some curious family legend possibly connected with Highcliffe, soon afterwards wrote casually to his uncle, Lord Wharncliffe, and mentioned Lady Waterford's remark. He was answered that what he had to hear was that Highcliffe had been settled upon him a short time before! Up to this date he had only been at Highcliffe for one night in 1885, and before that had only seen Lady Waterford once in 1876, when he was a boy; in the last two years of her life, he came to regard her as a second mother.

To MISS HONORIA THOMPSON.

"*Ford Castle, Nov. 9, 1889.*—I have not used one shilling of the tapestry money.¹ It is all gone to Mr. Sanderson and Mr. Bellairs for the two properties."

"*Jan. 18, 1890.*—Miss Elout has been here, and her addresses quite excellent: even on the night of the terrible wind, many came from a distance."

¹ Two of the fine tapestries at Highcliffe had been replaced by pieces of less importance.

"*March 27, 1890.*—This morning I heard of poor Charles Neville's death (at the Rectory). I am so glad my portrait was done *just* in time."

To THE HON. MRS. R. BOYLE.

"*Ford Castle, Jan. 2, 1890.*—Yesterday Miss Gordon Cumming (of travel fame) came to luncheon from Chillingham. Her portfolio is most curious—the volcanoes of the Sandwich Isles, the Eden-like scenes of Fiji, and the beauties of Tahiti, which must be a sort of Paradise."

"*Ford Castle, Feb. 9, 1890.*—I have been quite alone since November, except four days of Miss Elout, and so I may say I have been a quarter of the year *sola*, very busy, and only too well content. Ford has been so warm, so beautiful, that I am well satisfied to be here, and do not want acquaintance, unless one is 'privileged,' as Sydney Smith said, 'to be a bore to them.'

"I never remember such a winter—endless sunshine and no snow or cold to speak of. To-day is a white frost, but simply a *glorious* day."

To LADY CONSTANCE LESLIE.

"*Ford Castle, April 9, 1890.*—How grateful I always am to get one of the charming letters which you make so interesting. Your remark about Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone and his rapt expression in church has caused me to rout out a letter Mary Gladstone wrote long ago, a bit of which I must transcribe:—'What I meant about Sunday was that yesterday my father

was saying he did not believe he would be alive now, if he had not always kept his Sundays quite apart from his ordinary, and specially his political life. Not only because of the pure refreshment it has always been to him to turn to holier things on that day, but because it has enabled him to learn more on religious subjects than perhaps any other layman, and so has given him that firm and splendid ground which has ennobled and hallowed all his actions through life.'

"I have nearly finished Mme. de Lieven and Lord Grey. It amuses me, and seems to have been what my mother used to call 'a holy flirtation,' though I think Lord Grey must often have been bored by her exigence."

To MISS HONORIA THOMPSON.

"*Highcliffe, June 21, 1890.*—Here is the longest day and a lovely one—haymaking under excellent auspices. The Ellices arrived on the 19th—everything looking quite lovely."

"*August 1.*—Yesterday was the school treat, but it was not a pretty fête at all. L. looks sadly ill, and E. is very low. All the world is low, I think, and I believe only one thing could enliven all—a happy talk, not cant, but simple talk on great and happy things to come; but this I find I cannot get.

"There is such a press of nothings to be done."

"*August 9.*—Mr. Neville wanted much to finish the Ford church stone pulpit, and I wrote to Waterford, who *most* kindly sent me £10 to complete the whole. I

was so grateful, that I unguardedly mentioned it where I should not, and bitterly repented I had done so.

‘ Since word is thrall
And thought is free,
Keep well thy thoughts
I counsel thee.’ ”

Until her visit to Osborne in 1890, Lady Waterford had never been to the Isle of Wight, the outline of which, immediately opposite the windows of Highcliffe, had been familiar to her from childhood. She had a peculiar superstition that if she ever went there she would die. She used to gaze across the sea at the sunlit isle and say this. At no other call than that of her beloved Queen would she have gone there. It was the last visit she ever paid.

TO THE HON. MRS. R. BOYLE.

“ *Highcliffe, August 16, 1890.*—I am back from my Osborne visit, which was thoroughly enjoyed by me. I really liked it *all* very much—such a nice journey, so honourably conveyed in the yacht *Elfin*, and then a carriage to myself to Osborne, servants and luggage in another: a *salon* with seven glasses of flowers, including pink poppies with white shaded edges like carnations, also white and scarlet—all beautiful. I brought their dying bodies away with me.

“ I had such a quantity to see, that I was really too tired to go out of doors. The party was entirely royal

family—Battenbergs, Connaughts, Princess Louise. I think the Queen is looking charmingly well, very fair, and so kindly and friendly to me. I am sure it pleased her to find an older person than herself, which I reminded her I was. She has given me a splendid print of herself from Angeli (the face not like), and photographs of the three Battenberg children—dear little things, and of Lady Ely. I saw the portrait of Char. by Winterhalter—rather like, but hard. I was asked to bring a portfolio, which I did, and, to my horror, it was displayed in the drawing-room in the evening, while I sate on a sofa by the Queen. She liked ‘Relentless Time,’ so I gave it to her, and she graciously accepted it. I think the Duchess of Connaught so graceful. All looked very nice. The lady in waiting was Lady Southampton. Battenberg is certainly very handsome, but I could scarcely see him, as there was a block of ice between us—an iceberg. The best sight was four Indians in scarlet, most picturesque, waiting at dinner, and two Highlanders: and the whole looked gay with multitudes of scarlet footmen. The views of sea and garden were quite lovely from the various windows, and a long passage full of busts, pictures, and statues of the royal family was very interesting.”

To LADY CONSTANCE LESLIE.

“*Highcliffe, August 19, 1890.*—I have actually been on a visit to Osborne—to dine and sleep. I specially enjoyed it: indeed I did *much* want to see the Queen again, and was agreeably surprised to see her looking so well, such a smooth face, and, if wider in figure,

not strikingly so: her expression is really charming with the old attraction of '*le regard caressant*.'

"I had a charming visit one day from Mrs. Cornwallis West with a handsome friend and a fair and pretty daughter. The friend said, 'Did you ever hear Mrs. Cornwallis West sing "The Wearing of the Green"—not allowed to be sung in Ireland?' Then, without music, she sang it dramatically and it was splendid. I don't know when I have heard anything so good."

To THE HON. MRS. R. BOYLE.

"*Highcliffe, Oct. 30, 1890.* . . . My idea of both my homes is justice to each. Ford is Beresford, and as such is religiously treasured: Highcliffe is Stuart, and by a freak of fortune has come for a time to one person, and its rights also must be religiously regarded. I have not a fear about either place: Highcliffe goes into a very rich family, and the Beresfords would never sell Ford."

To MISS HONORIA THOMPSON.

"*Highcliffe, Sept. 19, 1890.*—I have had no rest at all till now, when I have actually squeezed out three or four days *sola*. I often wish for the real quiet of Ford. I can do nothing here, yet cannot describe the quantity I have to do and notice."

"*Sept. 26.*—I have had Canon and Lady Caroline Courtenay here, and several dinners. One went very well, but the latter ones made one long to send into the hedges and highways, there was so much excuse."

"*Oct. 14.*—I am glad not to go on a visit, for I am not very strong, though much better."

"*Nov.* 5 (in very trembling hand).—I think I go off to Ford next Tuesday. I am better, but rather weak, which is tiresome for a poor old lady who will have to get in and out of a fly. How sorry I shall be to be going, and to feel I have not had any enjoyment of Highcliffe this year. Endless people have been, I can't remember who—only two, Mrs. Cornwallis West singing 'A Branch of the Green,' and Miss Savile playing on the zittern: both these made a deep impression, otherwise I only remember that it was endless coming and going."

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE *to*
MISS LEYCESTER.

"*Oct.* 1890.—I hastened to Highcliffe after receiving an unusually urgent and affectionate invitation from its dear lady, bidding me on no account to miss coming at that time—'at another time it might not perhaps be possible.' This startled me, and I found dear Lady Waterford sadly ailing, but I hope I was able to be useful to her during some days of extreme quietude and much reading aloud. She had lately been to the Queen at Osborne, crossing the Solent in the *Elfin*, seated between two great bags 'as big as large arm-chairs,' containing the Queen's letters for the day. 'The Queen would have my drawings in. It was dreadful! For you know how a big portfolio slides off the table, and the Queen looked at them all so closely, and I was afraid the portfolio would slip and catch hold of her nose, and then I should have been sent to the Tower or something. There was one of the drawings she liked so much that I gave it to her. It was of

Time, with his scythe over his shoulder. A quantity of little children were gambolling and sporting in front, and beckoning him onwards: but behind were a number of old people trying to hold him back, for one wanted to go on with his book, another to finish a drawing, and so on, and so they were clinging on to his skirts, as he was striding away.'

"Lady Waterford cannot understand the physical signs of age which seem to be suddenly attacking her: yet spiritually she is more than ever living in Eternity's sunrise. Truly those who have lived much at Highcliffe or Ford can never think this life—as John Ingle-sant says—'a low or poor place in which to seek the Divine Master walking to and fro.'

"I felt sadder than usual at leaving Highcliffe this time, as if it might be a last visit, yet it is difficult to imagine life possible without what has given its greatest interest and charm. The dear lady I think felt the same—as if we might never meet again. She was down before I came away, though it was very early, and I retain a beautiful picture of her then, standing talking to me for the last time, in the conservatory, under the great brugmantia, laden with its orange blossoms. Then some one else came down, but she came with me through the rooms, as she has never done generally, and as I looked back at her I saw her still watching, and so—somehow—I walked very sadly down the dewy lanes to the station, with a desolate feeling that I might see her no more."

I continued to write constantly to Lady Waterford. But, alas! the shadows which I

had observed during my autumn visit at Highcliffe gathered very thickly around her during the winter. She failed rapidly from the time of her removal from Highcliffe to her Northumbrian home, and was no longer able to answer me.

On March 17, 1891, I first fully realised that our dearest Lady's illness must be fatal. She also was herself told that it must be so—that the end might come any day, any hour. At first she shed a few natural tears and said, "I thought I should have lived to seventy-seven, as my mother did," but then added sweetly, "But why should I mind, since God so wills it: tell me how it will be?"—"Perhaps in your chair, just as you are sitting now."—"Oh, that will be well, so quiet, so well." One day, soon afterwards, she wished to go out into the garden, when it was not thought good for her. "Perhaps you might die when you are out."—"And why should it not be like that? If God called me in the garden, it would be as well as in any other place."

From her faithful and constant nurses, her cousin Miss Lindsay and Miss Thompson, one heard of the gradual increase of the disease: of her laying aside all painting and writing: of her reading prayers to her servants for the

last time : but of her still talking in her wise and beautiful way of all things lovely and of good report, laughing brightly over old recollections : then of her lying constantly on a sofa, always rejoicing to see those she loved, but mistaking her younger relations for their mothers, dear to her in the long-ago. Often also others, those dearest to her, who had gone before, seemed to be present with her as angel ministrants to cheer and comfort.

The sweet face of old Lady Stuart, her mother, seemed visibly present : she imagined her early friend, Miss Heyland, to be in the house, and bade Miss Lindsay to be sure to arrange for the drives which she knew the old lady liked : through the flowers upon her table she constantly saw her sister Charlotte—Lady Canning—in all her loveliness. Her sense of the presence of this beloved sister was so vivid, and she spoke of her so often, that at last one of those present thought it necessary to say to her, “Dear Lady, Lady Canning died very many years ago.”—“Oh, did she?” was the only reply, “then I shall soon be able to talk to her. I see her now, but soon we shall talk as we used to do.” One evening there was a beautiful sunset. Our dear Lady sate watching it—“It is like the coming of the Lord,” she

said. Truly the watchers at Ford realised General Gordon's words—"Any one, to whom God gives to be much with Him, cannot even suffer a pang at the approach of death. For what is death to a believer? It is a closer approach to Him whom, even through the veil, He is ever with."

Mr. Neville, the Rector of Ford, prayed by Lady Waterford daily. "How I wish that others might have the solace this is to me," she said, with her peculiar emphasis on the word "solace."

Lady Brownlow was with her three days, and was her last visitor: she came away saying it had been like being in a beautiful church, so pervading was the sense of holiness. "Oh darling Adelaide, goodness and beauty, beauty and goodness, those are ever the great things!" were our dear Lady's last words to her as she took her hands and gazed at her earnestly: they were very characteristic.

One of those who saw her in her last days wrote:—"I have a vision of a very grand composed figure awaiting the end when it should come, with a look of having done her duty, ready and willing to go when called. It is like some great ship slowly sailing into harbour and into smooth water. . . . She has been a

Priestess of the Most High, leading one upwards along paths of beauty and goodness."

A letter which I wrote to her on April 26 was read to our Lady : then I was told to write no more. The end was very near, and each hour became filled with a tensity of watching for the silent summons. There were none of the ordinary signs of an illness. Our Lady suffered no pain at all, scarcely even discomfort. Her former beauty returned to her, only in a more majestic form, the signs of age seeming to be smoothed away, except in the grey hair half hidden by soft lace. She rarely spoke, and noticed little except the beauty of the flowers by which she was surrounded. But when she did speak, those with her knew that, with entire and humblest prostration of self at the foot of the Cross, her faith and hope had never been brighter. And so . . . peacefully, radiantly, our dearest Lady fell into the ever-smiling unconsciousness in which, on May 11th, she passed away from us. As I think of her, some lines involuntarily come back to me which I read to her on my last morning at Ford :—

“ Now, for all waiting hours
Well am I comforted,
For of a surety now I see
That, without dim distress
Of tears or weariness,

My Lady verily awaiteth me :
So that until with her I be,
For my dear Lady's sake
I am right fain to make
Out of my pain a pillow, and to take
Grief for a golden garment unto me ;
Knowing that I, at last, shall stand
In that Queen garden-land,
And, in the holding of my Lady's hand,
Forget the grieving and the misery."

From Ford they wrote of how her coffin was carried on the shoulders of her own labourers to the churchyard, how all the village and all her tenantry came to her funeral, with the very few intimate friends who could possibly arrive in time, and how Helmore's music was sung.

When her things were being distributed, the distributors were surprised to hear that "the odd man" most earnestly begged for something : it was for her old sealskin jacket. It was thought a singular request at first, but he urged it very much : he should treasure the jacket as long as ever he lived. He had been walking by her donkey-chair in the road, when they found a female tramp lying in the ditch, very ill indeed. Lady Waterford got out of her chair, and made the man help her to lift the poor woman into it. Then she took off her own jacket, and put it on the sick woman, and walked home by the side of the chair, tending

THE STORY OF TWO NOBLE LIVES

My Lady truly loveth me;
I am content with her I be,
For my dear Lady's sake
I will do all she doth to make
Her will my will, and to take
Her garment unto me;
And as she is, shall stand
In my own land,
And as she is, shall be
In my Lady's hand,
And as she is, shall be
In my misery."

And now her coffin was
Carried off her own labourers
To the village and all
The people with the very
Possibly arrive
Was sung.
The coffin was carried, the
That "the
something:
It was
He urged
The jacket as
Walking
They
Very
Indeed. Let
Chair, and made
Woman into it
And put it on
And
Reading



In the Last Days.
From a Sketch by the Hon. Mrs. R. Boyle.

and comforting her all the way. "But it was not my lady's putting her jacket on the woman that I cared about," said the man, "but that she did not consider her jacket the least polluted by having been worn by the tramp. She



LADY WATERFORD'S GRAVE AT FORD.

wore it herself afterwards as if nothing had happened."

It was well the end was at Ford. Highcliffe is a rapidly changing place, and it has already passed to comparative strangers: but at Ford she will always be *the* Lady Waterford, "the

good, the dear Lady Waterford." There she rests, within view of her own Cheviots, surrounded by the affectionate Border-people, to whom their "Border-Queen" was their greatest pride and interest and joy. An aching void will remain in our hearts through life, but it is only for our poor selves. When one thinks of her, earth fades and vanishes, and if—when one is alone—one allows oneself to think, to dwell, upon the glory of all that she *was*, an all-pervading sense of peace and holiness comes upon one, and one seems—for the moment—almost to pass beyond the shadows into the land of Beulah, the higher life without worry or vexation, where she *is*.

In the words of a touching epitaph at Pisa—

"La debolezza umana piange, sorride l'immortale speranza."

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